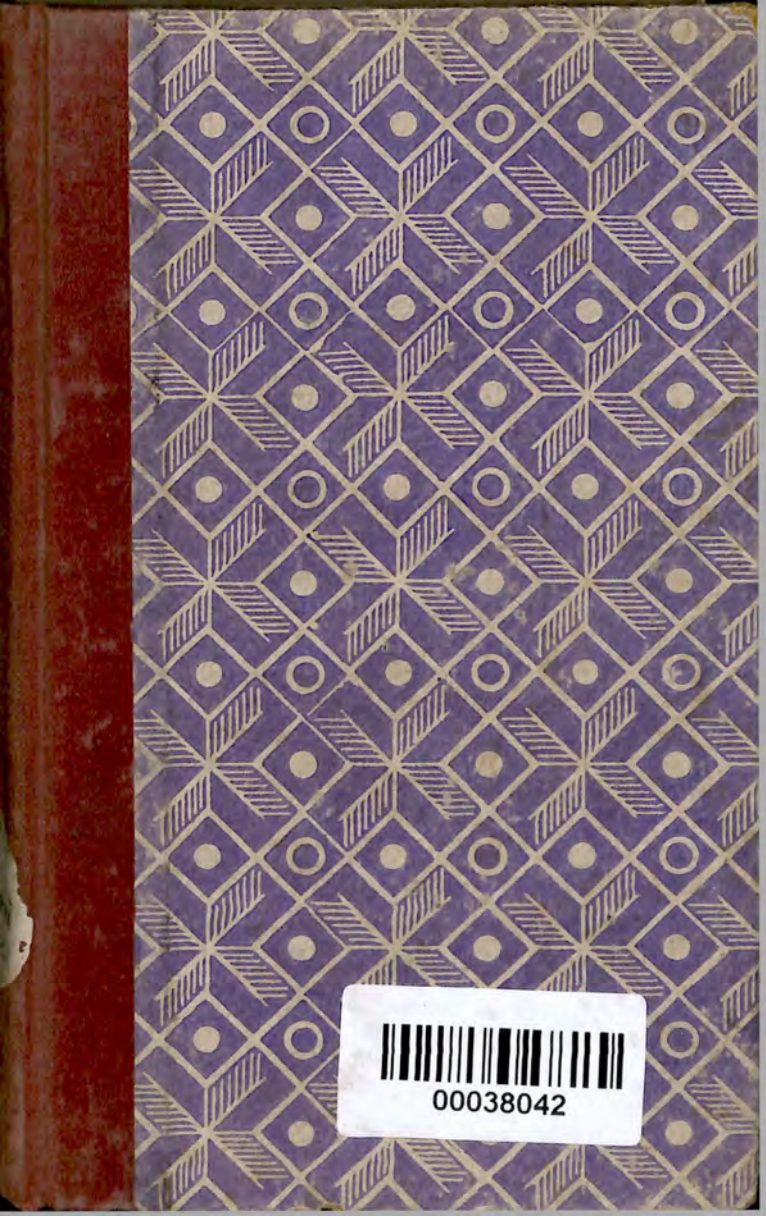
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THE

UNITED STATES

AND

CUBA:

EIGHT YEARS OF CHANGE AND TRAVEL.

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a

BY JOHN GLANVILLE TAYLOR.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1851.

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TO

REAR ADMIRAL MITFORD,

HUNMANBY HALL,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ATTACHED NEPHEW,

J. G. T.

TO THE READER.

A melancholy interest has been added to this little Work, by the early and lamented death of the Author, soon after its completion. He died at Batticaloa, on the 3rd of January 1851, in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

February 20th, 1851.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Liverpool for Philadelphia.—Seventy Mormons on board.—Loudest singing in hardest weather. —Fields of ice and sprinklings of icebergs.—Arrival in the Delaware.—Pilots and their craft.—Man overboard, and value of a hencoop.—Paddy's first sight of American pigs.—Dialogues of the living.—Consolations of egg-flip. —Arrival at Philadelphia 5

CHAPTER II.

Impressions of the United States.—Hints of comparison.—Germans, and their notions of hospitality.—Irish, and their notions of conciliation.—Americans, and their notions of independence.—Female liberty.—Slavery 23

CHAPTER III.

Hot sun.—A mile of market.—No starvation in Philadelphia.—Anniversary of Independence.—The Schuylkill.—Railroads.—Travellers' story.—Tale of murder.—

PAGE

Blossburgh. — Bellefont. — Philipsburgh. — Alleghanies and their coal fields.—Liberia and its dawn of freedom . 45

CHAPTER IV.

Philipsburgh.—Pottsville.—Return to Philadelphia.—Public entertainments.—Singing schools.—Trip to Virginia.—Mount Vernon in decay.—Wild ducks in vigour.—Washington.—President's levee.—Patent office.—Calf anecdote.—New York.—Embarkation.—Voyage to Cuba.—Saint Jago.—Letters of introduction.—Yellow fever.—Boarding house.—Departure and journey to Holguin.—Night sleep on horseback.—Language.—Country life in Cuba.—Arrival at Holguin 65

CHAPTER V.

The gold mine.—Its flattering promise and wretched performance.—Chrome ore.—Language.—Drought and famine.—Torribio the wrestler.—Night adventures.—Narrow escape.—Sugar works.—Cuban horses.—Return to St. Jago.—Voyage to Philadelphia.—Yellow fever . 127

CHAPTER VI.

Return from the United States.—Arrive a second time in Cuba.—Description of Gibara.—Mines and mining laws.—Geology of the district.—Natural caves.—A novel confessional.—Chromate of iron.—Land tenures and divisions.—A sugar plantation.—Life of the Negro.—Punishment.—Bloodhound 165

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Slavery considered in relation to free-trade. — The author's project for its extinction 193

CHAPTER VIII.

Statistical view. — Drunken Negro row. — Summary judgment and correction. — Traits of character. — Runaways. — Blood-money. — The great Pallenque. — Lopez the Negro hunter. — A female fury. — Confidence seldom betrayed. — A fresh arrival from Africa. — Their former state there. — The dying Negro 213

CHAPTER IX.

Famine. — Scènes of misery and ruin. — A generous friend. — The great Negro plot. — Wholesale punishments. — Natural productions. — Birds. — A learned parrot. — Palms. — Sugar-cane, and its mode of culture and preparation for market 242

CHAPTER X.

Further views and arguments on the slave-trade. — Suggestions for its extinction continued . . . 279

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Religion of Cuba.—Catholicism relaxed.—Law of settlement.—General administration of the laws.—Governor's court.—Sudden arrest of the author.—His fortunate escape.—Despotic distinctions.—Don Miguel Tacon and his memorable decree against vagrancy.—Taxes and duties.—Smuggling.—Law of marriage.—The fair Jewess.—Domestic habits.—Cock-fighting and cards.—Dr. Madden's work.—Departure to New York.—Arrival at Liverpool.—Conclusion 294

EIGHT YEARS IN CUBA,

ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

THE events of the last eight years of my life have taken place in different parts of the world, and those widely separated. It is now much a matter of regret to me, as it has been to thousands besides, the not having kept a regular journal; however, I believe, that once I shall have begun, nothing of any moment will be found to have escaped a memory, of which indeed I have seldom had reason to complain. I have little hope, certainly, of writing a history abounding with "startling" incidents, as some would perhaps desire; no, my occupations have been in most respects of a more every-day and "plodding" character. It will soon be seen

that more than one *failure* has been the result of a *failing*, of which I can remember myself to *have been* possessed, namely, an over sanguine disposition. The reader will observe when this was the case, and when other causes formed the reasons of ill success. Some people may think strangely of the idea of thus setting forth all their proceedings, but I have no such feeling, and shall be really and truly rewarded, if, by this means, the consideration of my own mistakes may lead any person right, who may be either pursuing or meditating a course similar to mine. And there are many such.

Now be it known, the above paragraph is a veritable "curiosity of literature," for it was written more than a year ago, and actually before a word of the rest which follows. As I am copying now what I then jotted down, I may as well add, that I have seen a review lately of a work of travels in America, in which on two or three points, the writer, noticing the very same things, and remarking on them in the same spirit as I have, might give some suspicious people a notion that a little book-making had been going on, on my part. But I am not going to alter or expunge a word on any such account, and I rather take it as a great compliment to my judgment, since I see there are now

"a pair of us" on the side of Anti-Humbug, in whatever shape our adversary may appear, and I am proud to see my opinions, formed so far back as 1841 (when I was yet a stripling), borne out by this writer.

J. G. T.

Battacaloa, Ceylon,
June, 1850.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL FOR PHILADELPHIA.—SEVENTY MORMONS ON BOARD.—LOUDEST SINGING IN HARDEST WEATHER.—FIELDS OF ICE AND SPRINKLINGS OF ICEBERGS.—ARRIVAL IN THE DELAWARE.—PILOTS AND THEIR CRAFT.—MAN OVERBOARD, AND VALUE OF A HENCOOP.—PADDY'S FIRST SIGHT OF AMERICAN PIGS.—DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.—CONSOLATIONS OF EGG-FLIP.—ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

AFFAIRS generally were in rather a strange state at the beginning of 1841. Indeed, we had then a general panic, something similar, commercially I mean, to that which even yet we are feeling the effects of. But as this one has chiefly seemed to affect the east in connection with England, so did that of 1840-41, the west. Doubtless in both cases the causes were much the same; the chief being a too great readiness on the part of England to give credit, and an undue advantage taken of the privilege by the other side. In 1836, -7, and -8, hardly a scheme, however wild, could be suggested in England, by those interested in American matters (some few of these people being really

nothing but sharpers, and the majority of the rest carried away by imaginations, excited by visions of wealth), but found immediately its supporters in persons, who actually had not only never themselves been in America, but who knew absolutely nothing of the merits of the propositions, nor even of the characters of those who brought them forward. Though the worst of the crisis seemed approaching, I resolved to go and see for myself. One of my relations, who has recently made himself celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, by his treatise on coal, had been engaged also to a considerable extent in mining, and I had his and other reports, in the shape of pamphlets on several mining schemes, which gave me quite a favourable idea of the concerns. Besides, there were not wanting voices which whispered "Never fear! in a country like America there are always abundant means by which a young man," &c. I dare say the same has been said before.

The week preceding the date of my departure from Liverpool, was certainly one of the deepest gloom in many quarters, although the aspect of the heavens was anything but sad, as it was the merry month of May, and the brightest of the bright. But the long expected steam ship had arrived from Halifax, yet brought no relief to the anxious souls

who hoped, and the few who had confidently expected news of the missing ship "President." I remember well the eagerness with which the first boat from the steamer's side was hailed, and the terrible look of some of those assembled on the pier-head. The same mail also brought tidings ill calculated to raise the hopes of any who had dealings with America. News also arrived of the immense quantities of loose ice afloat in the Atlantic, and the loss, by striking on it, of the "William Brown," as well as the subsequent tragedy enacted in her boats; the murder of the Irish passengers by the seamen, only a few hours before help came in view. On the 24th of May we sailed, in a ship of 850 tons, and we numbered on board 280 souls. Seventy of these were "Mormons" from Wales, who had a place boarded off for them. They appeared to pass their time (about equally) between psalm-singing and knitting, as it seemed to us; and they had some most extraordinary tunes, with tremendous "winds up" to them, particularly one, which they apparently reserved for the most stormy weather, to the infinite annoyance of our second mate, since the *burthen* or chorus was,

> "Blow, breezes, blow, a gale of grace,
> The Heaven above is our landing-place!"

He would put his head down the hatchway, and tell them that as he "had just finished double-reefing the topsails, they had better stop, for surely there ought to be wind enough by this time!"

About the 10th of June, the weather having been warm, with strong gales and contrary winds, we all began to feel the temperature suddenly decrease, though the wind continued from the same quarter. We observed this first about 5 P. M., when we went into the cabin, which was on deck. After supper, while amusing ourselves with a rubber, the chief mate came in, and whispered a few words to the captain, who instantly went out, of course speedily followed by us, who partly guessed what the matter might be. But in the short moment he preceded us, he had already ordered the ship about, and she was quickly feeling the alteration in her helm. The cause was manifest enough, and lay *now* directly astern, in the shape of an immense field of ice, which we could distinctly observe rising and falling, while, from well-known causes, it emitted a bright white light, though there was no moon. The cold was now intense, and we had to seek coats and cloaks in order to observe this dangerous neighbour for a while longer; however, seeing no fresh indications any where a-head, we all turned in. Next morning, at about two miles' distance

abreast of us, and on both sides, were several large icebergs. One we sailed close to afterwards, seemed to be as high as our royal-mast head, and several hundred yards long. We could discover no living creatures on any of these icebergs. Thus we had all got our wish, which we made on leaving Liverpool, that we might *see* the ice a good long way off, but not feel it, which happened exactly.

On Saturday, the 3rd of July, after our long buffet of forty days, we "made the capes of the Delaware, having skirted the land, though out of sight of it, for several days, and the Captain had every day pointed out certain clouds, which lay quietly in one unbroken line abreast of us, which he affirmed were "land clouds." Since then, I have neared the land on very many occasions, and have never failed to observe the same phenomenon, although curiously enough, I do not remember to have noticed them often when on shore. Their top edges are generally high in the heavens, and the clouds themselves a light fleecy white, approaching, towards their edges, a rosy hue. I do not think they are visible in cold or stormy weather however.

As we neared the shore the heat became intense; we had little or no wind, and what there was appeared to be carrying us with it, under the attraction of a dense mass of black clouds, emitting continuous

streaks of forked lightning. In a short time, as of course might be expected, the wind veered round to the very opposite point, all sail was got in, and every preparation made for an encounter with a severe squall. But little did we think of squalls. To us, how delicious was this wind! It now came off cool and abundant, bringing with it a mingled fragrance of newly mown hay and pine forests, amidst which the smell of cedar was quite distinguishable; in fact, it was a whiff of the "country," and we sat enjoying it intensely, till the large drops of rain pattered thinly on the deck, and we had to seek shelter in the cabin, but not till our sympathies had been given to some scores of little birds, and many insects that struggled vainly against the storm, few of which poor creatures had much chance of ever seeing the shore again. This must be a fruitful means of depopulating countries bordering on the sea, of the smaller races of birds and insects; for who shall say how far they might be carried before such a squall should exhaust itself, and as for their numbers, they quite surprised us. It soon blew a hurricane; and then the rain descended as it were in sheets, as if it had been determined that our ship should not enter the Delaware without a complete wash-down. In the evening we slowly sailed up the river—at its mouth apparently about

twelve miles wide—and floating up with the flood-tide, anchored off the Lazaretto.

The next day was Sunday, and the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, but the authorities had ordered it to be celebrated on the following day, though there seemed to be a goodly number, evidently well prepared to keep it on *both*. After every soul of us had been passed in review before the medical inspectors at the Lazaretto, and been pronounced free from all contagious diseases, we were permitted to proceed, which we did with a wind exactly astern, and every inch of canvas set. Never have I seen a more enlivening spectacle on any river than the Delaware presented that day. Not the kind of motley we see on the Thames, but an abundance of craft of all sizes and rigs, yet without exception, of the most graceful models, and with ample scope for their manœuvres, and not the least appearance of crowding. Men-of-war, armed cutters, steamers painted white, and beautifully clean, and all sorts of pleasure boats and yachts, decorated gaily with flags and streamers, were sailing and tacking about, or if steamers, moving steadily up and down at a rapid pace. Sometimes a steamer would suddenly vanish from our view as if by enchantment, and then we learned that all along the Delaware at intervals are creeks, which are navigable

for very many miles, all leading to towns of more or less note, and which are reached by steam communication, although sometimes these creeks, though deep, are not much wider than the vessels. We also learned that these noble boats were not of the boiler-bursting race, which are still to be met with on western waters, but regulated by law, on the slower and surer condensing principle, as is the case on all eastern rivers.

The banks of the Delaware lined with farms, their crops now either ripe, or ripening fast under a July sun, the cool tempting-looking woods, and the farm-houses and barns, not like those of England, but seeming (as some one I think has said before) as if they had all along been packed in band-boxes, and exhibited that day only by particular desire, with their gaudy painting of red, green, yellow, and white;—all this forms a great contrast to the port we had sailed from! Not less striking is the remarkable difference between the pilot who took the ship out of the Mersey, and him who now conducts her into the Delaware. The former, very likely, an uncouth specimen of a Welshman, who barely speaks intelligible English, while he condescends or not, as the case may be, to grunt out a word now and then to the captain, varying the entertainment by not unfrequent swigs

of ale, or rum and water. Of course I don't deny that he may be a very worthy man, and *perhaps* he may be (but who shall say that?) a more respectable one than his Delaware brother; but just observe *him*, if you please! Thirty or forty miles out to sea he has sighted the "Liner." Though it blows a fair wind for the big ship, it is also a good one for him, coming from the opposite direction. Who has not heard of these boats, one of which, as was said by a British Admiral, once sailed right into the *wind's eye*, and *put it out?* Be that as it may, he is soon alongside, and you cannot fail, surely, to be struck with *him!* Your eye naturally follows down from the neatly brushed hat, and satin stock, or muslin cravat, to the Parisian-looking dress-coat, the spotless shirt-front, the unexceptionable studs, the snow-white trowsers, even unto the neat and brightly-polished boots, all is nattiness. But now glance down at his boat! Why his shirt itself is not whiter than either her deck or her mainsail, which, by the way, has a reef in it. These vessels have no bulwarks whatever, and nothing but their own sure-footedness prevents those other four or five gentlemen (all pilots) from toppling over into the sea; but they understand their *craft* too well for that. These are very much a set of counterparts of our friend;

some a little taller or shorter, thinner or fatter, older or younger, but the description I have given of him will do for all. Now she sheers off, and for half an hour amuses herself by sailing round and round us, then shoots away suddenly, having sighted another ship. This may be called yachting for one's bread, and a pleasant enough trade in weather like that we were then enjoying, but hardly so in the month of March, I should say. The boats are from fifty to ninety tons burthen, and admitted to be excellent in every way, though when the waves are over a certain magnitude, they cannot run. This was discovered by sending one with certain important despatches to England. She ran the *distance* in a very few days, but lost about ten by "lying to," so dreadfully rough was the sea; in any thing like average weather, they are the fastest vessels known. A group has collected round our pilot already, eager for news. He answers all inquiries with the utmost politeness, hands out a file of the latest papers from his carpet bag, and the captain, now liberated from all responsibility about his ship, sits down in his easy chair on deck, to look them over, and share them with his passengers. After supper, our pilot will be extremely happy to take a quiet walk with you, if all be going on well, and I can

safely prophesy that the Havana cigâr which he will certainly offer you, from a neat case, will be "superior."

We had, as I said, a delightful sail, which was only once disagreeably interrupted. About two o'clock the tide having changed, was running out very fast, and though we had stud'nsails set, we made but little way, as the current ran swiftly by. Our pilot, however, no doubt longed, in his secret heart, to get the ship up to the city that night, to be in time for the morrow's festivities; accordingly he ordered out lower stud'nsail booms on both sides. Out they went; and the sails were being set, when something appeared foul at the end of the starboard boom. Little Jack, an Irishman, and one of the smartest of the crew, ran out on the boom to clear it, when suddenly boom, sail, and all went splash into the water, from some terrible neglect of *somebody's*. I, who saw all, had no idea but that poor Jack was completely entangled in the folds of the sail, and under water; but on turning my head, was infinitely relieved by seeing him, far astern, however, comfortably seated astride of an empty hen-coop, which our Captain himself had thrown over with great promptness, when all the rest of us were looking at the *sail*. It seems, however, that the

moment he felt the boom yield under his feet, he gave a deep dive for fear of accident, and had come up a good distance astern of the ship. In one minute or less the boat was out, and after him, but they had a hard pull to catch us.

At 4 P.M. we were only ten miles from the city, and all were confident of reaching it at a very early hour in the evening, nay, some declared their positive intention to go to church. There was a very agreeable lady on board, who had come to join her husband after a very long (I think eight years') separation; he had settled to meet her at Philadelphia, though he resided in New Orleans, so we may fancy *her* anxiety. All our passengers were now invisible, but the constant calls for the "Steward" and "Stewardess!" and cries for *that* hot water, &c., showed plainly what was going on. However, I had no such pressing anxieties, and remained, in fact, neutral on this great shaving and dressing question. America was not *home* to me, as it was to them; I had even become a good deal familiarized to much that was new. But I felt then too what I feel more and more every voyage I make, I mean a sort of regret that it is over. I never could get any fellow-passenger yet to agree with me on this point; but I remember giving a kind

of wistful look at my little state room, I mean little compared to rooms on shore; its snug berth, where I had got, nevertheless, many a good rolling; the plate glass window, that had been smashed to atoms by the same sea which carried away bodily twenty-five feet of our bulwarks (I forgot to mention this), and the table where Mr. Acheson and I had fought out so many battles at backgammon, and where we all had eaten and enjoyed so many hearty meals. We had been a very united, pleasant little party, too, and *I* was really very sorry to think that I should, in all human likelihood, never see one of them again. I, therefore, now sole master of the telescope, took my seat on little Jack's friend, the hen-coop, and resting it on the bulwark, continued a critical examination of things on shore. While I was thus engaged, an Irishman, to whom I had given a bit of tobacco that morning (which had been appreciated in the most extraordinary manner, inasmuch as all the passengers' had run out for many a day, and they did not think there was an atom on board), came up, and pointing with his hand to a wood, indicated some animals feeding. "Wisha, yer honour that has the glass, tell uz, av ye plaze, what's thim *craytchures?* Tim, here, says they're —*what's* this Tim sez they're, Mick?" Mick's

answer I did not hear, but it soon appeared that the "bastes" were no more nor less than a herd of pigs, although my friend looked quite incredulous when I announced the fact, and muttered something about "wild counthry" "wild bastes." The idea of wild beasts in New Jersey, within ten miles or less of Philadelphia, was amusing enough, and I regretted afterwards I had not found out what sort of "wild bastes" they had settled them to be.

More than once on our way up we had sufficient amusement from the visits of boats from the shore, and as this was holiday time, the occupiers had plenty of leisure for such trips as they diverted themselves with, namely, hailing the newly arrived ship, which they could see was crowded with passengers, to inquire for news of home. Every county in Ireland seemed to have its representative in these boats, and on the approach of one, the following kind of colloquy would generally take place.

Man in boat.—"Ship ahoy! Where are yiz from?"

Voice.—"Liverpool."

Man in boat.—"Have yiz had a long passage, ye have?"

Voice.—"Forty wan days, this very blessed Sunday *that's in it!*"

Man.—"Musha now!" (A pause.)

Another man in boat.—"Is there anny one from the County Leitrim aboord?"

Voice.—"There is nat; we're mōshtly from Munsther, I think, that's here."

Another man in boat (in a higher, more confident tone).—"Is there anny av yiz from the Coun' Tipp'rary?"

Several voices.—"Faix, there is, *so*; enough av us!"

Boat.—"Is there any wan there from *Newport?*"

(Man and two women rush to the side, and scramble for a peep over everybody's head.) *Man* at length (after a desperate push).—"Yarra b-blur-an-ouns, Teddy, *an'* is *that you?*"

Boat.—"Divil another; boys, let me aboord; sure that's Jack O'Nale that's in it to the fore! Let me go, I say!"

Bow oar.—"*Aaisy;* let Phil ax, the craythur, that's sot here so quiet (this is a boy,) sure *time* enough; the day's long!"

Teddy.—"A'yeh! why couldn't he ax before? musha Jack, agra, an' what's the news?"

Jack.—"Nothin' sthrange; Teddy Ryan, rest his soul, 's dead av the faver!"

Teddy.—"Lord save uz!" (A pause while the little boy asks.) Teddy continues.—"Is Biddy come?"

Jack.—"Is it the wife? Sure isn't *she* here?"

Teddy (after interchanging civilities with Biddy).—"Did Nance Connel marry Dinny Shaughnessy afther all?" (This in rather a sorrowful tone.)

Jack.—"Sarra a bit! Sure isn't *she* here too?"

Teddy (getting red as a turkey cock with excitement).—"Yarra b'ys, let us on boord, I tell yiz!"

A rope is hove, and the threatened irruption about to take place, when the mate, who has been watching all this like a cat, suddenly appears on the scene, and puts a summary stop to any such move; so poor Teddy and Biddy and all must bottle up their excitement till the ship has been visited by the Custom-house authorities.

5 P. M. One by one our passengers emerge. What a change! Are *these* the scrubby seedy people who crossed the Atlantic with us? We near Caen's Point, only four miles more! Here the river makes a sharp bend. The tide still runs out pretty fast. We clear the Point, but the crew had not been quick enough with the sails. The chief mate sings out the fatal words from the bow, "All aback for'ard, pilot!" *back* we go, give a strange twist or two,—there is an attempt to get her round—wont do—and, as if disgusted, she runs her nose into the nice soft mud, at the

very extremity of Caen's Point! The pilot forgot it was Sunday for about five minutes. The captain seemed rather vexed, though I thought once I could see a wrinkle extra in the corner of one of his eyes. The ladies, alas! had nothing for it but to prepare to pass another night on board. Some time after supper the steward produced a jorum of egg-flip, to console us, as the captain said, for the disappointment. We sat sipping this, and afterwards chatting on deck till ten, when our pilot suddenly jumped up from his seat as if a scorpion had stung him, having felt something which had escaped our notice. "Loose the jib there for'ard, my lads, and look alive! Sure enough she feels it! Give her the rest of them!" The larger sails were set in a moment; two or three audible rubs, and we are in deep water,—the power of the sails must be immense after all. At eleven we were in front of the Navy Yard, and shortly after, anchored in the stream opposite Walnut Street wharf, Philadelphia.

It was now far too late for any one to go on shore, but as one man, all hands of our passengers were assembled on deck; it was bright moonlight; they were perfectly still, and spoke in whispers; all looking towards the city. Not a sound came to us from thence, even though so near a great

festival, for it is one of the quietest places in the world. At last the Mormons struck up their old hymn. Hardly a soul on board but knew the tune right well, so all joined this time. We were but a short way out, and it must have been loudly heard on shore, for a number of people came to the wharf to listen.

"Blow, breezes, blow, a gale of grace!"

"Ay, *aye*," said the second mate; "some sense in that, *now*. I wish it *would* rouse up a bit of a breeze, for it 's awful hot!" And so in truth it was. The thermometer indicated 90° in our saloon.

CHAPTER II.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.—HINTS OF COMPARISON.—GERMANS, AND THEIR NOTIONS OF HOSPITALITY.—IRISH, AND THEIR NOTIONS OF CONCILIATION.—AMERICANS, AND THEIR NOTIONS OF INDEPENDENCE.—FEMALE LIBERTY.—SLAVERY.

A COMMON error, as far as my humble ideas go, has been committed by many travellers, not only in America, but other countries, in taking England alone as their standard of comparison; and in most cases, their standard also of excellence. The extreme to which this practice may be allowed, is to compare one part of a country with another part, though this even is a fallacious and disappointing system, too often leading also to the expression of bad feelings. It has been my custom, and always shall suffice for me, to take things as I find them, and describe them as I see them. For instance, suppose an American were to write an account of—let us say Glasgow, or Manchester, and to conclude his letter, after a gloomy description of the smoke, rain, mud, and dirt, which, in spite of repeated cleansings, have accumulated in these cities, and

will continue to do, so long as the inevitable bituminous coal is used in the same way as now; to conclude then by lauding the superior excellence of his own country's anthracite, and compare Glasgow in this way with New York, he would be wrong. What controversies have I not listened to, about the respective beauties and merits of open blazing fires, and rooms heated with stoves, or warm air furnaces; the American seeing for his part, no use in the former, but to roast one's face and knees, and half put out one's eyes, while one's back was still exposed to the cold current of air rushing to the chimney! The other side asserting that the stoved rooms are unhealthy, and smell of sulphur! This smoke question is really a national one between England and America, and even it has engendered estrangement! Yes, such comparisons are wrong; for men should be allowed a great range for their likes and dislikes. Do you wish my own opinions on the fire question? They are, that rooms, for my taste, should be warmed exclusively by old Sol himself; and as far as I am concerned, I would rather sit in a verandah within the western tropics, with the fresh trade wind, the "Doctor," careering freely through, than in the most "snug" of English, or best heated of American drawing rooms. Having made one accusation against Englishmen as travel-

lers, I am bound to say I have not done with them; and I see no remedy for it but to go through, though a chapter should have to be devoted to the subject. Let me begin by saying, that the majority of opinions respecting America, which have appeared in print, have been the result of very slight experience of the country and people. Many, as soon as they land, put themselves into the first steamboat or train, and, until they leave, seem to be actuated by no other purpose than mere locomotion. Out of the said steamer into another, out of that one into a railway carriage, and so on, until their time, or money, or circuit is finished. It is natural to say, "What a strange idea must such people form of the country!" And in their books, not calling the inhabitants by their individual names of "Pennsylvanians," or "Kentuckians," but *all* "Americans." People in England thus get a notion that the states are only like so many English counties; whereas they are entirely different one from another. Massachusetts, I am sure, is as unlike Louisiana, as France is unlike Switzerland, and perhaps much more so. Pennsylvania is equally distinct even from New York, though it borders on it; in the former, more than half of the inhabitants are Germans, or their descendants, which gives a decidedly German tone to society.

I also deny that the delinquencies of this same state, Pennsylvania, are to be laid to the charge of English blood. The majority, who hesitated about paying the interest of the bonds, are certainly German. In fact, my own opinion of the class of persons who emigrate from Germany to America, has not been raised by what I saw there; I allude to the lower class; God forbid that I should include certain whom I can name, and whom I esteem and honour as gentlemen and thorough men of science. But the others are a retrograding, or stationary, and not an advancing race. They who have travelled slowly, as I have, through the interior of Pennsylvania, from one town (or township) to another, and, I may say, thus lived with these people, will admit the truth of what I assert. The German certainly is a careful man. *He* arrives in New York from his native land, not as the Irishman, who too often has to seek on landing, a refuge in the Alms-House; but a man of some substance, and he brings all his old family chests and wardrobes with him, laden with the savings of many generations. The great tide of German, as well as all emigration, now sets westward, and but few stay in Pennsylvania, but *that* was "the West" once, and then they did, and spread themselves too, over all the length and breadth of it,

and also a great part of Ohio. As soon as the German is well established, or perhaps in the second generation, it is seen that wealth has increased. The plethora finds a vent now, not in the shape of luxuries, carriages, or amusements, nor even in finely painted houses, as his New York friends might be tempted with. Not a bit. A small, rather inadequate, though permanent stone house is built, and then, *a barn*. But what a barn! I have taken them for churches; nor are they without their spacious arched vaults, well stored with roots, and fruits of the earth. The possessors of such barns might well be tempted to think they had "much goods laid up for many years." Their souls take their ease; this is a country after their own heart, and accordingly here they vegetate, eat, smoke, and grow fat. They all speak German, or more properly an idiom which I am informed is peculiar to them; and a great number, even of the men, and the majority I think of the women, do not understand English, or will not speak it to strangers. I *must* here say too, that I cannot commend their hospitality. At substantial farmers' houses, I have been left standing for a quarter of an hour (and that more than once) in the kitchen, waiting till the farmer should make his appearance; and when at last I lit my cigar, and went out to

the barn ("stoep" as the Dutch have it) for a seat, I was not called back. The excuse I got for this was a very usual one for breaches of good manners in general, that "it is their way." Well, then, I think the sooner they change the better.

They publish newspapers in the German character, which are read, but I believe little understood, by those who take them in. One thing however is certain they do not yet understand, namely, how this debt, which *they* are called upon to pay, ever came to be contracted, or further, how the money was spent. The rascals who managed the business were so ingenious, and laid their plans so well, that these poor fellows were entrapped into schemes (and in such a round-about way, by the State's responsibility for the Bank), that *they* never would have consented to or guaranteed, if *they* had had a say in the business. The complicated tissue of miseries produced by the machinations of this Bank, the *primum mobile* of all the canal, railroad, mine, bridge, and cotton schemes, was woven by men of consummate *ability!* Were *they* English descendants all? Admitting them to be Americans by birth, yet from whom did they derive their lineage, their education, their ideas? Should not some difference, too, be allowed to exist between those descended from the straight-

forward strict Parliamentarians of the days of Charles I., and them of Virginia and the Carolinas, deriving their ancestry from the Royalists who emigrated in the time of the Commonwealth? Between the phlegmatic German aforesaid, and the hot-headed Irishman? Between the sturdy son of old England, and the mercurial Frenchman?

There is a large class in America, of whom I would that I could write more favourably. Though they are my own countrymen, yet as an impartial judge I must condemn them, and that out of their own mouths. Them I consider the cause of that infusion of recklessness, and those intemperate deeds and words of which we read. These are they who whether in the Conciliation Hall of Dublin, the English House of Commons, or the House of Representatives of America,—whether they speak of wars and disturbances in the latter place, or thunder and bellow them in the former, or put them forth through the "Nation" newspaper in its time, alike are troublesome, violent, and discontented. These form the bulk of what is called the "Democratic," or "Locofoco," party, with which, although I admit they may have the right in some abstract questions (as every party *must* have, or it would never gain a supporter, but which are kept as baits to trap the unwary), yet

I would rather such questions remained for ever in abeyance, than that they should be advanced a step. These are they for whom I can answer that they have occasioned serious trouble in many cities, and while I was in Philadelphia, actually put forth a placard, which had this modest inscription:—"We will NOT be governed by AMERICANS!" After that, need more be said?

The attempt to classify America would be difficult indeed; and, owing to the innumerable ramifications of nations, and castes of each individually, society is more divided than in England. Here I catch myself comparing, which I deprecated, but I must, if I should point out the error I conceive the English to have fallen into, through representations of their travellers. There is first then an aristocracy, no doubt of that, and a strict and exclusive one it is. To them belong the families who do not date from yesterday; who have long been old stagers and burghers of the cities, or even landed proprietors in the country, and many of whom live as private gentlemen, without ostensible occupation. These are but a few; but with them associate some of the leading merchants, and a selection from the learned professions, besides most of the men of note in science and literature. To such as have been, let us suppose, in Philadel-

phia, I would suggest that the people who are to be met at a "Wistar party" may be properly considered to be representatives of this section. Then we have the more numerous "set" of the merchants, and the *rest* of the lawyers, doctors, &c. Below all this are a great variety of cliques and circles, and underneath all, a fearful lot of "rowdies," "loafers," and a number of interesting species. Then the foreigners too have all *their* divisions and subdivisions; while in the country places, the farmers are again divided according to *their* nations, and are remarked, above all, for their strict moral and religious character, at least as regards most of the sects; others again run into the wildest extremes: and here there are so many varieties, that it is impossible even to name them. It must be here admitted, that there is nothing in Europe like all this; a classification which gives a rough sketch of the state of matters in Pennsylvania, or perhaps some others of the Eastern States, but will not hold true a moment as regards the south or west, where the constitution of the society (if indeed it yet have any in the latter) is altogether different; how hopeless then to give a correct knowledge of the peculiarities of each! When travellers therefore speak of "Americans," and ascribe certain sets of ideas and forms of speech to them, which

of these classes do they allude to? The people whom they meet with in good society, or the "common run" of stage coach and railroad fellow passengers? The majority of the latter are mechanics, or tradesmen from a distance going to the eastern cities to lay in their stocks of goods, or they may be low attorneys, or still lower politicians. One in a hundred may be of the highest respectability. *All* may be very worthy men, but, being merely carpenters or shopkeepers, perhaps do not exhibit so high a degree of refinement as the class amongst whom our traveller would wish us to number him. He may very likely have for his companion a sturdy New England pedlar, perhaps Mr. Slick, himself, returning from a very successful speculation in clocks.

The Americans have been blamed for curiosity; this I deny, and I defy our traveller to prove that any native of any part of America (save perhaps a Louisiana creole) ever spoke first to a stranger, that is, merely for the sake of opening a conversation. *No American ever speaks to a person with whom he is not acquainted.* Not so our friend the traveller, who even before he enters the carriage is immediately known and marked for a John Bull. Mr. Bull then ascends, and takes his seat next to Mr Slick, remarking "what a warm day it is!" This only confirms Mr. Slick's

previous ideas, who thereupon "guesses" that he, Mr. B., "is from the old country?"—"Yes, at your service," says Mr. B.—"Only jist come over in the last steamer, I expect?" says Mr. S.—"Just so," says Mr. B.—"And what do you think of Ameriky as much as you've seen of it, sir?" inevitably asks Mr. Slick. This last question, really seems to me the most natural, nay, the only one under the circumstances which has been objected to by many who have favoured the world with their ideas, but I hardly see what else Mr. Slick had to say. I am sure that both in England, Scotland, and Ireland, I have heard the question repeatedly put; especially to English visitors in Ireland, but I never remember that they considered it in any way strange. Some allowance, even if it were so, must be made for Mr. Slick; but has not the allowance sometimes been omitted in Mr. Bull's travels? Mr. Slick certainly was inquisitive, therefore *the* Americans are inquisitive. And so on through the whole category; Mr. Bull has framed his ideas from the railroad cars, and hotel bar-rooms, and has forgotten that there are no second-class carriages in America. And as for hotels, it is just as likely that Mr. Slick, who is well to do in the world, and owning, as we all are aware, large tracts and houses in Onion Co., will stop at the

"Astor House" or the "United States" while he remains in New York, and continue to sit next to Mr. Bull every day at dinner, as that he will seek, as an Englishman of his grade would, a more obscure lodging.

Though with some reluctance, I will mention a few points in which I conceive Americans, *ceteris paribus*, to differ from Englishmen. They are then decidedly more precise in dress, and grave in manner. Some English country gentlemen, and town people too, now and then allow themselves little irregularities in dress, sometimes wearing a shooting coat and shoes, instead of a frock or dress coat, and boots. You will never see a shooting coat or a pair of shoes on an American, however. In England sometimes, nay frequently, you see even "cords and tops" worn by people not going to a hunt, as well as queerly cut away coats, many-pocketted and many-coloured waistcoats; in America none of this; *all* black coats and boots. No wonder Mr. Bull took Mr. Slick for a "Philadelphia lawyer" at the very least. The only exception I can give to this general rule is in the case of the farmers and working men, who wear home-spun grey cloth. So much for the American outward man.

In cities and their societies a decided want of cor-

diality strikes an Englishman. There are seldom or never dinner parties. Especially in the oppressive heats of summer, you see little or nothing of the family till four o'clock in the afternoon. People dine, or rather *eat dinner*, at two, and sup about seven in summer, after which, visiting begins. Of course this is the pleasantest time of the day; but all the morning also in winter, visitors come and go, especially to visit the younger members of the family, who, strange to say, have each one his or her circle of acquaintance, and in many, nay most cases, neither Papa nor Mamma have any notion who the young gentleman or lady may be that has just been shown out of the door. The only way friends are entertained is by balls and evening parties, which are conducted much as in England, except in one instance; that at the conclusion of the entertainment, or at a proper hour for leaving, it becomes evident that there are a number of young ladies who apparently are in a most helpless condition for want of an escort home. This is more evident in country places, where it is taken as a matter of course. I will not stop to discuss the propriety of this custom, which is no doubt borrowed from that of one of the continental nations (Germany, I imagine), but merely say that it would be considered strange

in England; and I can even suppose that an English Mamma would be horror-struck to find her daughters possessed of so numerous a circle of friends, with whom they associate as best pleases them, never fearing *their* Mamma will even inquire about it, or trouble her head in the least.

Another peculiarity in America is immediately visible. You never see children in the slightest degree childish. I never heard a child lisp, or change its r's into l's, or speak in any way different from the received pronunciation; or stammer, or speak thickly, all which, as we know, are every day observable in English children. I have often puzzled my head to account for this, but in vain; still I suppose it must be ascribed to the nonsense of the nurses in England, and the way the children are *taught* by them. It is absurd to remark the complete self-possession of children generally in America; I have been served in shops by mere children, and it was truly astonishing to witness the entire confidence they had in themselves, and the ease with which they made up amounts of purchases, and gave me change for my notes.

I think there is but one more point on which I may venture to set my English reader's ideas right, I mean that of the gluttony of the Americans. In my life I never (seriously) met with a charge

so hastily made, nor did I ever see people who think less of merely eating, than those of *all* parts of America where I have been. Here Mr. Bull breaks out again; *he* has judged by the hotels. In another place I shall take a convenient opportunity to describe more minutely one of these gigantic establishments, of which we have no counterpart in England that I know of. Who are the guests at these places? Simply, as before stated, merchants who have snatched a few days to come up from far distant places to lay in their stocks of goods; others again who have delivered their supplies of provisions and all the fruits of the earth from the interior, and various grades of passengers by the different lines of communication. The former class is one to whom their time is money really and truly. As many days as they spend in the cities, so many are they put to a great expense, while their establishments are also seriously suffering from their absence. Such a man will not be likely to waste much time at his dinner, still less likely that he will sit at the table after he has finished; when the merchants with whom he deals are waiting to conclude their arrangements with him. We will say that the dinner hour is one. The southern mail has just arrived in Philadelphia, bringing its hundreds of hungry passengers, who

are allowed an hour to be at the railway station, where they must be in time, or lose the train. Most of them have one or two friends to shake hands with too, and messages to deliver. Is it to be wondered that they will make their best haste in to dinner, as soon as they hear the gong? Besides, in these hotels, for nearly two hours in the middle of the day, dinner is going on: and if a man occupies his seat at a *table d'hôte* after he has finished, he is most likely keeping another waiting. Why should he remain seated there, when he has a nice airy reading-room with newspapers and periodicals, to retire to? Within my own remembrance, which does not extend very far back, great changes have taken place even in England on this point; a couple of bottles of wine, at least, used to be discussed among a very limited number, after the ladies rose. Thus, little by little, we are changing the old feudal customs for more rational ones; and I must confess, that though the perfume of "dinner" be passing pleasant to a hungry man, yet, after his bodily wants are all appeased, and the meal in fact "over," the sooner he changes his quarters from the now close and heavily laden atmosphere of the dining-room, to the refreshing change presented by the drawing-room, the better. Yet I never observed, that in

their *own houses*, folks in America were over hasty about their meals, though they do not make so many preparations for, or such a business of them, as the English: and even as to the hotels aforesaid, I have seen infinitely greater hurry in the days of stage-coaches in England, at inns both in town and country, than ever I did, or Mr. Bull either, in America. What shall we conclude then? I am sure the true yet hidden reason is, that Mr. Bull was vexed that he could not get all *his* own individual private wants attended to, and a nice, quiet dinner selected by himself from the *carte*, with a bottle of port, or pint of sherry, *all to himself* in a cosy corner of the reading-room; forgetting, or not choosing to consider, that such things in America would be impossibilities.

I am sure every impartial man who reads the above, will be perfectly satisfied that the Americans are no gluttons; but Mr. Bull does not always bring false charges. Alas! the habit of tobacco chewing is what I allude to, and from it I cannot exculpate our American brethren. I am a smoker myself, and confess to look with some leniency on that breach of decorum, so I must be charitable, and admit that they have an equal right, as far as that goes, to chew, as I to smoke tobacco. Chewing tobacco, to me, seems a really disagreeable

habit, a very abomination, and more unpleasant to witness than smoking; nevertheless, it may be just the reverse to others. I do not think that smoking is much more prevalent in America than in England, but all smoke cigars who smoke at all, and never pipes. The duty on foreign cigars being only two dollars the thousand, they are to be bought good and cheap. This habit of chewing is not confined to men of Mr. Slick's stamp, who however use it more openly, and therefore (to me) more offensively, in proportion to their comparative vulgarity; but I have lived with more than one whose "weakness" I did not discover for a very long time, as I found they only indulged in the street, while walking to and from their offices. But it *is* a fact, that near the desk of each member, yea even of the senate, may be seen a something, like an antique vase, which it was hinted was vulgarly called a "spittoon." I have seen them myself and can vouch for the fact; but whether Mr. Barry has got them in *his* estimate, I will not undertake to guess.

It is very unfortunate therefore, that English travellers should have pitched upon such strange and trivial subjects, on which to bring their accusations against the good manners of American citizens, and which are in reality frivolous and un-

founded. But it is harder still that the whole of America should be found guilty of swindling, and the fault thrown upon the entire country for the evil conduct of one or two states, and of one or two persons in each state, through whose machinations more were ruined, in these states themselves of course, by far more, than in England. Fancy the feelings of such an one, a victim of this rascality, on landing in England, whither he had proceeded as a kind of refuge, on reaching London, to discover that the reading-rooms of certain clubs are closed to him, and he considered a very highwayman! Unfortunately for us, we (in Ceylon) have exactly a parallel to this bad business at our very doors. And though while I write (1848), all the papers are full of accounts of the "Union Bank of Calcutta," yet I fear it will be no transient history, but will hold its place in the minds of men as firmly as ever did that of the "Bank of the United States of Pennsylvania." To be consistent then, the United Service, and all the other club houses must be at once closed to every one who may arrive now from India, and especially from Calcutta; but let us hope that now a more friendly feeling has arisen, and oh! that my humble words may have any effect in causing those who may yet differ from me to reflect

seriously, and think of what injustice they have been guilty.

The same observations, to a great degree, hold good as regards the institution of slavery in America. After the excellent observations of Mr. Lyell on the subject, it is hard to add anything new. What he says is most true, that of those in England, few can form any idea of the difficulty of the subject. I believe with him, that the interference of the party called "abolitionists" has been of great harm to the anti-slavery cause, through the perversity of human nature: the slave-holders, many of them, refuse to take the first step, because the propriety of it is so continually, and in many cases insultingly dinned into their ears. Mr. Clay of Kentucky even offered to the anti-slavery society to manumit his slaves, would they but guarantee a future provision for them, in conformity with the laws of the state; but I never heard that the society entertained the proposition. Yet there are in America no less than fifteen states where no slavery exists, some of which have not possessed a slave for these fifty years, and in fact took the preliminary steps to liberate them as soon as they were themselves free from *English* rule; yet popularly, they are *all* equally considered in England, and the *beau idéal* of an American, as

that interesting character *Punch* represents, whip in hand, cigar in mouth, reclining gracefully on a chest of dollars and a cotton bale.

I believe I have little more to say respecting the peculiarities of Americans. Those of New England, commonly called "Yankees," still preserve many forms of speech derived from the native country, or rather county, of the pilgrim fathers; and people "reckon," and talk of living "to" such a place, and going "to hum" or "being to hum," &c., as much in Plymouth, Massachusetts, as in Plymouth, Devonshire; although it would be ridiculous to assert that any native-born American was ever known to talk like the natives of some parts of England, or even those of the aforesaid Devonshire. We find in England people in quite a respectable sphere making use of dialects which can only be called broken English; in Scotland, one which does not pretend by their own showing to be English at all, and in Ireland, a great variety of brogues! I question if there be any little peculiarity, such as pronouncing the word Eurŏpĕan, which *is* done by a certain class; or clerk, *clirk* (with the e close), which is very general; I doubt, I say, whether all these are not derived from some source on the eastern side of the Atlantic, and in America become generally

adopted. Of this I am continually discovering instances. I have often sustained a part in many good-natured controversies on these points, and some have insisted that it was proper to pronounce the word inq̆uirў, and not inq̄uirẏ; while I dare say, should she ever see this, a fair friend of mine will smile when she thinks of a long argument I once had with her as to whether the last letter of the alphabet should be called *zeta*, or zed.

CHAPTER III.

HOT SUN.—A MILE OF MARKET.—NO STARVATION IN PHILADELPHIA. —ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.—THE SCHUYLKILL.—RAILROADS.— TRAVELLERS' STORY.—TALE OF MURDER. — BLOSSBURGH.—BELLEFONT. — PHILIPSBURGH. —ALLEGHANIES AND THEIR COAL FIELDS.—LIBERIA AND ITS DAWN OF FREEDOM.—

I BEFORE remarked that the heat of the weather was intense; but to that I was never heard to object. It is not at all uncommon in Philadelphia for the thermometer to indicate 100°, and sometimes even more, in July. Many newly arrived emigrants indeed are carried off by the effects of this weather, or rather by drinking iced liquors to excess. I must say, I never felt the sun anywhere so scorching hot; but one is by no means bound to expose oneself to it, as the shady side of the streets, the houses of which pay much higher rents, can always be chosen, and the city generally is so well sheltered by shady trees, planted on both sides, that much of the heat and glare are mitigated. In many of the squares, and particularly Independence Square,

behind the State House, you have a delightful promenade at all times of the day, so thick is the shade of the noble trees; of all which the plane, or button-wood, is my favourite. How unlike the feeble attempts at trees in the London squares! But some of these in Philadelphia are actually remains of the primeval forests, and the tree at Kensington, under which William Penn signed the treaty with the Indian chiefs, stood until very lately, as does the stump still, I believe. But I have conversed with a gentleman of the city, who shot wild ducks himself, on a spot now nearly, as may be, in its centre, where there was a large pond, a great resort for skaters! When we meet with such instances as this, in such a place as Philadelphia, how much more must we be astonished at the progress of cities not then dreamt of, and which, for instance Cincinnati, are now rivalling, and will soon exceed in size and importance, Philadelphia herself.

The abundance of water in Philadelphia is a great boon, and no one can say it is not taken advantage of to the utmost, for it is splashed about *ad libitum* in all directions. The reservoir at Fairmount is about 100 feet above the general level of the streets, so that by simply screwing a hose to the smaller pipes that lead from the main conduit, your whole house can be washed from roof to cellar; and this

the inhabitants seem to be continually doing during the hot season. Certainly, though a very quiet, this is also a cheerful looking city; the streets so cleanly swept, the well-washed red bricked houses and side walks, the latter considerably raised above the streets; the green painted jalousies, and the bright foliage of the shade trees give it a very pleasant appearance, and though folks go into the country in summer on the pretence of escaping from the heat, I am sure you could do *that* much more effectually in the city. The widest street is Market-street, which, though it has no trees, has other much more solid attractions, or, shall I say, more attractive solids to boast of; and a walk up its centre on a Saturday morning is quite a remarkable sight. This centre is covered in by a roof supported on pillars, and leaving a wide carriage way on either side. It is fully a mile long, and truly amazing is the abundance of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetables. What struck me most on my first visit, was to see the fruits which are only met with as great luxuries or rarities in England, such as melons, water-melons, peaches, and a host of vegetables which I had never seen before, coming trundling in by the wagon load together, and sold for almost nothing. Another circumstance cannot fail to please, and that is

that no eatables or drinkables whatever, of the produce of the country, are adulterated, or dressed up for sale. Milk is really milk, and bread actually and entirely made of wheat flour. I never could dream of such an abundance of ice creams, or such a consumption of them, as in this city. For about sixpence English (12½ cents) you get a good sized plate heaped up with this most refreshing of all refreshments, which the citizens, as I say, are frequent partakers of, and affirm that it never injures, when the body is not overheated by exposure to the sun; in which I agree. Decidedly, if "a man's life" consisted in eating and drinking of the best only, he would meet with his Paradise here!

The citizens of Philadelphia were remarkably unfortunate in the weather on the evening of Monday, the 5th of July, 1841, on which the anniversary of independence was celebrated, as then occurred the most tremendous storm of lightning and rain which had been known for many years, and which went near to frightening a new comer like me out of his wits. As for the lightning, do not believe those who talk of the tropics. There is never any such there, as in the United States. For an hour and a half, every thing was as clearly visible in the streets as in open day, while the

incessant roar of the thunder mingled with cries of firemen, fire engines and bells, made certainly quite a Pandemonium of the place for a time. Tropical lightning seldom injures more than a few trees, but that night six houses were set on fire, and several lives lost. A great expense had been gone to for fireworks, to be let off in the public gardens, &c., but here they were of another sort! The next evening, however, they had their turn, so that one way or the other the great anniversary was celebrated on three different days. My relatives had appointed with Professor Walker, who kindly accompanied us, to see these fireworks from the Observatory; from the top of which we had an excellent view of them. About ten, the moon rose, and Mr. Walker further delighted us exceedingly by allowing us to examine her, as well as many planets, double stars, nebulæ, &c., through the very excellent telescope. This Observatory is attached to the High School, of which the city may well be proud. I am sorry I have not sufficient data at hand to give an account of it, but I believe abler pens than mine have done so.

My relatives had fixed on a country place about sixteen miles up the river Schuylkill, at which to pass a few weeks; and as I was, indeed, staying with them, I was kindly invited to accompany

them thither. The scenery is very interesting all the way, and the river is blocked up by stone dams at intervals, to form a "still water" navigation, with a lock at each dam, so that, like the Susquehanna, it presents the appearance of a succession of long narrow lakes. The immediate vicinity of this river is exceedingly unhealthy in the fall; several elegant villas not far above the city have to be abandoned as soon as the first autumn leaf changes its colour, or a certain attack of the worst kind of intermittent fever may be expected. Here too the observation passes current, that only those houses placed on eminences are subject to this; and I was told that none of the lock-keepers or the people at the waterworks, who live at the water level, suffer. Certainly hydrogen gas, if it be a variety of that which does the mischief, is lighter than atmospheric air.

For some distance from Philadelphia there is a rail-road on both banks of the Schuylkill; one leads only to Norristown, a manufacturing place; the other is that which brings down produce and passengers from the coal mining districts, Reading, &c. The last named railroad is well made and conducted; the other as much the reverse, as I believe it is constructed, like many others in the United States, of wood, the rails being merely

nailed or screwed down on the longitudinal timbers. The mere possibility of the occurrence of the following kind of accident gives one an uneasy sensation while travelling on them, namely, that the end of a rail *may* be sticking up, and, catching the bottom of the carriage, *might* run up through it, and *merely impale* a passenger or two. The idea is none of the most agreeable!

September had now brought most delicious weather. Slight hoar-frost at night, but sufficiently warm sun during the day, and the air fresh, clear, and bracing. Having accepted a most kind invitation to remain some time at Blossburgh, in the North Western part of Pennsylvania, I proceeded thither by railway first, as far as Harrisburgh, the legislative capital, thence by canal to Williamsport, and finally by stage across the Alleghany mountains from that town to Blossburgh. The scenery on most of the Susquehanna river is very lovely, particularly near Sunbury and Northumberland, the latter place being the residence still of the family of the philosopher Priestley. Most of the country is very highly cultivated, and chiefly occupied by German descendants. The best lands here command seventy-five to one hundred dollars per acre, or from fifteen to twenty-one pounds.

Beyond Williamsport, the ridges of the Alleghanies commence, and little can be seen save dense pine, spruce, and hemlock fir forests, which indeed impressed my mind with a heavy feeling of gloom and awe. But near the streams, a charming variety was afforded by the rhododendrons and similar plants in full bloom. While the stage stopped at a small inn at the foot of a long hill to allow the passengers to breakfast, I and a fellow traveller, who had already fortified our inner *men*, set out to walk in advance. He was a lawyer, and a frequent traveller also by that road, although not much travelled, and related many stories about it. He told me that one clear cold evening, he started by moonlight from another tavern, with the intention of passing the night at the one we had then left. The cold increasing, he alighted to warm himself by walking, but this, with all his efforts, he was unable to effect, being, as he concludes, insufficiently clad, and fearful that the horse would leave him behind, he called to him to stop, and got into his vehicle, a Pennsylvanian waggon. After this, he lost all recollection, until he woke in the intense agony of being *thawed* at the inn, at which the horse had stopped, most fortunately just as the landlord, while putting out his candle, happened to hear the waggon come up

to the door. My fellow traveller did not seem to have a very high idea of the morality of these innkeepers; and told me how a short time before a poor German pedlar was robbed and murdered at one of these very places. He was returning to Philadelphia with the proceeds of his trip, with which he proposed to lay in a new stock. The son of the innkeeper was actually going to be married in a few days, and appointed with the pedlar to meet him a little way along the road in the morning, as he said he wished to buy the jewellery privately, so that he might surprise his intended on the wedding day. This story, told in the poor fellow's native language, deceived him most effectually, and, as agreed, he met the man near the road, about thirty yards or so in the forest, where he pretended to be engaged felling a large tree; in fact he had cut about one third through it. But as the pedlar stooped to unloose the buckles of his pack, the man, with a blow of the axe, divided his skull, and buried him and his pack at the very root of the tree. No *living* witnesses remained on earth to the atrocious deed, but it was not ordained so to remain long; and behold the way in which it was discovered! The brother of the German, who had just arrived in Philadelphia from his native country, and who

found a letter awaiting him, advising him that the pedlar had succeeded well, and would meet him there in four or five days, now became alarmed; started on his brother's track with great promptness, traced him readily all the way to Blossburgh, thence, it was said, he had left for Williamsport, but *there* were no tidings of him, yet the innkeeper freely admitted that he had slept that night at his house. The whole family were examined, but no clue found. Rattlesnakes, bears, and jaguars abounded in the forest, it was hinted. All were at a loss, yet still the German lingered. At last, he gave up all hope, and took his passage for Harrisburgh. Near the time for the boat's starting, he happened to ask the hour of a man who was standing near him. As the watch was returned to the pocket, the glitter of a well known seal caught his eye. It was his brother's own watch! The *then* possessor was brought out innocent; but the murderer and murder were easily traced.

These stories brought us up to the top of the mountain ridge, where there was an old clearing, and such a crop of wild raspberries! After being duly cautioned against rattlesnakes by my companion, we set to work literally tooth and nail, and the stage soon coming up, all agreed to stop and

join us. I think it is Mr. Lyell who mentions that a similar circumstance happened to him, so I conclude it is not unfrequent, as it certainly is not unpleasant. The fruit is longer and thinner than an English raspberry, quite black, and very sweet and good flavoured.

Though Blossburgh is in a valley, the place is above sixteen hundred feet over the sea level, so that of course the winters are dreadfully severe, and the atmosphere rarified to a considerable degree. The coal mines are more than three-fourths of the distance to the top of the mountains from the valley of the Tioga River, here a small stream for America, and along the banks of which the railroad runs, conveying coals to Corning, forty miles. Mr. Lyell has already described this place, and also the mines which he visited while I was there. The weather then was indeed delicious, though certainly cool in the mornings and evenings; the woods brilliant in their autumnal dress. While *enjoying*, as I may indeed say, the hospitality of Dr. Saynisch, I made many pedestrian trips into the forests, and had I been a more experienced woodsman then, I might have brought home many a trophy of sport; but I seldom did so, except I count a few pheasants and smaller birds as such. In America, going out to "hunt," as it is called,

with any weapon short of a rifle, is considered quite beneath the notice of a sportsman, and "shot guns" looked upon with great contempt. As the weather became colder, and a few sprinklings of snow fell, we soon saw what the rifle could effect in the hands of the backwoodsmen, by the great abundance of venison, the common price of which was not more than three cents a pound. Bears and elk were brought in too, now and then, and panthers, or rather jaguars, are often shot, and also many caught in traps. As for wolves, we heard them frequently at Blossburgh, but I never was told, nor do I believe, that they ever venture to attack the human race. The river is full of trout of a small size, which can be readily caught, but it is next to impossible to throw a fly. I used to coax a few out, though the season was so advanced, by dropping a grasshopper into the deep still holes, from behind a bush or stump. The winter of 1841-2 was considered a very mild one all over America, and in the lower parts of the country was hardly more severe than an average English one; nevertheless in December at Blossburgh, I saw the thermometer at a point lower than ever I saw before, or, I think I may add, ever wish to see it again; namely, 15° below 0. Yet, truly I can say, I never enjoyed health as

I did there, and, coupled with recollections of less materiality, never shall I forget the breakfasts we demolished at Blossburgh, ay, and I may add, dinners and suppers too! Those mountains of stratified pancakes, or blanket cakes (a variety of the genus muffin), how they used to vanish, like melting snow, before our stalwart attacks! Breakfast too, was eaten by lamp light, and dinner by one, so that supper was no nominal meal. One circumstance I remarked as curious, that when there was a really sharp frost down in the valley, and all the grass white with hoar-frost, generally not a sign of it appeared at the mines.

Near the middle of November, Dr. Saynisch informed me that he was about to proceed to examine some old iron and coal mines, which were then abandoned, and which lay on the west branch of the Susquehanna. If possible, he would afterwards go on to Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He was so kind as to allow me to accompany him, and we were further cheered by the Indian summer, which was coming on, warm, misty, and pleasant, though so late in the year. From Williamsport we proceeded to Bellefont, which is really a very interesting place, taking its name from a stream similar to that of Holywell in Wales; and, as I should judge, in a precisely similar locality, geolo-

gically speaking. Instead, however, of only one well, here there seem to be scores of them for several miles, and of all sizes, and the most advantageously situated of these are applied to drive an immense number of water-wheels, chiefly to turn machinery for the manufacture of wrought iron, but also for nail and screw making. Not the least interesting was the application of one of the springs to the working of a powerful force pump, which enables the entire population of Bellefont to enjoy an abundance of pure, and deliciously cool water. Truly, I thought, here is a stream worth all the Meanders and Scamanders of ancient times! From Bellefont we could no longer use the stage as a conveyance by our proposed road, so we hired a pair of saddle horses, and started early in the morning. Our way, after crossing a spur of the mountains, lay for a long distance up the west branch of the Susquehanna, winding through a gorge in the Alleghanies. At the time of my visit, the river was low, about the size of the Tweed at Abbotsford, and running rapidly. We slept at a tavern which bore the ominous name of Snowshoe, which was full of drovers, who take this pass very frequently to convey their cattle from Ohio into Pennsylvania. These are fattened in the rich pastures of Chester County, &c., and

ultimately in due time appear gracing the sides of the covered way in Market Street. After a most fatiguing day's riding and walking, exploring old and new openings in the coal and iron ore seams, besides carrying a bag of specimens of no contemptible weight; after all this, we should have been strange beings if we had criticised our accommodations. But what of that? After an excellent venison supper, and a profusion of pies and sweetmeats, which you get everywhere in America, and as for the latter, always brought to table in most capacious dishes, and a *table* spoon placed to help them with; who would grumble at being lulled to sleep by the s(o)norous voices of half a dozen worthy drovers? We were not so foolish, but slept in the same room with them (because there was no other), and added our quota to the sweet melody.

I had always intended to devote a part of this trip to a visit to an old and much respected friend of my father's, who then resided at Philipsburgh, and from whose family that place takes its name. Now at the furthest point of our journey beyond Snowshoe, I found myself only fifteen miles from Philipsburgh, but though I was told there was a "blazed" track thither, no one could be got to accompany me, for fear of the snow, which had

already shown itself in a few showers. I found, therefore, that in order to reach Philipsburgh, I must return to Bellefont, and take the stage, which started at five in the morning, and that only on Tuesdays and Fridays. To my no small chagrin, I found the second night at Snowshoe was that of Thursday, so I had apparently a delay of four days before me, as Dr. Saynisch was going straight back to Blossburgh the next day. But this not agreeing with my calculations in any way, after supper I borrowed a lantern, and put all my accoutrements straight in the stable, while our landlord gave me an extra quart or two of oats. The distance was only seventeen miles, but nearly all the way down a succession of steep hills, while the swamps are crossed by "corduroy" causeways, alias "railroads," awkward affairs in frosty weather at night. I went up to our barn-like dormitory, and slept soundly; but tired as I was, that indescribable feeling that I had something to do, had taken full possession of me, so that I woke before two, and having procured a cup of coffee from the landlord, saddled my horse, and started. I was very nearly "deserted by the waning moon," but there was enough light to show me down all the hills, and for an hour or so, a slight powder of fine snow fell. My horse, when he found him-

self on the main road, and comparatively level ground, and scenting his stable from afar, fairly begged as it were the bridle, and I, nothing loth, gave it him, so that at four o'clock exactly, I reached his stable, and astonished his owner by appearing at that untimely hour to render possession. In fact, I had fairly to argue the point, as he maintained he had not let me his horse by the night, but by the day, and most decidedly not for both! I had some trouble to convince him of the hollowness of his arguments, but finally brought him to reason, not at the bar of justice, but at that of the tavern, where a morning's dram settled all disputes. The views of mountain and valley, forest and stream, were very fine all the way to Philipsburgh, the Bald Eagle valley being especially remarkable. Some of them were well cultivated, others as they perhaps have been since the world existed in its present form. But, when we regard the mineral treasures of this very region of the Alleghanies, which, though it forms only one of the great coal-fields of America, consisting of veins above veins of coal and iron-stone, succeeding each other to the tops of the mountains, stores now regarded as almost next to useless, because so abundant, and the demand so insufficient; this must afford food for the deepest

reflection to every thinking mind. The Almighty has not created all these gifts for nought! And when all the coal-fields of England may be exhausted, these may have been only as we may say, scratched. What! Is the world growing old already? When Africa shall have been brought under the subjection of civilization, and that through the very instrumentality of the former oppressors of her children; when America, from the Hudson to the Columbia, shall be inhabited and cultivated, and when these coal-fields of the Alleghany and the Mississippi valley shall be in full operation as regards the development of their products, then, I say, the world may have attained a lusty manhood. What a destiny, it may well be said, has the Anglo-Saxon race! The mind is lost in its contemplation, and of the gigantic tasks which are falling to its lot one after the other; and who shall dare to doubt, that it will, with the assistance of a Power Supreme, abundantly and honourably fulfil them? The experience of the last few years even, has furnished us with the knowledge of occurrences which I may term landmarks in the great "field," the world; such, certainly, must be considered the establishment of the little republic of Liberia at Cape Mesurado, and more lately, even the other day, the formation of a Christian govern-

ment, and that too, by the exertions of almost a single individual, in the benighted nook of the earth, Borneo.

Some Englishmen, I fear, like little to be told of the palpable success of the young Liberian republic, already *independent* of its mother country. It has been a very dangerous colonial precedent, not to be whispered about in the atmosphere of Downing Street, yet I trust in, and pray for its success. It has done, and at a merely nominal outlay, what all the Buxtons, and all the abolitionists, with (must I say it?) their wrong, and in many cases bigoted ideas, though backed by the expenditure of millions, and many men's lives, could not do; and I remain firmly persuaded, that it is by the means which the founders of Liberia took, and none other, that the regeneration of Africa is to be carried out. With a few words more, I close the subject, and may they have some weight with those who may read them! The United States are teeming now with an excess of the Negro population, and for many reasons, especially cogent to freemen of education among them, though it is their native country, it is not a desirable residence. The slave states will soon be liberating their negroes, and very many are being freed yearly. What is to become of them all? But if we have in Africa a

country of fertility unsurpassable, and a climate congenial to the constitutions of African descendants (as it is proved to be), is not this a proper, and legitimate, and the only field of emigration for this class? That this will take place, as I said above, I entertain myself no doubt, and thus we see in all these instances the beginning of that vista, now, indeed, as yet "in a glass, darkly," whose end will be universal light!

CHAPTER IV.

PHILIPSBURGH.—POTTSVILLE.—RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA.—PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.—SINGING SCHOOLS.—TRIP TO VIRGINIA.—MOUNT VERNON IN DECAY.—WILD DUCKS IN VIGOUR.—WASHINGTON.—PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.—PATENT OFFICE.—CALF ANECDOTE.—NEW YORK.—EMBARKATION.—VOYAGE TO CUBA. SAINT JAGO.—LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—YELLOW FEVER.—BOARDING HOUSE.—DEPARTURE AND JOURNEY TO HOLGUIN.—NIGHT SLEEP ON HORSEBACK.—LANGUAGE.—COUNTRY LIFE IN CUBA.—ARRIVAL AT HOLGUIN.

PHILIPSBURGH possesses many capabilities, and will not disappoint the intelligent emigrant in search of a healthy and profitable location. I made many pleasant excursions both on foot and horseback in the neighbourhood; one, of two days' duration, to look, amongst other subjects, at an old lead mine, which we were told had been worked during the war of Independence, to furnish bullets for the republican forces. Whether by a coincidence or design, the neighbouring village was named Warriorsmark. These old workings were full of water and rubbish, but as far as I could judge, from an

examination of the rocks and minerals, I should be inclined to say that the galena could not have existed in much abundance, but in "strings," and small lumps; enough however, I dare say, under the management of a general like Washington, to effect considerable mischief in the ranks of the enemy; and I imagine his were men not much in the habit of throwing away a shot. Near this, in the side of a high hill, was a large and beautiful mass of Dolomite; and indeed, weather permitting, this would, I am sure, be a very interesting locality to examine mineralogically; but to do so, finding a crust of snow or a lump of ice sticking to every specimen, is enough to damp, or rather cool the ardour of the most enthusiastic. Indeed winter had now set in; and on our return to Philipsburgh we found the ice thickly incrusting the branches of the pines; and this, lit up with the transient flashes of the sunlight, was very beautiful to look at, but we heard many tremendous crashes from the branches breaking, and I believe many have even lost their lives by this. Philipsburgh itself is situated on the very summit level of the Alleghany, and indeed I may say of the United States, since the streams on the other side flow into the Alleghany river, and thence into the Ohio. Supposing this to be the "shining

river" of Moore's song, and if "his love" lived somewhere about New Orleans, the message would have some distance to travel before it reached her! After visiting the openings in the coal-seams, and examining the old beaver dams which were very curious, I left reluctantly my kind friend's warm fireside, and returned without adventure to Blossburgh, the setting in of the winter having entirely put an end to Dr. Saynisch's projected trip to Cincinnati.

On the 21st of December, after a rather heavy fall of snow, and in very cold weather, I took leave of good Doctor and Mrs. Saynisch, and my other friends, and advantage of the now fine weather and good sleighing, to return to Philadelphia. The sleigh was simply the same old stage now placed on runners instead of wheels. It it not exactly that very easy motion some people may imagine, but seems as if propelled by a series of jumps, jerks, and pushes, some of which seriously derange one's centre of gravity, and even occasion now and then that exceedingly unpleasant accident of "biting one's tongue." After a night at Williamsport we started again in the sleigh, this time bound to Pottsville, the capital of the coal district. We travelled all day and night, and the cold of that night I certainly felt severely, and so did my fel-

low passengers, though I had a large Irish freize coat over my great coat, and was wrapped in buffalo skins besides. At one of the resting-places we found the thermometer at 10° below Zero. Very early in the morning we reached Pottsville, and most heartily enjoyed our breakfast, everything of the best, and the house very comfortable. When we could see about us, we found the snow had just lasted us to Pottsville; indeed several times during the last stage I had fancied I heard the runners grating against the gravel a good deal. There was now hardly any to be seen, so the stage was again mounted on its wheels, and I was not sorry to see green fields once more, and mild weather. Such was the difference between the upper and lower counties of the same state; but Pennsylvania is as large as all England, and I dare say there is often as much difference between Berwick and London, as that which we experienced. Ten miles below Pottsville we got into the railway carriage, and quickly traced the Schuylkill down to Philadelphia.

A stranger remarks, as much as anything else during his winter's abode in an American city, the immense number and variety of the lectures going on. No such thing is known as people going to a tavern to *sit down* to drink, as is too often the case in other

countries; neither do the taverns offer any facilities for so doing. Those who drink, do so standing at the bar or tap. This is a strange subject perhaps to associate with lectures, except, some one will say, curtain lectures; but still I believe them intimately connected; and because the mechanic has no great temptation to sit soaking in a tavern, he accompanies his family to a lecture or a concert. Concerts are very numerous too, and excellent music is to be heard, both at those given by foreigners of celebrity and those also which are altogether indebted to native talent, especially among the descendants of the Germans. Singing schools on the system of Hullah, spring up too like mushrooms in every street, or rather in every small circle, in both city and country in the Northern States in winter, and almost every young person attends them. Indeed it is quite considered as a matter of course. While I was at Blossburgh, a Yankee presented himself one day, and favoured us with a specimen of his performances, vocal and instrumental. He came for the purpose of raising a subscription for a singing school; and this he effected the very same day. The terms were fifty dollars for two lessons in the week for three months; cheap enough! He taught thus in three neighbouring villages, and I

believe was generally entertained at the houses of one or the other of his pupils. Moderate as were his terms, still 150 dollars were a help, as he was doubtless besides studying for the ministry or the law. Poor fellow! He lived not to accomplish his designs, whatever they might have been; for after giving us four or five lessons, he was seized with consumption, and died in a few weeks. Yet it is from the class of which he was a type, that New England sends forth her thousands of not very highly educated, but well instructed pioneers in the march of knowledge to the wilds of the far west. Long since have they threaded that ample continent from sea to sea, and now, since I penned the notes from which I copy the main part of my text, they have been the first to begin to supplant that language of retrogradation, the Spanish, with the well-loved accents of our Anglo-Saxon speech, which

> "——Tracks the loud swift Oregon,
> Through sunset valleys rolled,
> And soars where Californian brooks
> Wash down their sands of gold."

A quotation from a poem, of which all I can say is, that the ability to write such an one, and the noble feelings it gives utterance to, and which *must* have been inherent in the author's

inmost heart, are more to be desired than "much riches." Will it give Dr. Lyons the sincerest pleasure to know that these very verses have been read by, and will be accurately known to, some of the youths of a nation of whom even the name may have escaped his notice, the Tamils of Ceylon? No doubt; and had he but thought of it, I dare say even our island, a wide field indeed! would have been favoured with a verse at least. Will he be very angry if I have the audacity to think it would be *something* like the following in idea? *

It shall resound through Lanka's isle,
Colombo's fragrant groves,
Beneath the shade of graceful palms,
The Tamil† maiden loves;
From old Sri Padre's‡ topmost crag
Shall rise the holy song,
Dark Maha-Villé-Ganga's flood
Rolls the glad notes along.

A sad digression; but it is to *that* all must come yet; and so all honour to men like Dr. Lyons. I was going to say that some of these men before

* Vide Ch. Edin. Jour. No. 284. N. S.

† Adam's Peak.

‡ Particularly alluding to the American mission at Jaffuapatam, and other Tamil missions. Some of good Dr. Lyon's words (names of places) have taxed our geography *sadly!*

mentioned, finding in the utmost west no place for the sole of their foot, have even gone over that mighty ocean, and *now* we find them as busy as ever, editing newspapers in Hawäi, quite in their element, and even in China. But as to the singing school; we see how easy it would be to establish one, either by the union of two or three villages, as at Blossburgh, or among small communities in a larger place. I believe it is so done in larger towns, and we have of course the celebrated school of Mr. Hullah himself, in London, which is world-renowned; but why not everywhere all through the country? Perhaps it is the Republican form of government, causing as it does large united bodies of men to act simultaneously, which gives birth to so many societies and clubs; thus we have singing schools, fire engine companies, and many other associations and institutes maintained by subscriptions, and even by balls and concerts, as well as societies for every imaginable purpose, some perhaps not so harmless; even ladies have sewing and reading societies, and give soirées, which I have attended at Blossburgh with much amusement and pleasure too.

Now that I can look calmly back upon these times, the fatal eagerness with which I clutched at every chance the least likely to lead to any em-

ployment seems almost unaccountable. On grounds which certainly were anything but sufficient ones, I determined to make a trip into Virginia, where, on the skirts of the Blue Mountains, some iron works were going forward, in which it was considered likely I could attain the much-wished-for object. It is quite sufficient to say that I did not do so; and yet I hardly regret having made the journey, though it was not at an advantageous season. In going, I passed through Washington in the night, and next day certainly enjoyed the steam down the Potomac extremely, and can say I had a good look at Mount Vernon from the water, which, even viewed through a telescope at some little distance, revealed but too plainly its disgraceful state of dilapidation! Pity the United States do not allot Mount Vernon at once, to one of the hundred and one uses to which it might be put with the greatest good taste in the world! An asylum for old disabled soldiers: why, if they built it soon, they might yet delight many an aged veteran's heart, who had served with the great Washington himself! A national observatory; even a model farm. Stay; perhaps the State of Virginia is jealous, and in fact very likely has taken precautions that the property should not go into any other hands but hers. To what purpose? Why

of course there is but one; to form at Mount Vernon an asylum, a refuge, a home, for all those poor, broken down superannuated *slaves*, who, on the forthcoming emancipation of her negroes, would feel even liberty no boon, and the grasshopper a burthen; who might there continue to shell their corn, and stalk their tobacco, under the shade of the spreading sycamores of Mount Vernon.

I cannot omit here to mention the incredible numbers of ducks which covered the surface of the waters of the Potomac. They did not seem much afraid of the steamer ploughing her way literally through masses of them, which might be computed by *acres*. I saw many also on the creeks between Philadelphia and Baltimore, but nothing to equal this. Strange enough I did not see one on any table except in Philadelphia.

The whole of Virginia, or rather what is called *old* Virginia, or the old Dominion, seemed to me to have a most melancholy, deserted, worn-out look. So far from its "never tiring" qualities being at all visible, it seemed to be thoroughly tired, done up, come to a *stop*. I did observe, in one or two localities, which had been once doubtless highly favoured, a few fine old English-looking red bricked mansions, of the style of Anne and George I., placed in what might be termed

parks, or chases; but the most of the country had a cheerless unpromising appearance; fences rotting, lands abandoned, and some vast tracts, all growing up with young sapling pine trees as thick as mustard and cress. There was some relief to this near Fredericksburgh, which I can imagine to be rather a nice place in summer; but the leaves of the trees, it is true, then hide a multitude of deficiences. There were some fine looking farms too on the James River, and on nearing the Blue Mountains, a very superior country appears, and I am sorry I did not cross them, which I might have done and returned by another way. Every one told me that on the other side was a much finer district, and but few slaves. I afterwards found, that at one place where I was much pleased with the scenery, I had been only a few miles from the Natural Bridge. I returned by way of Richmond, and tried hard to get a passage in a schooner bound to Philadelphia; but though the vessel sailed, the master would take no passengers, being afraid of detention in the ice of the Delaware.

Under these circumstances, I had to go back all the way to Washington; but a day and a half there made ample amends for my disappointment. I had made acquaintance with a gentleman, who

was going to give some evidence on a committee, and who seemed quite at home wherever he went. With him I spent an hour listening to a debate in the Senate, and we also paid a visit, later in the day, to the House of Representatives. In the former I had the luck to hear Clay, Benton, and Calhoun speak; and I should think that, when on a subject which would tax his powers, the delivery and manner of the first-named, must be calculated to give great weight to what he says. On this occasion the matter was of trifling importance, and in the hands of the other speakers of no particular interest; but when Clay proceeded, I soon became quite absorbed in the fate and prospects of an obscure harbour on Lake Michigan. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Clay, he is undoubtedly a man of much talent, and, let us trust, he may yet live to apply that talent, as he well could, to some right noble object. The Senate House proceedings appeared to be conducted with the greatest quiet and decorum, and certainly came up to my ideas of a deliberative assembly; but what shall I say of the Lower House? Even the day I was there, though no particular "row" was going on, the noise and confusion were fearful. An orator was declaiming away at a great rate all the time, but surely not three people in the room were listening to him.

If they must have a meeting of such an immense number of people, I would suggest, as an improvement on the present plan, that a black board, with the question of the day plainly chalked on it, be hung up where the whole could see it; and after remaining a sufficient time (or all day, like the Psalms and text in an old Dutch church), that silent votes be taken. Decidedly, a considerable quantity of work could be got through in this way; but at present, the idea of any one of the members caring a button about any amount of reasoning, however conclusive, against a scheme on which his constituents and himself had made up their minds fully and entirely long ago, is absurd in the extreme!

The evening of that very day was fixed for a levee at the White House, on the occasion of the marriage of one of the President's daughters, which I went to, in company with my acquaintance, at half-past seven, P. M. Him I lost sight of somewhere at the entrance, but as the *entrée* seemed free and open to all, I scrupled not to avail myself of the freedom of the soil upon which I trod, and which, as I very soon afterwards discovered, gave me the privilege as a perfect stranger. As regards right, there is really no such thing; all are at perfect liberty to enter. A negro servant at the

door having taken charge of my umbrella, I found myself in a good-sized hall, where, before an ample fire-place, blazing high with a famous wood fire, sat the band, in red coats, most comfortably settled round an oaken table, and, as I passed, wetting their "whistles" with swigs out of certain bright tankards. The sight alone of this, and next the sounds, as the band, like giants refreshed, made their instruments sound forth a loud and merry strain, put me in an excellent humour to face the President, whom I found in the reception room, standing to receive his guests, who now amounted to many hundreds. I hope all of them had as much mercy on his hand as I, when I shook it, otherwise it must have been right sore in the morning, and whether or not, he must have been tired enough. I forget how many rooms there were, but a great many, all pretty closely filled. The people seemed in no particular hurry to get away, but promenaded up and down through them all, conversing in groups. I almost thought at one time that we were to get some refreshments too, as I saw sundry cups of coffee handed about, and in one room a party enjoying themselves also at a table, whom I concluded to be the President's family. After some time spent sauntering about the rooms, I felt the heat oppressive, and should have liked

well enough to have been able to exchange private signals with some of the dusky coffee-bearers; but that would be too much to expect. I gradually therefore edged towards the door of exit, but stood nearly an hour in the reception room, near the President, and was much interested at seeing, though but for a few moments, most of the leading men of the Union, as their names, and the State to which they belonged, were shouted forth by the attendant in waiting. Many distinguished foreigners also presented themselves, who I had no idea were in the country at all. The President looked what he really was, a man of honest purpose and firm will. He stood his ground well on more than one occasion, and though public feeling was much against him at one time, I believe President Tyler lived to see the majority convinced of the error of their opinions, and the soundness of his own.

I spent some time while in Washington very pleasantly at the Patent Office, and the National Museum, where there is, too, a good collection of minerals. As I have known people, and even partly think I am one myself, who can give some kind of guess concerning a man from the mere sight of some well-worn article of his apparel, such as his coat, or boots, or hat, so I had a fine opportunity to speculate on the port and appearance

of Washington, from a full suit of his clothes, preserved in a glass case, and from which I should certainly judge he must have been a man of commanding aspect, in spite of a story of him I heard in Philadelphia, which *may* never have appeared in print; but of that I must take my chance. There is a celebrated old man—or was when I was there, and, if alive, he must have attained a great age indeed—old John, who rings the State House bell in case of fire, winds up the big clock, and is always present to show visitors over the building. He says, that when Washington convened the first congress, after the war was over, many British officers attended, both officially and as visitors. One day, as they were going in to take their places, Washington walking first, John found himself near two Englishmen in King George's uniform, one of whom remarked to the other, "After all the trouble he gave us, look at him! he is not much of a man; see, he 's got no calves to his legs!" Whereupon, says John, "I turned half round, and gave the officers a *look;* saying, 'No, gentlemen, *I* should say you Britishers *have* found out, by this time, there 's not much of the *calf* about *him!*'"

There is no doubt, as regards the city of Washington (a puzzle to many people, and the plan

of which *is* more like a child's puzzle than anything else), that the Capitol is finely situated; and I could see then none of the marks of decay which it has been said to present, though, to be sure, Maine granite would have been a far finer material. But the view from it, though amazingly extensive, has a very comfortless look; while in summer, the walk up *that hill*, and *those steps*, must search one pretty thoroughly. Large tracts of poor-looking neglected soil line the banks of the Potomac, and even the houses seem to lack something, while the country, for America, is very bare of wood. With all this, it seems very probable that Washington knew right well what *he* was doing, when he recommended and planned this city, or, I should say, its site, as the legislative capital of his country. Washington, in fact, never made a blunder, nor was he mistaken here. While he flattered the world with the grand idea of a mighty emporium existing in the very centre of the country, and approved of a plan, which, if built up, would as a city throw London, or, I dare say, Pekin, altogether into the shade, a man of his ever ready acuteness could not but know that even an emporium, like New York or Boston, could never exist near the head of a long and intricate navigation, like that of the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay. The French

Revolution came in well enough to put all this into his head; but the fate of Paris can never be that of Washington. No mob will ever rule the United States, in that secluded spot; and if the people are wise, they will never even dream of removing the councils to any other locality. Why should they, indeed? It is a very central position, and communication is easy to all parts of the continent. No one ever thinks of going to Washington to reside, who has not some very decided business there; and I must say, it is one of the last places I should select for an abiding place. Travelling and living are much more expensive in the south than in the north. Your breakfast, bed, &c., are always charged fifty cents, and this is a very favourite and convenient charge for almost everything; it is so easy to say, "half a dollar!" True, even this sum seems reasonable compared to English charges, but very much above those of Pennsylvania or New York. Whenever I had occasion to cross the country, I found the roads execrable; the worst I ever met with any where. Indeed, the institution of slavery in Virginia does not show out well at all, though, I must confess, those of the slaves with whom I conversed expressed themselves satisfied with the treatment of their masters. Yet surely a system must be rotten, which presents such

tremendous paradoxes. A superabundance of labour on individual estates, and yet whole districts abandoned to a growth of pines, which, in a country of free labour, would become smiling plains; an acknowledged export of labour to more southern states; and yet, when any real *work* has to be got through, such as a canal or a railroad, these very Virginians must call in to help them the thews and sinews of the Irish labourer!

The new year of 1842 had brought with it no diminution of the gloom which hung over every species of enterprise, and even common trade and professions were only, as people said, half maintaining their usual or former influence. That in which I had tried to work a way was perhaps the most depressed of all. In this juncture, after I returned from my unprofitable trip to Virginia, an interesting event occurred; the arrival of a packet from the Island of Cuba, which, on being opened, proved to be a sample of gold-dust, from a mine, or vein, lately discovered, and professed to have been taken from it without selection. My relative, Mr. R. C. T., had made himself not an unprofitable trip to Cuba in 1836; but at that time the gold vein had not been discovered, although old workings existed, and grains of gold had always been found in the sands of the streams near Holguin, as Hum-

boldt too mentions. I set to work without delay to examine the sample, and truly the result was sufficient to turn our heads; for on comparing the weights of the beads of gold with those of the quantities acted upon, it appeared that in a ton of such mineral would exist not less than fifty ounces of pure gold! The vein was stated to be four feet wide. The beads were taken to the United States Mint, and having been tested were also pronounced perfectly pure. As the parties in Cuba were well known to my relative, and as they had offered to repay him his expenses, in case he should again go out there, he kindly offered me to be his representative in the business. This time, I really could not see anything wrong; and accordingly, being very glad to undertake it, and nothing loth to see such an entirely new country, early in June I got ready, and went to New York to see about a vessel to take me to my destination.

This was my first visit to that great city; I must say I was much pleased with it, and ten or twelve days passed very quickly: but I was unable for some days to hear of a vessel for any Cuban port. I found New York a contrast indeed to Philadelphia, as there is much bustle, and almost as many omnibuses, and locomotion of all kinds in

the principal street, as in those of London itself, while many parts of the city boast of some magnificent streets and squares. What Southwark is in relation to London, is Brooklyn to New York, only that Brooklyn is a favourite place of residence, and contains also some noble streets, and excellent houses in them.

The particular locality in Cuba to which I wished to proceed is rather difficult to reach, except by a vessel bound direct to the port. Gibara, pronounced in English *Heevāra*, is nearly in the same parallel of longitude as St. Jago de Cuba, but on the Northern shore of the island. Therefore if you land at Havana, you have a tedious sea voyage, against the trade winds, of very likely three weeks; from Nuevitas, the port of Puerto del Principe (which by the way is no port at all, but fifty miles or so in the interior), you have a shorter sea passage by more than one-half, or a land journey of 150 miles; and from St. Jago, a journey across the island of forty-five leagues. As there was no chance of obtaining a passage direct, I had to choose the latter course, and after some bargaining, closed with Captain Ludlam, of the clipper-brig *Tarquina*, about to make her first voyage, bound to St. Jago de Cuba.

Captain Ludlam gave me very comfortable quar-

ters on board the *Tarquina*, and on her part, she, I am sure, performed all or more than her builders ever need desire; she sailed like a witch indeed, whenever she got a chance; but in these latitudes, in the middle of summer, and especially in or near the Gulf stream, there is either a squall or a calm, and we had our full share of the latter, with weather none of the coolest. God forgive me for my suspicions, of which, when in New York since, I might have easily tested the accuracy by inquiry, but I certainly at the time put the good *Tarquina* down, in my mind, as a kind of craft not unlikely to be heard of somewhere in the direction of the Bight of Benin,—heard of, I say, for I consider, if sailed by such a man as Ludlam, our people would have some trouble to catch her. If you ever see this, Captain, don't be angry at me! such queer ideas *will* get into people's heads sometimes. As I say, we crept down very slowly, till we fairly got into the "trades," and *then* the *Tarquina* certainly let us see what she could do. We had to take one of the most eastern of the passages through the Bahamas, called the Mariguana, and it was, as we passed by the land, which seemed only a series of low sandy flats, with desperate looking coral reefs now and then, that we could see at what a rate we moved through

the water. On the evening of the twelfth day we had the clear blue peaks of Saint Domingo on the left, and those of Cuba on our right, being in mid channel. Here we were becalmed again, and the next day too; while the current took us in very awkward proximity to the steep cliffs of Saint Domingo. The scenery was exquisite indeed; and we were close enough to distinguish the houses and coffee plantations high up on the sides of the mountains, which seemed to rise up directly from the sea. The evening of the day after, we had sighted the marks which pointed out to our captain the entrance of the harbour of St. Jago, but he would be a bold man who should dare the entrance except with the whole day before him, so we backed the fore-top-sail, and lay to till the morning, about three miles to windward. Here, under the influence of the land, we felt the heat extremely oppressive, and were sitting on the poop, enjoying our coffee and a cigar. The captain remarked, that where we then were was a great place for seeing meteors, shooting stars, &c. Whereupon I must needs enter on a discussion on the subject of meteors, and was stoutly maintaining that the most of them were actually substantial bodies, and that we could find them, or traces of them, if we could only tell where to look. But

all my eloquence quite failed to convince Ludlam, and he said "Well, you may think as you please, but I don't believe a word of it."—"Very good," I said, "I'll show it you in print, at any rate;" and had just got up to look for a volume I had been reading, when lo! the most magnificent meteor possible to conceive appeared, and throwing from itself showers of incandescent sparks, quite slowly (comparatively speaking), fell into the sea; not perpendicularly, but at an angle of I dare say 30° or less; and it was evident that it must have been less than three miles from us, since the mountains did not obscure it, and we saw it in all its flight. It appeared about the size of a six pound ball. I did not consider it necessary to fetch the book, since I had been so opportunely supported.

When the telescope told unmistakably in the morning, that the light wind from the land had given place to the sea breeze, which for a good while had been blowing where we were, our course was directed to the entrance, now plainly marked by a part of the Morro, or castle, being visible. It is necessary to be sure on this point, for it is very possible that the sea breeze, if you sail with it from its first setting in, may carry you famously up *to* the entrance, but on getting your nose, as it

were in, only, a treacherous flaw of the night breeze may fatally take all aback, and dash your vessel's stern against the most uncompromising set of rocks possible to imagine. I have more than once wondered how similar entrances to this were ever found out first of all, for I think one might almost row past in a small boat without noticing it. Our brig seemed really to be running her very nose right on to the rocky base of a stupendous, black frowning cliff. Soon appears a little cockle-shell of a boat and a voice proceeds from it.

"Clean bill o'healt, Capitan?"

"Ay, ay;" all right, and our pilot is on board.

I have heard, that in anything like rough weather, this functionary, who has only a little bit of a canoe to use, cannot be coaxed out from the shelter of the Morro at all, and the strange captain, seeing such an extraordinary and dangerous looking place (with, I am pretty sure, no anchorage) really does not venture to go in *after* his pilot; so there the two are, making furious gesticulations to each other, until either the captain risks *his* boat for the pilot, or takes another small cruize out to sea, and watches a calmer spell. Just as you think you must inevitably strike, in the very nick of time, our pilot gives the wheel a

turn, and orders the sails to be shifted, and, as if by magic, we find ourselves in a narrow cleft, apparently closed in on all sides by a lofty wall; on the right, the castle, built up against, and cut out of the rock, with an immense number of batteries, tier over tier, to the very top. It must be confessed this has a very imposing appearance, and as if too one had run into a most complete man trap, from which one would suppose not a scrap of a man (of war) would ever escape; but, astonishing to say, the actual practice of warfare makes even a nullity of this Morro, with all its advantages, since, in spite of all it could do, aided by the mechanical obstruction of a chain stretched across the entrance, the English forced their way in once; I cannot remember, however, having read the account — I speak from hearsay, but it is doubtless correct. But the passage of this entrance is so well described in that book of faithful descriptions, apart from its other merits, Tom Cringle's Log, that I say no more about it. Once inside, the water was perfectly smooth, of course; so we glided up the remaining seven miles to the city at an astonishing rate. From the time we first got sight of the Island of Cuba, the coast of "this delightful land" had presented ever-varying beauties. First we had the noble ranges

of mountains of the Sierra del Cristál, in the extreme east; more to our front, the Sierras of Cobre, which have poured forth such piles of treasure, and on our left the Pico de Tarquino, the highest land in Cuba. On entering the harbour, I, who had never before seen the tropics, had, as it were, a new world opened to me! While nearing the shore, I had indeed been able to distinguish a few palmettos, high on the crags overhanging the sea; but now the shores of the harbour showed forth all the beauties of the tropics. Groves of the noble palms (well named royal,) the *Oreodoxia Regia*, with their ashen grey stems, distinctly marked from bottom to top with concentric rings, and crowned, eighty feet in air, with their graceful plume of foliage; cottages, with their bright green patches of sugar-canes, and other neat cultivation; larger masses of orange and plantain trees, of the deepest verdure; and, far above, on the ridges of the mountains, dotted patches, with white houses, and other larger spaces of white,—these are the coffee plantations, and their drying grounds. Here let me remark, that, curiously enough, the *first* tree which meets the eye on entering is a date tree, so that a stranger would, very likely, conclude that it was a native of the island generally, whereas I have seen but

one other, and neither bore fruit. So much for the sail up the harbour: on reaching the wharf, the acts and deeds of man alone are visible, and truly they are wretched. Cooped up, and backed by high hills, the city is constructed on the steep sides of one of them, and rises, row above row, of dull red tiled roofs, and hideously ugly yellow-fronted houses of one story. Conspicuous over all is the cathedral, at the top of the hill; also as ugly, at any rate, as the rest, and though built astonishingly strong, for fear of earthquakes, I should not, certainly, take refuge, during one, under its cracked dome. Along part of the shore, in front, perhaps for a quarter of a mile, runs a narrow strip of grass, railed in, or rather fenced by a wall with railings, the wall also being of the unfortunate yellow and white. These seem the favourite colours of Spaniards, for when I was coming out to Ceylon, we chanced to look into Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, and *there* were the St. Jago houses, all over again, as yellow and as white as ever, and not a *light* yellow, or buff, or stone colour, but a fine *marigold* colour. That alone seems to add ten per cent, at any rate, to the heat of St. Jago. I was going to say, this said yellow wall surrounds the "Plaza," in the centre of which is a monument to Columbus, the

founder of the city, which is to be considered the oldest therefore of all the American cities, or of those of any present importance. I did not observe the inscription, which would have been most appropriate, however:—

"A Castilla y Leon,
Nuevo mundo dió Colón."

Well, this Plaza, or rather the road round it, which is called the "Marina," is the only place where the Señoras and Señoritas can take their wretched apology for carriage exercise, round and round the "Paseo," which they do with laudable perseverance in their "volantas," a species of a sort of low roomy gig, drawn by a single horse or mule, which, *by law*, must be ridden by a postilion. These latter, however, have none of the genus post-boy in *their* composition, but are full-grown negroes, and, really, the biggest and fattest specimens seem to be expressly picked out for this work. Not satisfied with the "great fact" above named, they dress out these unfortunate creatures (for I must say I did sincerely pity them) with a black or blue cloth coat, I forget what kind of hat, and enormous jack-boots, armed with spurs, such as only Spaniards can make. No volanta is allowed to turn back, even if there were room,

and no double line is permitted; the volanta may turn up any of the streets to the right, in coming back, but if it gets to the end, and ever so pressing a message come for the señoras, it won't do; they must go all round the sea front once more, or get out and foot it, and they always go round the same way. The concern being so regulated, it may perhaps strike some one with wonder what real pleasure there can or may be in this mill-horse work; and, truly, it *would* be somewhat tedious, but for the singular coincidence of a proportionate number of "caballeros" generally finding themselves promenading round and round the walk, in the interior of the square, cigar in mouth; and the distance is only quite exactly sufficient for the silvery voices of the fair señoras to give the true and emphatic tone which the Castilian indeed demands. I have attempted a kind of description of the volanta, and wonder much that the truly ridiculous rig of the turn-out never has seriously struck the good people. It may be that its ugly strange appearance is meant only as a foil, to display the charms of the fair señoritas themselves! This, on second thoughts, *must* be the case; but I confess I am not altogether converted into admiration of their selection; give me to join them, an hour or two later in the Paseo,

on the top of the hill, between the "Casa del Gobierno," and the Cathedral. *There*, indeed, seen by the rays of an unclouded moon, did they really appear to advantage. I was told by one of the initiated, that their dresses were strictly in accordance with the Parisian mode, as received by every steamer, but I observed that the *bonnet* (only in general a few degrees less ugly than the European hat) is here considered quite unnecessary by the majority, and they are content with that covering which is "a glory" to them. A good band plays the popular opera music or airs of the day, as well as some more national. I attended, for several evenings, at the Paseo, and joined a party of young men, with whom I made acquaintance, who were either English and American, or educated in one or the other of the respective countries. But I am rather going on too fast; no wonder I should fly along, having stepped, at first going off, into a *volanta*.

I have heard some folks declaim in good set terms on the too frequently total inefficacy of *letters of introduction* to produce any *effect* commensurate with either the advantages expected from them, or the obligations which some may think they confer, and recipients imagine they obtain, or will obtain, by their possession and presentation. This is a

most delicate subject; hardly susceptible of discussion at all; yet I *will* give it a short consideration. I have made many full trials of the system, and while I certainly do not join in the bad opinion of poor human nature, inferrible from the first sweeping condemnation, I have experienced the full truth of it more than once! But who can tell, save myself alone, what might have occurred, if on some occasions it had not happened that I was the fortunate possessor of one? I will try to make the distinction which I think exists between serviceable letters and the reverse, evident to my readers. First, then, I think much, or all, may depend on the giver of the letter, and I am willing to try the value of such presents by the following rules. Let it be a necessity then, that the asker of a letter should be able to mention precisely *in what way* he may imagine the contents of the letter to serve him; or, let the *donor* be able to specify it. In either case, this letter will very likely be a possession which may yield good fruit. I am not here speaking of letters which one man of science, or even a man of fortune, may give to another, his equal, to one also the equal of both. They must have to deal with churlish people, who do not at once obtain the full value of *them*. I would also insert the condition that no letter of introduction

be given by one, on the authority of any one else, except a truly dear friend or very near relative, who should have the most intimate knowledge of the donor. And I need hardly add, that many letters fail of any good effect, but may produce the very reverse, when given to people not personally known to the donor, but only perhaps sons of old friends, &c. Such letters I look on with decided *caution*, and they are too often given in favour of those who are unworthy. This may be one reason why recommendations are sometimes received in so cold a manner; I must say too, that those addressed to residents under a foreign flag, have seemed to meet with more cordial attention than in an English colony. I do not make the latter assertion from my own experience, for I never put it to the test; but I know some who have. On the whole, I almost prefer making the acquaintance without any letter at all. But there is a class of letters, of the value of which even the presenter is ignorant. Such was my own case once in New York, when, after a conversation with a late highly respected friend on the subject of Cuba tobacco, he said, "By the way, in case you might like to try your hand, I will give you a note to one of our firms, which deal largely in it." He handed me the letter, which I received most thankfully,

although not seeing very clearly what I could do with it. However, as I was going along the street, I chanced to see the name of the very firm printed up, so thought I might as well go in, and test the value of my letter. The result was, that had we agreed to transact business together, I should have been freely trusted by that firm, to the extent of three or four thousand dollars, or perhaps more, if I had required it! I need hardly say, that I left the office almost as proud and well pleased as if I myself was master of that sum, and with a high respect for such letters as this, and also for their donors. To the same much lamented friend was I indebted for a letter, which he procured for me to my most valued acquaintance in St. Jago de Cuba; one to whom I am indeed deeply indebted, and who, I trust, still remains what he was then, the most wealthy, and certainly one of the most respected inhabitants of the city. I have no hesitation here, in naming Mr. Richard Maxwell Bell; many a one, like me, has experienced not only his hospitality and kindness, but the benefits of his good advice, and long experience. Though no Scotchman, as "Tom Cringle" would lead us to suppose, yet "Don *Ricardo Campana*," as he facetiously calls him, will long be remembered by many a grateful heart. Mr. Bell, junr. was educated in

America, so of course spoke English as his native tongue, but not so the rest of the family, with whom I could not converse at that visit. Mr. Bell, among other kind acts, was so good as to make arrangements to enable me to proceed on my journey to Gibara, since it appeared there was a young officer about to make the trip, to join his regiment, then quartered in Holguin,* the capital of the district in which is Gibara. It would be a slow march, they said, as he had to carry all his goods and chattels across with him, but that in four days we might hope to reach Holguin.

Now my great difficulty was want of horses. Two, at least, were needed, one for myself, the other for my two boxes. I was soon able to effect arrangements for the conveyance of the latter, but the saddle horse was still a great difficulty. In this dilemma, while chatting one day with a worthy Hebrew merchant well known in this quarter, I happened to mention to him the "fix" I was in. He said, "Oh, I think I can soon arrange that for you; my friend Mr. Levy has this very hour returned from Gibara, and wishes to send his horse back. This was good news; and Mr. Levy, who, poor fellow, was a most worthy man (he died afterwards broken hearted from the results of bad

* Pronounced *Olgeen, (g.* hard*).*

fortune) making his appearance at the moment, the horse was delivered over to me with saddle and bridle there and then, and I rode him off with much satisfaction.

But at this rate Mr. Levy's horse will carry us out of St. Jago too quickly; better put him up in good Mr. Bell's stable till I have given a more minute description of the city. As before remarked, it is constructed on the side of a steep hill, and the walk from the "Marina" up to the "casa del Gobierno," on any day in August (when I landed) at one o'clock P. M. might be enjoyed by a man, if he had a strong cross of the Salamander. That, indeed, is the hottest street in the world, I firmly believe. Yet we had to traverse it the first day of landing, to present ourselves to the Governor, as all are bound to do. The Government house is nothing to boast of, and strange to say, the Governor's quarter is in the same range with the gaol. Inside, however, there is a "patio" or court-yard, and once we had gained this, it seemed as if we had stepped, as it were, into a cold bath; so deliciously cool was it under the shade of cocoa-nut trees and plantains, and the ground kept constantly wetted from a well.

There was then only one good hotel or boarding-house in the city, and still I believe Madame

Sauce's is the only decent one. After visiting Mr. Bell, I proceeded thither, and in the course of this, my first hour in St. Jago, witnessed as disgraceful a scene of its kind, as I ever encountered. I imagined that I had lost sight of the directions given me at Mr. Bell's, and that I had gone astray; so, hearing many voices conversing in a dialect of English, right well known to me, I entered a very elegant restaurant, where, round a marble table were seated half a dozen or more Englishmen. Will it be credited, that though I asked them only a simple question, in very plain English, not one of them could give me an answer! At half past nine, A. M. all hands of them were "crying" drunk! I had heard before, of the great unhealthiness of St. Jago, and especially how fatal it was to miners, and I confess I made my exit from that restaurant with my eyes a little opened as to the *reason*. I have never been up at the Villa del Cobre, now a large town near the mines, but I have heard on all hands that it is a perfect den of horrors, owing to the dreadfully demoralized state of the miners, who pretend that it is necessary to be perpetually tipsy, to avoid the effects of *climate*. That they themselves can *believe* such a preposterous idea is surely very doubtful!

Yet, alas! would that I could take the part of

38042

St. Jago so much as to call it even moderately healthy! I believe it ranks third among the cities of the western hemisphere in its dreaded renown for prevalence of yellow fever; Vera Cruz and New Orleans alone taking precedence. After an excellent dinner at Madame Sauce's, and a cup of her delicious coffee, which is worth going very far to taste, I felt so sleepy with exercise on land, and so anxious to stretch myself in a bed after many days in a very confined berth, that I quickly sought my room, and woke not till the servant entered in the morning with the hot coffee. Not so the following night. I had walked a good deal in the sun, and felt restless and oppressed with the heat. There was a stir in the next room too, and doors opening and shutting. I rose and went to the door, for there was one between the two rooms, and a light shone through a large hole in the plaster. I peeped. Comfortable sight for a new comer! A man stretched on a cot, apparently in the last stage of some very bad sickness, and a nurse carefully watching every movement of his features. I returned to bed; but the poor man's face haunted me all night. In the morning I asked madame if there was not some one very ill, but found her anything but communicative on the subject. Next a German, with whom I had scraped acquaintance: "Ah, yes, to be

sure," said he, "that 's Dr.——; he has been ill three days, and last night his crisis took place, so he is out of danger, unless he gets a relapse."—"And what may be the matter with him?" said I. All I got for answer then was a queer look, as much as to say, "How very *green* you must be!". Such is St. Jago; and every evening, nay, at all hours, you may see the viaticum passing, and hear the ominous tinkling of its little bell. In fact I had arrived in August, the most unhealthy period of the whole year; but as for the Doctor, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him up, and smoking his cigar in the verandah, so I conclude he got well. But the yellow fever is not the dreadful scourge it was, even in St. Jago. The physicians make large use of ice, and a great proportion get over it. When strong perspiration is induced, the patients generally recover, but I was told a relapse *is* almost always fatal. One of the great causes I am sure of the dreadful prevalence of yellow fever here was the condition of the wharves. They were planks laid on piles driven for some distance, like piers, out into the harbour. The idea, I dare say, was that the water would carry away the impurities, or render them innocuous, but it had an effect the very reverse of that. After heavy rains all the filth of the city was washed

down, of course, into the bay, and as there is little or no tide, the piles of the wharves caught and kept all the filth, which as nobody thought of looking under the planks, escaped notice, until after my first visit, when I heard they were taking steps to fill up the interstices with solid earth.

On the third day after my landing, I was informed that there had been a violent earthquake in the night, or what is called a "smart shock," which, however severe while it lasts, is over in an instant. This, it seems, I had slept through without minding. It left its marks behind it, too. Mr. Philips showed me a crack in the wall of his ice-house; there was one also in the tower of the cathedral; and at Mr. Bell's, the mirrors, which were hung against the wall at a slight angle, had appeared perpendicular. I dare say that my having so short a time back been on shipboard was one reason why the rocking did not wake me.

I see no reason, by the way, why I should withhold her due meed of praise from my friend Madame Sauce and her boarding-house. Everything was abundant, well cooked, and served by her own slaves, to whom she seems very kind. The breakfast, at eleven, is much the same (as in all Cuba) as the dinner at six. A bottle of Bourdeaux is

within reach of your hand at both meals, and coffee and biscuits are brought into your room at daylight. For all these luxuries the charge is only two dollars per diem, which certainly is not dear. Madame sits at the head of the table, and chats in all the languages of her guests; every one however seemed to understand English more or less, and Madame herself is most obliging and communicative on all subjects except that of patients suffering from the yellow fever.

At last, after seven days' delay in all, I received intimation that my fellow traveller, Don Carlos Saldívar, was now ready, and awaited my joining forces with him at eleven that night, so as to get a long cool march by moonlight. About half an hour after the appointed time we filed off down the street, the cavalcade consisting of about twenty-four horses, the head of one being tied to the tail of the other, and Don Carlos and myself brought up the rear. For a long time, as it seemed, we followed the Cobre road, and at several awkward places, were put to no small trouble to avoid concussion with trains of horses, mules, and camels laden with copper ore. At last, to my great satisfaction, our way was no more interrupted in this manner, and having taken the old road, began a long and tiresome ascent. We all dis-

mounted; as a start of one's horse, or false step, either being liable to happen at night, would have sent us to that "bourne" so pathetically mentioned in Shakspeare. I never saw a road with more abrupt turns, or shorter zig-zags, and had a long string of mules, &c., encountered us in the upper part, I do not see what could have averted a catastrophe. However, as the arrieros always shout, and sing loudly, in order to warn, the party below is generally prepared. We all stopped at the summit to cool ourselves, for we had gone up all the way on foot, and the exercise was considerable. Immediately in front, the shadow of the mountains, which still towered above us, made the valley look like the bottomless pit itself; but at an angle a little less, the moonlight shone brightly on the sea, the bay, and the city, all thousands of feet below us. I re-mounted my horse, but after this, for that night, I recollect but little. Yes, I fell asleep! The loss of a night's rest, and such a long walk, had both to be accounted for. However, as I was the last of the cavalcade, the worst that could have happened would have been a tumble, but not even that was my fate, and I was awoke by the rising of the sun, when we had nearly reached our first halting place, nine leagues from St. Jago.

I have met with very few, even old residents, who have ever crossed the island by the road we took with Don Carlos. It leads all the way over high lands, rocky passes, and through mountain streams, except where it crosses some immense savanas; whereas the main road is mostly all the way on the bank of the Cäuto, the principal river of Cuba, whose sources, in fact, lie in the mountains to the east of Holguin, and which runs into the sea at (or below) Bayámo. But the main road, though short and level, is dreadfully muddy and clayey in rainy weather, and, for that reason, our arrieros chose the other; for the autumn rains, which set in from the south-east, commence in the interior, and, indeed, we experienced that fact most unpleasantly every day of our journey. This, my first morning's journey, furnished me a laughable incident. After passing a small "ingenio," or sugar-mill, worked by oxen, which Don Carlos pointed out on the side of the road, we entered a perfect forest of orange-trees, whose ripe and tempting fruit hung in profusion from every tree, and lay also on the ground by cartloads. "Ah," I thought, "these people are so accustomed to this kind of thing, they pass it by unheeded, but, nevertheless, an orange would go down very well, after a night's hard work." Still, I let them all

get ahead some distance, and then, quietly dismounting, eagerly clutched the finest and ripest I could see. My mind misgave me a little on applying the test of smell, though that was very refreshing; but my worst fears came out on removing the peel, when I found my orange was both bitter and sour, being of the kind called, in England, "Seville," indigenous to and abundant in all the forests of Cuba, as well as the lime. I rode up to my friends, feeling considerably "sold," and now began to be aware that good fruit, although abundant enough in Cuba, is not to be had on every tree.

We had accommodations, none of the best, the four nights we passed on this road. One of them saw us in a small "rancho," the dwelling of a solitary negro, who, it seemed, was a tailor, and where the only place I could find for passing the night was on a "barbacoa" or platform of small round sticks; and of all the beds I ever tried to sleep on, this was the most hopeless! I have this to say though, that both Don Carlos and the arrieros all tried to do what they could, and gave me my full share of whatever little conveniences were going. My reader will wonder, perhaps, how we fared as regards "comestibles," during our journey? I answer that no people are better

to travel with, on this score, than the Cubanos. For my part, I did not know, on setting out, what to take with me, but, at last, seeing some *Bologna sausages* hanging up at Dr. Wilson's store in St. Jago, I bought ten pounds of them, and a small keg of Boston biscuits. It turned out that I could not have done better. Our arrieros had nearly forgotten bread stuff altogether, and both my contributions were hailed as great prizes, and every day regularly shared between all. My friends were famous cooks, and never neglected a chance of securing a "lechon" (sucking pig) to roast, which, eaten with cassava bread, is considered by them the *ne plus ultra* of gastronomic excellence. The thin flat cake of cassava bread, moistened with water or milk, from being hard and brittle, and saw-dust like, becomes soft and gelatinous, and your portion of the lechon, with a pinch of salt on a bit of plantain leaf, is served on it as a plate. As the portion of lechon disappears, so does the *plate*, in precisely the same ratio, and the result is but a very clean picked bone for the village cur dogs, who sit in an anxious circle around. As for the biscuits aforesaid, we got our share every morning, and I wondered they lasted so long. I had been two days in Holguin, when Don Luis, one of the arrieros,

entered the room with the identical keg under his arm :—

"Here, Don Juan," he said, "are your twenty-five biscuits which remain; but, as for the 'barrilito,' you must give me that to remember you by."

I suffered much on this journey from the want of a hammock, and seriously counsel all who may have to make a journey, long or short, in Cuba, to travel always with one. But how different the mode of travelling in Cuba, where "coolies" are not to be had for a song, as they are here where I am writing. A Ceylon planter, or merchant, cannot move through the "jungle," or take any trip at all, without the attendance of six or eight of these poor creatures, toiling under a weight of baggage and bedding, and cooking utensils, &c. A Spaniard will think nothing of travelling seven or eight hundred miles, suppose from the Havana to Holguin, on one and the same horse, and carry all he requires with him. Folded partly over the cantel of his saddle, and hanging on each side, the two capacious pockets of his "seron" hold his coffee-pot, bread, and provisions, on one side, and several changes of garments on the other. In front are strapped his cloak and holsters, behind, his hammock; and his trusty "machete" hangs by his side. He is a perfectly inde-

pendent man; a man after Sir Charles Napier's own heart; can carry two or three days' provisions in his seron, and cares not a fig where night overtakes him. To be sure, there are, fortunately, no venomous reptiles, or wild beasts, in Cuba. Here, in Ceylon, perhaps, it would not do to try on that "dodge" too far. You might find a Cobra di capello along side of you in your hammock, or be very unceremoniously ejected therefrom by an inquisitive elephant, a playful cheetah, or an affectionate bear. But the only bed I could manage to make up, on my first journey, was composed of a mat or two, not always dry, and, in two instances, the ground, composing the floor of the outhouse assigned to us, was almost muddy.

Don Carlos and I managed to make ourselves mutually understood, tolerably well, the third day. At first, we tried a most extraordinary mixture of Latin, French, and Spanish, and, really, got on capitally. As we were by ourselves, none of that curious bashfulness, which afflicts learners of a language, troubled me in the least, and I blurted out every attempt at a word that came into my head, to the great diversion of us both, the whole way. At first I could only make out the meaning of such words as closely resembled English or Latin, but I saw soon it would not do to try them

by that test; as I found the very first day that "ropa" (clothes) could not, by any chance, mean *rope;* but *why* not, was a sore puzzle. But, by the time we reached Holguin, I had learned more than weeks of translations could have taught. Let any one be placed in similar circumstances as I was, and know that he *must* learn a language, and set himself really to work; after he has acquired it, let him estimate the number of words he has learned, altogether, and divide them by the number of days since he began; he will obtain a result of which, I venture to say, he had a very small idea at the time. But I never could understand how any one, in learning a language, could attain to an appreciation of the meaning of what was spoken to him, *before* he himself could speak. I have always found it twice as difficult to understand, as to make myself understood. This I particularly observe in the language of the district where I now reside (the Tamil language); a great majority of Europeans can make the people understand what they tell them, or even a conversation, when they take the lead, and keep it; but if a volley of Tamil, such as they only can pour forth, comes in answer to a question, or in the shape of a question from them, the case is apt to be considerably altered. Probably no European language

is so terribly mauled and mutilated by Englishmen, particularly in their writings, as Spanish. Our magazines, &c., swarm with stories, which pretend to embody Spanish names and phrases, the sight of which disgusts one at once with the story, though, perhaps, the plot may be ingeniously managed. It is only in the "Athenæum," of all the periodicals I see, that we detect no mistakes. It would not, I think, be a bad plan to submit the MSS. of such stories, &c., to the correction of a teacher of Spanish, or, rather, the proofs as well, for many errors too are of the press. I think it would also be well, if boys were made acquainted with the pronunciation of a good many modern languages, even though they may not understand them; for the very fact of their understanding the pronunciation, will often lead to the acquisition of the meaning also of a word, and if the youth be one of a class not *now* scarce, who scout at a mere smattering of anything, he will, very likely, follow it up by acquiring the language entirely, or, at all events, be ready to do so, if his after experience should point out to him the necessity of it. I have not had many chances to learn such things, but whatever I did so learn I have frequently found highly useful. It could do no one any harm, for instance, to know that my

present fellow traveller's name is pronounced Saldívar, and that it rhymes with the more celebrated name Bŏlīvăr, although I will be bound to say the most of my readers have, all their lives, faithfully called it Bōlīvār! Now, I am sure that Bolívar is much more euphonious; but it will be called Bolivár, no doubt, to the end of history, just as half the world will call Rajah Brooke's territory Sarawák, although he expressly tells us it is Sarāwak!

Though our road certainly lay for a long distance through hilly regions, yet the Island of Cuba, for the most of its length, has a succession of savanas in the interior, at least over as much as I have travelled, and I believe they stretch away even to Principe and Villa Clara. Wherever there are no forests, the land is poor, the chief part being only very superficially covered with soil, which is merely the decomposition of serpentine and trap rocks, very much vitrified; and in many places full of lumps and veins of ironstones of many varieties. I am not agricultural chemist enough to speak precisely, as to whether the heavy rains and perpetual drainage *from* these magnesian rocks, capped as they are in many places by lofty hills of compact white limestone, may not carry down in solution and suspension materials, which

may enable us partly to give a guess at one cause of the unheard of fertility of most of the forest soils in Cuba. Nor am I prepared to say, from a limited knowledge of the geology of other countries of extraordinary known fertility, whether similar geological formations may exist there; but it may well be answered, that probably no other country in the known world *can* furnish us a parallel. The shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, the interior of Africa, or Brazil, these may astonish us by the great results obtainable at present by little exertion, but I throw out a doubt as to whether soil, *merely* vegetable mould, or even the deposits from rivers, may possess that permanence of fertility we see in Cuba, unless we admit the presence of other materials. No country, we hear, can be richer than Egypt, so long as the Nile covers and enriches her banks every year; but would an acre of the soil of Egypt, placed under the clime of Cuba, keep up its Egyptian productiveness even? Granted it did, I have good reason to think the Cuba soil would far exceed it. Where is the other country in which one can see lands cultivated from father to son *over seventy years*, bearing both a crop of tobacco and one of Indian corn every year regularly? and where few, but those who have been in Spain, know the

name of manure! There is another kind of soil in the interior, which comes under the head of Savana, but is covered with a growth of long rank grass, and in some the water is salt or brackish. Still, these savanas are valuable as cattle runs, and numberless herds of horses and cattle range them. Many of these are, as nearly as may be, wild, and sometimes put the traveller in danger; but the great proportion are penned up for a few days every year, in order that they may be marked. This is done by a brand placed as far forward as possible, and as often as the beast changes masters, it gets a new brand nearer the tail every time, horses as well as horned cattle. There is also a counter-mark cut out with a knife on the ears of the cattle, and the latter is the method of marking pigs, every one having his own way of slitting the ear or taking out a piece. But I have heard of a certain worthy in the interior, who adopted as his "iron" a *full moon*, as he called it, or disc of metal, which when heated red hot most effectually *marked* the beast. It had also the remarkable effect of burning out everybody else's mark, while the difficulty of the *ears* he overcame in a summary way, by cutting them both off! I am fully aware that this story wants *point*, in fact, as if its tail had been docked like the cow's ears. Some ingeniously

contrived act of retributive justice is obviously necessary, whereby the difficulty may be got over, and the villain's schemes effectually defeated. I hear a perfect chorus crying out "And what became of the man?" I am very sorry, but I really cannot say! One thing I did see, however, where I lived, to which I can furnish the sequel. My friend and neighbour, Don Luis Portelle, had a very fine cow and calf. The latter indeed was quite tame, and used to graze always in front of the house, so that he never thought it worth while to mark it. But all of a sudden the calf disappeared, and no one knew what had become of it. He gave it up; a year elapsed; until one day, as he was riding through an old path, he saw his calf (he could not be mistaken, though it had so grown) tied in the paddock of a neighbour some miles off. But the calf bore his neighbour's mark. Still he made open application for it, and brought his daughter to see it, who was also convinced that it was none other. A kind of arbitration was resorted to, the man still asseverating that the calf belonged to a cow of his that had died. The arbitrators were a little loth (although they had serious misgivings) to ruin a man's character on the strength of evidence they considered so doubtful. In this dilemma, Don Luis, who had thought of this

juncture, went round to his back yard, and drove forth *the cow*. "And what did the cow do?" asks little Miss—Why *that* I can say; she began fondling and licking her calf, at the greatest rate you ever saw, to the utter discomfiture of the rogue, while Don Luis rushed into his house and out like a shot with his brand hissing hot, which he stamped in a moment on the flank of his recovered calf.

The gathering in of each man's stock or "recogimiento del ganado" takes place, if he can manage it, twice a year; and every one has to attend all the "recogimientos" of his neighbours. At some of the very large cattle "hatos" this is a very long affair, occupying probably a week. Notice is given some weeks beforehand, and many buyers are in attendance, nor is there a scarcity of beef to recruit the energies of the men, whose sinews are sadly taxed with almost unremitting exertion. But they are no common kind of men, and it is hard to say whether negroes or whites excel the most. As soon as the stock are inclosed in the "carral," or pen, the proprietor fixes his price on the young cattle and horses which he sells. Where breeding stock are sold, a separate private bargain is made. In this way, an unbroken three years old colt may be had for fifteen or twenty dollars, but the

purchaser must take him out of the pen at his own risk, and a risk indeed it very often turns out to be. At such "recogimientos" it is wondrous to see the feats of horsemanship performed, and just as if they were nothing at all. One of the "peons" will perhaps undertake to break in your new purchase for you, and will mount the wildest of the unbroken colts. Once on his back, whether he rear, kick, plunge, or madly career over the savana, in the vain hope of leaving his rider behind, is alike perfectly immaterial to the peon; sometimes the horse will throw himself down and roll on the ground; but if he does so, is it "all up" with "the man?" Not a bit! but with the *horse;* for he will wait till the horse *gets* up, simultaneously with which he is again on his back: and now commences the fearful exercise of a pair of sinewy legs, and heels well armed with Spanish rowels, and after a few turns more he will bring in your horse, subdued, exhausted, defeated! Many people have put on their saddles, and themselves ridden away upon such purchases, and the horses have never felt inclined for another such tussle. But the "montunos" use no saddle, nor bridle, but a halter, with a double hitch round the animal's nose, which is perhaps more effectual. They generally mount and sometimes ride "á la mugeriéga," or side-saddle fashion, but

change about at pleasure. To a very large "hato," only three or four peons are required, with the proprietor or his representative, and a white man or two. Between the "recogimientos," they employ themselves in finding out calves lately dropped, and bringing them into the house, whither it is needless to say they are at once followed by the mother, who becomes quite tame in general while she knows her calf is under keeping, and lets herself be "lassoed" and milked every day. Of course they let the calf both *begin* and *finish* the business, milking the cow between whiles, as is also the case in some places in the West of Ireland, and in Ceylon also. A friend of mine, who had a cow delivered of her first calf determined to break the rules, and took away the calf, altogether. Well, the cow let herself be milked, to their great astonishment, and he fed the calf with as much as he thought proper, showing triumphantly a big calabash of milk remaining, much more than the cows in ordinary gave. But all to no purpose; they told him they thought it a great deal of trouble to feed the calf, and as for the cow, only let the calf to her, and he would see how much *more* she would give!

On the evening of the second day's march, we were accommodated at one of these cattle "hatos,"

and one of the largest kind. The total area of the place fenced in was about four acres, within which, also, were all the houses and sheds, built round a square in the centre, delightfully shaded by a number of large mango trees. There were also specimens of almost every fruit tree besides, and all now full of fruit. I should even yet wonder that the quantity I ate that evening in tasting them all, had not given me the cholera at least, did I not know that good and ripe fruit may be indulged in freely by one in good health, with just *one* proviso,—that he at the same time refrain from the *bottle*. Within the large outer fence, which was formed of strong upright hard-wood stakes, there were several other "corrales" for confining calves, and portioning off the stock. On many of these farms a substance is made out of milk, *called* creole cheese; but it requires *faith* to believe it, being unpalatable stuff, more like "poonack" or ground cocoa-nut just out of a powerful hydraulic press, than anything else I know. It is both dry and desperately salt, and only eatable on a great emergency; yet, as there are hundreds of people who think altogether differently, there is a large consumption of it in the island. While we were unloading, the proprietor came in. He was accounted a wealthy man in that part of the

island. He was dressed "á la moda de Montuno," with Russia-duck shirt, made full, and just long enough to meet the waistband of his trousers, and "alfalacas," or mocassins of raw hide, strapped to his feet. These last are the most impracticable kind of shoes I ever tried, and the foot has to be wrapped up in folds of cloth first. However classical the sandal may be, I am sure it is very uncomfortable, for one day I put on a pair, and finding them easy at first, went a long way after some cattle; coming home, however, I discovered the beauty of my "alfalacas," which cut my feet in all directions. The cattle-owner now appeared in his white jacket and trousers, and addressed a few questions to Don Carlos; but I did not observe that hospitality, nor have I since, among this particular class, that one might expect. An outhouse was allotted to us, and every blade of grass we used had to be paid for. I have used the word "Montuno," which may be new even to Spanish scholars. It is a local name in Cuba for all people who have to do with going into the "bush," or as we term it in Ceylon, "the jungle," which means every place not in or near Colombo or Kandy. *Monte*, also in Cuba, does not mean *mountain*, but in fact, "*jungle*," or all places out of the great towns. In Australia, they call it "the

bush;" in England "country;" thus do curious changes take place in terms.

There are riches, too, in the interior of Cuba, besides its cattle and horses; namely, timber. Immense groves of fustic were pointed out to me. The tree (*Morus tinctoria*) does not look like a mulberry, but I suppose is a species of one, by the name. It reminds one more of the mountain birch, as it has a feathery foliage. One was cut in order to make me understand what it was, and the colour, when first divided, was very brilliant. Here, too, flourishes in undisturbed magnificence the mahogany, too far from water communication to pay expenses of transport. There is another bastard or dwarf kind also, in the poor land of the savanas, called "Madeira." I wished for a tape, in order to measure some of these mahogany trees, and I declare I am sure there were some, out of which, by sawing them down the middle, a large dining-room table might have been cut; at all events, if four feet wide would not have been considered too little. Lignum vitæ also abounded on the rocky heights, and whole forests of lance wood, called *Yaya*. This tree never grows very large, although tall. There was a story current in my neighbourhood of one of the settlers, who one day in pulling down an old house built in

the time of his father, and incautiously placing himself before a lance-wood spar, which had been doubled round the corner of the house to form what the Cubans call the "cavallete," or rounded gable, the man working with him divided the jungle rope which had maintained the lancewood spar in its position, and the end, as it sprung back, struck him on the temple, and killed him, though it had been bent many years.

Rather a bad accident happened to me on this trip. There being a deep pool of water in the road, the men cut an extempore path through the bush at the side, and as we were squeezing our way through it, a jungle rope or "bijuco," which the other horses and mules had pushed aside, sprung out, and fairly caught me round the neck, pulling me off in an instant, before I could stop the horse, and causing me to fall with much violence against a log of wood. I was lame from the contusion of the hip joint for several weeks, and it caused me excruciating pain to mount my horse.

We were none of us sorry, I am sure, when the "distant spires" of Holguin Cathedral appeared in view, bounded by a pretty back-ground of dark hills. I bade a farewell to my fellow companion near the entrance, where his house seemed to be, and was guided by one of the arrieros to the house

of Don Juan B—a, one of the worthies to whom I had letters; in fact the proprietor of the gold vein himself. Here, I could at all events tell my story in English; this having been the first week of my life (but I have added many a one to the account since) in which I had not heard a word of English. I was received with something of the semblance of hospitality, at all events. But it was necessary that I should see the principal mover of the affair, Mr. L—, who lived at Gibara, twenty-five miles further on, and also return my horse. I therefore started next morning, which I well remember was that of the Sabbath. I set out entirely by myself, provided with a sketch of the track, but outside the city was overtaken by an Irishman, who afterwards was my near neighbour, who rode with me five or six miles. I had now emerged from the forests into the open, elevated savana; the views were unlike any country I had ever seen, and more beautiful than anything I ever dreamt of. Lofty peaks of dazzling whiteness glittered in the sun; fields of sugar canes, green as the emerald, sometimes lined the road. At other intervals, I slowly wound my way through deep and gloomy forests, scented, however, with the fragrance of millions of blossoms, some of lofty trees, or of the more humble lime. Every turn brought

me to some new object, of which I longed to know the name. At last, the appearance of a tract of sugar cane of the brightest verdure, and stretching as far almost as I could see, informed me that I had reached one of the large estates. A man making a fence, caused me to understand that this was the sugar estate of Mr. W—, and that on the other side of the river, I should find that of which I was in search; and it happened so accordingly. Withal, I never made a day's journey, on which the ever holy influence of the day of rest seemed to make itself felt more. Over the solitudes of the broad savana, as in the dark recesses of the eternal forests, all seemed to be pervaded by it; I seemed to be entering on a hazardous, doubtful track; and yet, that influence spoke to my soul, and whispered, that though dark days were coming, a Power Divine *would* support me, as it *has* supported me, through them all.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOLD MINE.—ITS FLATTERING PROMISE AND WRETCHED PERFORMANCE.—CHROME ORE.—LANGUAGE.—DROUGHT AND FAMINE.—TORRIBIO THE WRESTLER.—NIGHT ADVENTURES.—NARROW ESCAPE.—SUGAR WORKS.—CUBAN HORSES.—RETURN TO ST. JAGO.—VOYAGE TO PHILADELPHIA.—YELLOW FEVER.

THE astounding realities of California had not at this period been revealed,—the human mind, intent as ever upon gold, had only been sparingly stimulated, never satisfied, by its discoveries,—hence the eager inquiry, the rush at adventure, and consequent bitterness of disappointment, when a stern reality exposed, as it so frequently did, either the too stinted productions of a mine, or the false estimates of its owners.

It would be too painful to myself, as well as insufferably tiresome to the reader, to rake up out of the corners of my memory, where I have long, as it were, pushed them back as far as I could, the reminiscences of the next four months. In a word, before the expiration of that time, I

found, on taking a series of samples from the mine itself, that its boasted wealth was nothing in reality. Gold there was, certainly, both in the original vein and in all the streams near; and by experiment I found that with careful supervision a labourer could, one day with another, wash out, or otherwise extract, about three shillings worth in a day, which amount would barely pay his wages, leaving nothing either for expenditure of capital or superintendence. I have often heard people, talking of gold and gold mines, exclaim, "What a fine thing would it be to discover the *main* vein itself, &c." Now here *was* a case of this kind, and yet it may happen that the stream crossing the vein, may be richer in gold and easier to work than the vein itself. The rock which this vein traversed was serpentine, intersected by bands of trap, and the vein itself a red earth, mingled with quartz and sulphate of iron, resulting from the decomposition of the sulphuret. In my rambles I found out several other similar veins, and some presented appearances of having even been worked at a remote period. But it is an unwise conclusion to suppose, that because old mines were worked a long time ago, and no one can tell by whom, that therefore the labours had been carried out either on a wrong principle or insufficiently. In spite

of all sorts of traditions, some to the effect that the former miners were mere Indians who knew nothing about it, or that a great war broke out, or a great pestilence, or, as in the United States, where the war of Independence is generally assigned as a reason, it is usually found that your predecessors have been people who knew just about as much of the practical part of the business as you do, with the exception of the power which our improved machinery now gives us of penetrating so much deeper than they could; and the result for the most part is, that either they proved most satisfactorily to themselves that there was nothing to be got, or else cleaned the whole out most effectually. They had a very primitive way of working this mine when I went there; and though I took the trouble to tell them the barbarousness of their method, and also to suggest a better, I never heard they took any steps to improve it. A circle was formed of two walls, built about a foot high with loose masonry, and paved with rough flags. The space between the walls may have been about three feet wide, and the circle about twenty-five feet in diameter. A flat stone was fastened to a chain, and dragged round and round by means of a yoke of oxen in the circle, into which gravel out of the mine had been put, and as many

pounds of quicksilver as the proprietor could afford to buy at a time emptied in, the whole being kept wetted by a small stream of water. They appeared to have no particular time for the examination of their "arrastre," or drag, as it is called; but one day, on my expressing a wish to see it done, they stopped at once, and I was much amused at seeing them fishing up the stray quicksilver from the numerous joints and crannies where it had stowed itself away, nor with all their picking and washing do I think they got half, but what share even of what they did get, ever reached the poor proprietor, I cannot pretend to say. The amalgam, after they had strained it through deer's skin, they reduced to a button in a smith's forge. Certain it is, that with all care, I could never make it appear from what part of the mine the rich specimens were taken, which had dazzled our eyes in the United States; and so the sequel may be guessed. Had I retained my opinion of the mine to myself, at any rate until after the return of letters from my friends, it would certainly have been more prudent in a pecuniary sense; but I never concealed anything whatever from my new acquaintances, and when they saw that only one opinion was to be had of me on the subject, it soon became evident that we must part, and that

right soon. In short, I felt compelled to leave, and found myself in a foreign country, not knowing the language, and, save these very people, without an acquaintance in Gibara. I had been suffering too for nearly two months, from repeated attacks of intermittent fever; but, as anxiety of mind seems to bring on this complaint more than anything else, so a sudden exertion, or a call for a prompt decision, appeared to send mine away. Once or twice during my stay at the house of Mr. L—, a person had called on business, who, they had told me, was engaged in mining chrome ore for an American firm. What few words of conversation passed between us had given me a favourable impression, so as I could no longer honourably stay where I was, I determined to go and trust myself rather to an utter stranger. I started at five o'clock in the morning on foot, and struck into the forest by the path which I had seen my acquaintance take, and though I did not know the road, fortunately the one I took proved to be right, and after eight miles of smart walking, having waded through the Gibara river on the way, I reached the hut in which M— was then living, in the midst of a large savana.

I felt inexpressible relief after seating myself on his bench, (for chair he had none,) when I heard his hearty welcome! I was still weak from the

effects of the fever, but at the sight of friendly faces, I soon began to think lighter of what I had gone through, and even congratulated myself that I had escaped so well. From that day my mind was relieved, and I soon got better of my bodily ailments; and need I say, that I felt peculiarly grateful to the man who had so promptly answered to my call for help? I did indeed so feel, and ever shall. Many now called on me, to whom I should have been strangers, so long as I had remained in my late society. Afterwards I was invited to their houses, and thus formed most valuable friendships, which, though great the distance, are yet maintained by correspondence.

The workings of chrome ore, or chromate of iron, were situated about half way up a peak called the Cerro del Rabon, which was shaped much like a volcano, and was about 1500 feet high. Near the very top there was a hollow of about two acres in extent, which they formed into a garden, and in which was a perennial spring of water. We used to spend Sunday very frequently up there, and enjoy the magnificent view of the ocean, and the whole line of coast. That view has often haunted me in my dreams since! In return for my bread and butter, I employed myself in working in the mine, not very hard to be sure, for no

European can, especially one who was not over strong; yet labour is very valuable there, be it ever so little. I worked sufficient however to keep away dyspepsia, at any rate, and have never enjoyed better health since than I did there. I picked up the language also very fast, and studied in the evenings my grammar and dictionary.

Many months after all this, I one day met with the cause of all my troubles, Mr. L— himself. He accosted me, and tendered many apologies, which went for what they were worth; but it was too late,—I knew too much. We parted not in anger however, for his delinquencies were of course *forgiven* by me, but never could be *forgotten*. Poor man! His life was no less melancholy than his death, which took place the same year. It is barely possible that this I now write may meet the eyes of some, who may recognize too well the person here indicated. It may afford them some consolation to know that as soon as we received the intelligence of his last fatal seizure, M—, then my partner, went down directly, and was one of the few present to pay the last duties to his remains.

As my residence in Cuba continued for more than three years after, I shall henceforward cease the connected form of a journal, and only give

such account as best I can of the general subjects of interest which fell under my observation. In the course of a walk shortly afterwards, M— showed me a tract of land which he said he had just treated for, and I was delighted with it, green and fertile as it looked, and flourishing with fine crops of grain, plantains, cocoa-nut-trees, and vegetables in abundance. It was certainly rather out of the way, that is, far from the port; but it was near the mining district. The settlement was an old one; but, as almost everywhere in this part of Cuba, any required quantity of new land might be had for the felling. It was surrounded by savanas, at least on three sides, and afforded abundance of pasturage, or extensive runs for many miles, and M— had determined to devote the most of his outlay to purchasing breeding cattle, swine, and horses. Accordingly he took possession and commenced buying his stock, repaired the dwelling-houses, put in more crops, and fitted new land to be ready for the approaching rainy season. But even then the cultivators were beginning to complain of dry weather; alas! how little did they or we know, that for the next *eighteen months* the ground would never *once* be refreshed; that all the combined horrors of drought, hurricanes, and famine were in store for the whole northern shore

of the island; hurricanes to the westward, drought to the eastward, and famine for all!

As one of the men who had been sent from America to assist in working the chrome mine was going home, his time of service having expired, I was advised by all to go with him, and return after a few months. "Besides," they said, "as you are to receive some money, you buy Spanish doubloons in New York for fifteen, or fifteen and a half dollars, and as they rate here at seventeen, you pay your passage money going and returning, and live as cheaply in America as you can here." These arguments, which indeed were true enough, were listened to with no unwilling ears of mine, and besides I had determined to bring back a good stock of tools, provisions, and other necessaries; so on the 10th of April, 1843, we set out for St. Jago de Cuba, with three days' provisions in our saddle bags, and accompanied by Torribio de la Torre, a very small specimen of humanity, but doubtless one of the toughest I ever met with. Many Englishmen had tried a fall with Torribio, and also a Herculean Irishman, whom we had employed sinking a well, and who astonished everybody by his feats of strength. But little Torre certainly had a knack, and the result was that all used to measure their length and breadth on the

sod in a very few moments after grappling; nor could any of them ever tell how in the world it happened! Some of these were Cornishmen, too, and said they thought they knew all the tricks of the science. In this case, assuredly weight had nothing to do with the business, for I think Torribio could not have weighed eight stone, at farthest. He was a very amusing companion on the march, and had a merry laugh. He was one of the very few Spaniards who never smoke tobacco.

The second night after leaving Rabon, and the first from Holguin, we took up our quarters at a most substantial hacienda, on the very bank of the river Cäuto. This time we took the main road, and found no kind unsophisticated people to offer us coffee and mangoes, and other refreshments, as on the old way by which I had come; on the contrary, gentle or simple must pay their way. Accordingly the owner, after receiving our payment for grass, &c., furnished, and also for house room, but for that a mere trifle, did,—what!—"Invited you in to supper?" No—but this is what he did —shut and bolted carefully all the doors and windows of his house, and left us in undisturbed possession of the outside verandah! Nor did we blame him; for rogues, as well as honest folks, travel by that road. The moon having risen at

eleven, or thereabouts, we prepared for a start, and got hold of an old negro belonging to the hacienda, to pilot us over the ford of the Cäuto, as we were told there were many deep holes on both sides close to it. As we advanced into the river, which was neither very shallow nor tranquil, our baggage horse got its load loosened and partly turned, which obliged Torribio to go back to its assistance; and just then the moon became completely obscured. We two pressed on, and reaching the other bank, quickly collected a quantity of dry leaves and brush-wood, with which a bright blaze was soon established, the light of which enabled them to see what to do. So it may sometimes be advantageous to be a smoker, since it was with my cigar, lit at the hacienda, that the fire was kindled. We had yet two more rather awkward adventures to go through before reaching St. Jago, and one this very night, or rather morning. The road had nearly all along followed the river, which now in the dry season flowed fifty or a hundred feet below the level of the country. Besides this enormous chasm, there were lateral ones, like spurs, which are very likely formed by eddies in the rains, assisted by torrents from the land. At about three o'clock in the morning then, we came to an hacienda,* called

* The *h* in Spanish always mute.

Los dos Rios, which had a fence on both sides. We concluded that our path lay between the *right* hand fence and the river, but the fact was that it was outside the *left* hand one. The house itself lay in the point or tongue, and the whole a complete trap, though of course unintentionally. I had hitherto taken the lead, as I had the best horse, and still kept it, and in spite of the uncertain moonlight, I could not but remark that the fence on my left was approaching nearer and nearer the river. Soon we came to a steep road leading down to the river itself, but we knew well we had not to cross it anywhere hereabouts, so kept on by the fence. At last by a small blink of the light of the setting moon, I luckily discovered our mistake, and the imminent danger we were in. At least I, for another moment would have accomplished my destruction, as I now found my horse's feet were within a few yards of the point of one of these spurs or clefts; — I was so near that I could not even turn him round, but had to swing myself round off his back on to the fence, when we backed our animals out of the predicament. The *baggage* mare (appropriate term enough, for she had a decided will of her own) took upon herself now, being first, to go all the way down the steep path to the river, and caused us infinite

trouble to get her back again. However, at last we regained the hacienda, Torribio giving vent to a small volley of exclamations (not prayers) at a company of Spanish soldiers bivouacking there, of whom we had before inquired the road, and who had replied with nothing but curses. At noon we came to a little village along the road, which seems to have as bad a name as any in Cuba. My partner was waylaid here once on his return from St. Jago with money, but used his weapons with such advantage as to clear the road, nor did he stop to look at the exact effect produced by the means he took to secure his advance. This place is called Juan Ramon. Here we rested nearly three hours during the heat of the day. Our horses had not drunk water since the day before, and here there was a great scarcity of it. The only place we could find was a kind of mud-hole, which as soon as my horse caught a glimpse of, he reared and plunged so that I could not hold him, do what I would, so he got away and rushed into the middle of the pool; but instead of drinking, lay down and rolled in the most extraordinary fashion, leaving a substance very unlike water for the other two, nor would he come out for a long time. There was no other water procurable, so I had to put on my saddle under rather unfavourable circumstances.

After travelling some distance, we came to the house of a man related to a neighbour of ours known to Torribio, and as this place was only twelve leagues from our destination we agreed to stay there for the night and get in early the next morning. Here occurred the first of two instances of thorough inhospitality we experienced; since the man absolutely refused to give us house-room, alleging as an excuse, that there was not a blade of grass or an ear of corn to be had! At the same time he told us that after crossing the Cäuto, now close by, we should come to the great estate of Yariyabo, a little beyond the village of La Palma; where he said was a mayoral, or superintendent, "muy caballero," very much the gentleman, who would supply us with everything. We liked very well the idea, as it would give us a good look at this immense estate, one of the most extensive in Cuba, and owning, it is said, over 1,000 negroes. After a good while we came indeed to the Cäuto, and found the ford easy and not deep. The village of La Palma is very beautifully situated on the St. Jago side, and is the prettiest country place I have seen in Cuba. It was now nearly five o'clock, and a drizzling rain coming on; so we passed through as quickly as the authorities would permit us; but I certainly never saw the

examination of passports carried to such an extent before, as no less than three several officials at different points examined them. My companion had lent me a capital green baize jacket of his, and I took the precaution to fill the pockets with a couple of small loaves and some eggs as I went by a shop. What dire infatuation possessed us to leave the comfortable smiling village of La Palma late in the evening, I cannot imagine, but the vision of the splendid sugar estate completely dazzled us.

The rain now increased, and it became dark; however; we fully expected every moment the gate of Yariyabo would be revealed, and an hour a and half more passed. We urged our poor beasts along, but indeed they showed evident signs of having (poor creatures!) more than done their day's work. But for some time we had seen that the road was fenced, and that we were travelling through fields of sugar canes. At length we heard the creaking of a train of carts, and presently came up with it, and the drivers told us we were yet more than half a league from the "Ingenio," or sugar works. At last a turn of the road brought us in view of an immense fire on the top of a hill to our right, and by its light we could distinguish some parts of the buildings, but

between us and it we heard the rushing of a rapid stream! All seemed an open stony common; nor could we see any track; but after a short consultation we waxed desperate and dashed in, evidently *not* at the ford, for the river was full of holes and round rocks, and how we got through was a wonder, but luckily there was no steep bank on the other side. We now made straight to the fire, and came into a regular road which led us to a high wall and gateway. On entering we found ourselves in a spacious yard, surrounded by walls and high buildings, and in the centre this very fire, constantly kept up by negroes bringing large bundles of cane trash. The rest of the yard was occupied by an immense number of negroes, to whom were being dealt out their daily or weekly rations of plantains, meat, fish, and Indian corn. The only person in charge seemed to be a mulatto overseer. Torribia of course acted as spokesman, and bid this gentleman good evening, to which he got not so much as a word in reply. Then he asked him whether we could not have a shed to pass the night in, but the only answer he got was "Aqui no hay posada!" (here there is no inn) repeated over and over. I now came forward, but to no purpose, and when he saw us trying to penetrate further he gave an order, and half a

dozen or more of his negroes placed themselves in front and motioned to the gate. I now believe that probably our best plan would have been to have appealed to arms, and so attracted the attention of some other functionary, but who knows if some friend of the mulatto would not have made his appearance first. At any rate none of us had ever been in a similar "fix," and we were completely bewildered. The negroes looked like a desperate set of ferocious savages, and seemed prompt enough to do their overseer's behests, whatever they might be. Seeing no possible help for it, we actually had to retreat by the same gate we had come in at, and I will venture to say a more rascally trick was never served such a party of travellers. We were disconsolate with rage at such an ignominious retreat, and now half sorry we had come out. We tried a long time to find some other entrance or house, but none could we see! "Suppose now," said Torribio, "this rascal has sent private information along the road,—we may be attacked and robbed, Let us be prepared." This I explained to my companion, and as it really seemed not unlikely, we got our arms well within reach, and he gave me one of his pistols also. The night had grown a little lighter and we now saw the ford, and got safely over, though the rain

still continued. About a mile and a half further along the road, our horses now hardly able to travel, we saw what made us think at first that we had got somehow back to Yariyabo, namely, another hill, another building, another large fire, another ford. On looking closer, we saw the hill was higher, and the buildings smaller, as well as the ford, fortunately, though I believe the river is the same. So again we had a splash for it, and again made for our beacon, though not this time in vain. On approaching the fire, we saw by its light a cattle mill going round very fast, amidst the shrill screams of the little negro drivers, while a well dressed young Spaniard sat in an arm-chair superintending matters. He rose to bid us welcome, but said that even he had been obliged to leave the house, as the owner or manager, and I think also some one else, were lying dangerously ill of some malignant disease. However he gave immediate orders for our horses to be supplied with fodder and corn, which was done at once; as for us, we were so tired as to be glad to throw ourselves down anywhere, if need were, but between the posts of the mill-house we found ample room to swing our hammocks. This done, and our wet clothes changed, which we hung on a railing to dry, we foraged about a little, and found we had quite sufficient cooked

provisions to form our supper, and that, with a cup of hot and strong coffee, kindly procured us by the superintendent, soon made us forget our troubles and only look to the present moment, and its occupation, which was clearly *sleeping*, and that we were prepared to do in real earnest, having been twenty hours deprived of the luxury, seventeen of these in the saddle!

Now I should very much like to know what kind of horses, except these Cuban (and perhaps the South American) could stand such severe work? Mr. Bradford, an American who first planted the "*Morus multicaulis*" or silkworm mulberry at Gibara, in order to reconvey the plants to the United States, at the time of the great speculations in silk there, once rode a fine horse of his from Holguin to St. Jago 115 miles, and starting an hour before day, he arrived at the end of his journey early in the evening. His was certainly a high priced animal, but I would engage that almost any Spaniard would have accompanied him if he had put forth the challenge, nor was the feat accounted a very wonderful one. I myself have never known thorough comfort on horseback since I left my horse "Coronel" behind me in Gibara! The horses in Cuba may be divided into four varieties, and are chiefly valued according to their pace, not their swiftness,

but their kind of action. As for instance, the "troton," or pure trotter, no one mounts. It is even considered very discreditable to be seen on one, and I am sure I do not err in saying a Spaniard would much prefer walking. Accordingly they are never used but as beasts of burthen, and are made to carry 100 pounds on each side. A friend of mine had a very good horse bred in Philadelphia, a piebald stallion, and in every respect considered in America an excellent animal, and noted for being a *good* trotter. He was brought to Gibara, and as the people had never seen an animal of his stately proportions, he was much admired, until his master mounted him to show him off. Then it was that they discovered that he *trotted!* All his former prestige, acquired, however, by a false position in their estimation, availed him nothing, and they departed with many sighs.—"Ay, que lastima;—troton!" The next pace in estimation is what is called "la marcha," and this I have never met with in any English horse. It is so easy, that they who prefer ease and comfort to everything, give it a decided preference, and of these I am one myself. The "march" cannot be a natural pace of the horse, and yet no pure blooded trotter can ever be trained to march, except for a few steps. The horses which

have this pace then, must be crossed, I suppose, between the trotters and the true pacers, of whom more hereafter. In "marching" the horse appears to lift *any* foot indiscriminately, as, in looking at him going away, *all* his feet seem jumbled and twisted together. Some horses, and my own was one of this kind, only march on level ground, and down hill, and are apt to break into a canter if urged up a slope; these are rejected by very particular people as not true marchers, and are suspected of a remote cross of the *troton*. The pace of marching, varies from ten to thirteen miles an hour; but many can do more with ease, and a merchant backed his horse to go from Holguin to the port of Gibara in two hours and a half, thirty miles, over a very uneven and hilly road. People were so sure he could do it that no one took him up.

The variety of pace most esteemed of all is the "andadura," or true *pace*. I have seen what were called pacing horses both in England and the United States, but am very sure their mode of pacing is very different, and acquired by training and teaching, whereas the Cuban horses have it naturally; for I can testify to having many and many a time seen colts, quite young, *pacing* up and down a field, nor can a real pacer be made to

canter, if whipped and spurred ever so hard. An acquaintance of my own had one which had belonged to a quack doctor, and which had saved the said doctor's life on one occasion when he failed in a case of midwifery. The whole of the inhabitants of the village rose *en masse* against him on the death of his patient, and he had only a moment left to throw himself on the back of his faithful horse, who soon left all his pursuers far behind. It is said, that these are the horses which were originally introduced from Andalucia, but be that as it may, it is a pleasure unknown to English horsemen to make an expedition astride of a Cuban "caballo de andar." The pace gives one the idea of a man skating, and the horse seems to progress one side at a time, and to move its head also from side to side, yet withal so easily, as never to discompose even a wrinkle of one's pantaloons, or disarrange the cloak one may have tucked in to keep off the rain. I have frequently amused myself with glancing over a book while going at a moderate pace, and alighted from a long day's ride untired. The marchers are quite as easy, and with a broad Spanish "lomillo" or "enjalma" (two species of pack saddles) one can do very well without stirrups.

Frequently have I expatiated upon these (to me)

superior qualifications of the Cuban horses; but in England, or in Ceylon where I now reside, all I generally get in return is a kind of half sneer, half smile; for as it is so universally believed that English or Arabian horses are the *ne plus ultra* of excellence, who can presume to gainsay this fact? Well, be it so; yes, for racing, running, hunting, leaping, ay, and ploughing, and drawing tons weight of loads, commend us to England for horses; but for long journeys on horseback, and for all general purposes of a gentleman's saddle horse, believe me that Cuba can furnish that desideratum in perfection; and *when* my fortune shall be made, I certainly propose to send to Cuba for one, even though his transport should cost me a quiet hundred or so extra.

I cannot quit the subject without bearing witness to the extraordinary powers of endurance of hunger and fatigue possessed by these same animals. In a general way, when grass is plentiful, they never get an atom of corn of any kind, nor anything but green grass, or by way of a treat, a few stalks of "maloja," or Indian corn in flower, thinned out from the field where it had been growing too close; or else sown thickly before hand, especially for the horses and bullocks. But this very food, owing to the quantity of sugar

contained in the stalks, is probably the most nutritive and quickly fattening known, and this fact may not be unworthy the notice of experimentally inclined people in England, where I believe Indian corn would generally, or always reach this stage at any rate. From the time a Spaniard sets out in the morning till his return at night, and after very likely being on the hard run all day, he never feeds his horse; this is but a too general rule, to which, exceptions are very rare. And worse than that, I have seen horses tied for *two days* outside a tavern where their owners were gambling, and when their brutes of masters came out, the horses were—"dead!" you suggest. Not a bit of it, but able to go home at a rapid pace! I must really admit, also, that after, to an *Englishman's* idea, a horse is completely "done up" to all appearance, a *Spaniard* will mount and get a good pace out of him. I have myself started from the sugar estate of Santa Maria, where I was then living, a little before day, reached Holguin, twenty six miles, to an eight o'clock breakfast, fed and washed my horse, transacted my business, and was back at my post at Santa Maria as the bell rang for the negroes' dinner at twelve; nor was this thought at all remarkable by a single soul, although if a man chanced

to do such a thing here, in Ceylon, he would brag of it for a month! Another remarkable fact in Cuba is the extraordinary tameness of all the animals. The freedom of the island from hydrophobia is no less remarkable; but the horses, cows, bulls, &c., are all equally free from vice. Some *wild* bulls among herds have been known to be furious, but I speak of domesticated animals. It is very rare indeed to find a horse which shies, starts, bites, or kicks; and this I ascribe to their being kept so much loose, and never in a stable. Most people tie them to a stump or stake, in a part of the clearing where there is plenty of grass, and shift them frequently, nor do they seem to care for changes of weather. They are thus accustomed to all sorts of noises and sights, such as the running of cattle amongst bushes, which frightens our horses here in Ceylon so, and causes a journey sometimes to be unpleasantly interrupted. Horses are always kept as stallions, and no one ever keeps a mare for use in the saddle.

It is optional with the reader to suppose that these discussions and horse stories are being carried on *in prospectu*, while our poor beasts and ourselves are taking our rest in the mill-house abovementioned. The operations there, were in as full vigour as ever when Torribio awoke us, saying

that the "Lucero" had made its appearance, the

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

and that it was quite time to be up, and loading the horses. My companion and countryman, Dan, now called to me for his green baize jacket, and I went to the rail on which I had hung it, close by the head of my hammock, but alas! some sable youth, or maid, or matron, had been captivated also with its good qualities, and in polite parlance, had *boned* it! Poor Dan was inconsolable; not even my promise of another coat or jacket out of my box, nothing would restore his good humour. "O, hang the jacket, Dan," said we in Spanish and English. "Jacket, is it? why, then, did ye think it was the jacket I was carin' about? no, in troth; but the eggs!" *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* After a chat, we took leave of our "friend indeed," the "Mayoral." He told us a good deal about the neighbouring estate of Yariyabo, that there was a water-wheel, and several mule mills besides. He said that it was true, the real overseer was a worthy man, and would have accommodated us if we had found him, and that he would make known the conduct of the Mulatto; so perhaps the rascal got his deserts after all. I would have written to the Marquess himself, the owner, but my knowledge of the language was too limited

then, though I could by this time converse fluently enough. Torribio might have passed for an Irishman as far as ideas went, for he said "that all his hope lay in one day catching that Mulatto, or even some of his 'people' (*gente*) in or near Holguin, and that he would give information to every one of his own *gente* to be on the look out for him or them!"

Such were Torribio's grumblings, intermixed with some even less choice expressions, as we filed down the path to the stream. The weather was now clear and cold, and all looked fresh and glittering. The road was good, and is passable for carriages from Yariyabo to St. Jago, but it is fortunate for the poor brutes that draw them, that the heavy loads have all to be conducted *down* the steep descent of four leagues. It will be remembered that I had ascended this mountain (though by another road) in the night, the last time, so I must confess I was quite overpowered at the first look down, as we topped the summit level, close to which we refreshed ourselves at a tavern with a cup of excellent coffee and hot bread. About a quarter of a mile further is the beginning of the descent. Such a view as this had the conquerors of St. Domingo, when they caught sight of the plain of the Vega spread like a map before them!

There are two other views somewhat similar, that is, they have many points of resemblance in common; the first, from the summit of the Three Rock Mountain near Dublin; and another, from a point in the road on the Limerick side of Killarney. Here we had also a large city beneath us, and though wanting in the size and stateliness of Dublin, it was not less picturesque, and the Cuban mountains were peaks, some not under eight thousand feet in height,* and that height, the more remarkable from their rising directly from the sea level. It required more faith to believe that the line of blue haze over the sea at a great height was the loom of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, more than a hundred miles away; yet so it was!

The descent from the summit level to St. Jago, was entirely constructed by the labour of gangs of convicts, who are really made to *work* in Cuba, and neither fritter away this work by turning a big wheel round and round, nor as here in Ceylon, by making a few little drains, or picking up the loose straws and weeds in front of the jail. There, it is presumed, a convict sentenced to "hard labour" will really labour *hard*, that is, he must do more work, when he is at work, than if he were

* The Pico del Tarquino, and the Sierra del Cobre overtop the Blue Mountains of Jamaica.—Humboldt.

a free man. The result is, such a piece of engineering as these twelve miles of road, which indeed show, that the science of tracing a line was not perfectly understood by the engineer, but still, a vast amount of work was well and profitably laid out, though the road *is* a little steepish in parts. After proceeding about half way down, a clear stream so opportunely presented itself, that we all dismounted, and making fast our horses, unpacked our boxes, and each appropriating a pool of water, made our toilets *al fresco*, very much so, as regarded the temperature of the mountain stream. However, now decidedly many degrees more presentable, we remounted, and soon reached the plain, and ambled gaily up the rough paved street to worthy Madame Sauce's in good time for her breakfast, which was truly acceptable. As for Torribio, he forthwith tied his horses "heads to tails," and made a long stage that evening on his way home.

I may as well mention that it is out of complaisance to English notions I have continued to call this city St. Jago, which is only its Christian name as it were. All Spanish cities are thus named after a patron saint; Habana, or Havana being called San Cristóval, in honour more of Columbus than *his* patron saint. Thus Potosi, in South

America, is called San Luis. Accordingly, the name of the city is generally called simply *Cuba*, although in writing, the prefix is put in letters from abroad, to distinguish it from the name of the island. I now remember that Baracoa, and not Cuba, was the first city founded in the island, the former in 1512, the latter in 1514.

The second day after our arrival, the small schooner in which we had engaged our passage, was reported ready to sail, and we went on board the *Waccamaw*, bound to Philadelphia, and laden with molasses. But now we had a passenger on board we wot not of at starting, and that no less than the yellow fever! It attacked a sailor first, and then me, and afterwards I believe another, but spared our lives. We had a tedious passage of twenty four days, during ten of which I was quite unconscious of all that passed around me. I was told by the Captain that the hot fever only lasted five days, and after that, changed its character, which was confirmed by the physician when I landed, who told me I was then suffering from a species of typhus. When it is known that all the time on board I took not an atom of medicine of any description, it will be a matter of wonder how my recovery took place. Once they poured a quantity of castor oil down my throat, but as

I rejected it, they gave me nothing else, thinking it useless. And what was most extraordinary, there was no provision whatever on board for any case of sickness, and nothing to eat but American salt provisions, nor to drink save water or coffee, and my only sustenance had been a little biscuit soaked in warm water, and sweetened. "Perhaps as good a thing as you could have had," it may be said. I was soon established in comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, but the long continued cold of spring retarded my cure so long, that I almost began to despair. At last, a kind Providence caused the south winds to blow, and soon a high temperature ensued, which quickly set me right. I took the railroad to our old quarters at the country farm, and bidding a long adieu to physic, took to new milk, fresh eggs, butter, and good bread, and the kind of "pathy" incidental to an American farm-house, which in my case certainly was not Homœopathy. In ten days I was able to canter a spirited horse, which I hired, into Philadelphia to breakfast, and I believe that completed my cure. But, while I think of it, let me most earnestly caution all about sailing in a molasses laden vessel. Though I remember little after the fourth day, yet long ere that, the whole schooner was a mass of foul air, from the effluvium of the cargo, and

everything on board (even including our own faces and hands), every morning, was covered with a dim lead coloured incrustation or slimy deposit. The bilge water had an inconceivably bad smell; I will so far attempt a description, as to say it was like ordinary bilge water mixed with asafœtida. Our watches, although locked up in our boxes, turned quite black in a very short time. The effect of such a cargo on an article like coffee, on a long voyage, may be thus estimated, when it had such an one on us, who were separated from the hold by a boarded partition. Our Ceylon friends are fully alive, however, to the fact, although sugar cannot be so deleterious as merely molasses. I believe *hides* are even a still more nauseating cargo.

I was delayed for two or three weeks longer than I had intended to have stayed in the United States, from the non-appearance of any vessel by which to return, as I had conceived by this time rather a dread than otherwise of St. Jago, being to the present day uncertain whether we had contracted the fever there, or on board. I had even partly agreed for my passage in a little fruit schooner of not more than twenty-six tons, returning to Nassau, New Providence, when letters reached me from Cuba, informing me that the vessel by which

they had been sent, would immediately return. I again took leave of my friends therefore, and proceeded to New York, where I found the schooner *Jupiter* (or rather at Brooklyn), in somewhat of a dismantled state, for in fact she had come hither to refit, and was then hauled up high and dry on a frame, and without stick or spar of any kind. I was despairing of getting off for a month, but I had forgotten where I was, and that the bustling little Catalan Captain would give them no rest till she was afloat, so that five days only elapsed ere I saw her, to my astonishment, at anchor in the stream, and fitted with new masts and rigging. What a pretty and fairy like concern did she seem amongst the other large vessels, that looked as if they could eat her up! Yet pretty and harmless as she now looked, not every one knew that this was the same *Caballo Blanco*, which mounted with her *long Tom* and other smaller munitions, had played the privateer in the South American wars, and about whom it had been *whispered*, that she had made some strange mistakes in flags, and *eaten up* many a one, by far larger than herself! Our Captain, (not the same man under whom she played these pranks) bewailed continually her loss of sailing power since she had been refitted, once with new

timbers at St. Thomas'; and this I make no doubt is the cause of much dull sailing, due allowances not being made for the difference of specific gravity of various kinds of woods. The *Jupiter*, at first, was a Baltimore pilot boat, and only registers forty tons. I never made a passage like this one, before or since; we carried a stiff breeze with us out of New York bay, and to the best of my remembrance, neither set, nor took in, nor altered the angle of any one sail the whole way. We experienced light winds in threading our way through the Bahama islands, some of which we sailed quite close to, and which looked very pretty with their green trees and white buildings. Then we sailed over a good part of the Bahama bank, over the whole of which the white bottom is visible at the depth of from four to six fathoms. We saw no fish on it, nor are there ever any, I believe, but on the edge we caught a great many, and some very fine flavoured among them; but it is necessary to be well instructed in their different varieties, as there are many poisonous kinds, and the very same species is found poisonous or innoxious in different places in the same sea. I partook twice of the Barracoota, one of those most generally doubtful, and found it an excellent fish; but much certainly was attributable to the talents of

our cook, who was a complete "maestro." Our captain certainly was not a man to neglect his own peculiar comforts in a small way, but was moderate and temperate in all, as most Spaniards are. I have elsewhere remarked on the habits of eating, &c., of Americans. I think indeed, that as they, so far from being blamed for gluttony, appear to eat *merely* to live, and may be blamed rather for appearing to care too little for the good things of this life; so, on the other hand, our own countrymen (I mean the rich) may be accused of devoting too much time to, and making too important a business of their eating and drinking; while, to my mind, the Spaniard seems to have hit on the happy mean, decidedly. All he eats, he manages to do with an appearance of relish, and you never hear him grumble; and as for intemperance, it is seldom known. I am sure, during my whole residence in Cuba, I never saw a drunken Spaniard, although (shame to them!) English and Irish more than I can tell. I have said our Captain was a Catalan. These, as my readers may know, are the "Yankees" of Spain. Everywhere you may see them; almost all the trade of Cuba, and I believe also of Spain, is in their hands. With all this, they were most violent politicians, and almost all Carlists. On this point, they must

surely suffer from monomania, for one would think it would not so *very much* matter to any Spanish subject not actually in pay of the government, whether "Ysabel segunda" or "Carlos" ruled the roast: but no; they seem to be as much and deeply interested, as if the said Carlos were, as the Eastern hyperbole has it, "father and mother" of every one of them. I improved my Spanish vastly in various conversations, of such a length that they lasted the whole day, in trying to persuade him of the folly of civil wars, &c., but all to no purpose; so I came to the conclusion that they actually liked it, and this I believe to be the fact. I noticed my friend's horror of priest-craft in all its forms was also great, and he could not but involuntarily exclaim every now and then, how backward his countrymen were, compared with those of the country we had just left! The *reason* could not but have been evident to him, and I believe indeed a light has broken on his countrymen, and that Catalonia, of all the provinces in Spain the richest, probably, in the fruits of the earth, will take the lead in throwing off a *corner* of that thick veil of darkness which has so long overshadowed Spain. After a passage unvaried by any incident whatever, the cloudless days passed on deck under an awning which had not once to be

stirred, we anchored at sunrise of the tenth day, in the bay of Gibara.

The utter failure of the usual May rains, this year, in the district of Holguin, had been a serious blow already to many, and in very few places had there been moisture sufficient to secure the crop of Indian corn, that great staple of food for all colours and conditions. Therefore, by the time I arrived, considerable alarm was beginning to be felt, and the crop of sugar, now got in, although an average one as regarded the whole island, was wofully deficient in Gibara, and its neighbourhood. I could not but notice the parched appearance of the country, and, what concerned me more nearly, the altered look of our own little "hacienda," for I had now become a part proprietor with Mr. M—. Yet, after all, this was the time of year when nothing more than a transient shower could be expected, and no one seemed to doubt that October, as always before, would bring the usual floods of rain from the south-east. The cattle had not yet begun to suffer, and we made another purchase shortly after I returned, and an extensive one also of hogs, which were to be let to run loose in the woods, to feed on wild fruits, till the corn season, when we hoped to fatten and sell a part. We cleared a large piece of new land, to be ready for

the first rain, and, indeed, did all we could, and worked hard enough at one thing or the other. But, perhaps, as I was now fairly a resident, some fuller account of what appeared to me the principal notabilia of the country, may be looked for. I often regret I had not strained a point to see even more of the country, including the great city of Havana, and Matanzas the chief place of sugar export, for few British travellers seem to have extended their voyages so far, or, at least, not published them. However, there are many things even in Gibara not altogether deficient in interest, and, of course, it has numerous points in common with the rest of Cuba.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES.—ARRIVE A SECOND TIME IN CUBA.—DESCRIPTION OF GIBARA.—MINES AND MINING LAWS.—GEOLOGY OF THE DISTRICT.—NATURAL CAVES.—A NOVEL CONFESSIONAL.—CHROMATE OF IRON.—LAND TENURES AND DIVISIONS.—A SUGAR PLANTATION.—LIFE OF THE NEGRO.—PUNISHMENT.—BLOODHOUND.

I IMAGINE there is no nook or corner in the civilized or uncivilized world, calling itself a port, where any kind of business can be transacted, which is not inhabited by one or more Englishman or American, either, or both; some scion or other of the old Anglo-Saxon stock. But the district of Holguin, of which Gibara is the port of entry, can boast of more English-speaking society, than many other foreign places, of equal size and note. When I was there, they numbered seventy-four souls, living in a place, of whose name, I suppose, not one person in a hundred thousand ever heard, though one of the most lovely spots in the whole broad earth.

Gibara lies in latitude 21° 7′ N., and longitude 78° 33′ W. The approach to this part of the shore of Cuba, is most interesting and beautiful; the whole country, down to the fringe of mangroves all round the beach, appears of the brightest green, while many well-defined land-marks strike the attention, in the shape of high isolated hills, some distance in the interior, their summits steep, scarped, and white as snow, contrasting forcibly with their sides, clothed with dense forests two thirds of the way up. I am not aware that these hills have ever been measured; however, I should judge their height to be not over two thousand feet.

As it is generally now admitted that the agricultural resources of a country are intimately connected with its geology, it is right to give a slight sketch of the prominent features of Cuba, in that particular, for, leaving the "savanas" out of the question, I suppose the soil, in general, is not to be exceeded by that of any other country whatsoever. I only regret that I cannot here refer to a very interesting paper by my relative, Mr. R. C. Taylor, the well-known author of "Statistics of Coal" (who himself visited this part of Cuba in 1836), and which was published in the "Philosophical Transactions." I can only, then, draw from my own memory. The ranges of hills before men-

tioned, are the most striking features of the geology of the district. They run nearly in a north and south direction, and their tops, for about one third below, are formed of compact white limestone. This is the most beautiful rock I have ever encountered, and much I regret I brought home no specimens of it. Sometimes it has a tinge of rose colour, sometimes yellowish or cream colour, and I have met with blocks not unlike lithographic limestone in appearance, quite as free from grain. It is very hard, and not unfrequently gives the conchoidal fracture. No organic remains are found in this rock. The base and sides of the hills are nearly all composed of serpentine, irregularly stratified, the dip varying with the height at which it is examined, showing that these ridges or "sierras" are *anticlinal axes*, altering the dip of the serpentine at each side, as they rose up like a wedge from below. As we descend still further, the minor elevations are all found to be of magnesian or serpentine, through which run veins of porphyritic trap, narrow seams of limestone, and veins of quartz, of ironstone, chromate of iron, and copper ore. The copper veins run in easterly and westerly directions, and some have been superficially worked, and one or two cargoes shipped; but water is rather near the surface, and no steam engine has ever been

erected. I have often indeed marvelled at this, as, to my ideas, these veins present a most promising appearance, while no ore, poor in metal, has ever been found, nor any under twenty per cent. I have analysed many specimens of the grey oxide, which averaged fifty to sixty per cent. The position of the veins was marked out at first by the discovery of large lumps of native copper, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds. Little beyond mere scratching has been done on these lodes, although, as so often is the case, enough has been spent on them all united, to have worked *one* well; while every man had his own method of working, and, very likely, none was right. A late resident of Holguin, Don Juan Bidopia, alone suffered, I believe, to the amount of over 75,000 dollars, and was left in absolute poverty. Instead of placing himself in respectable hands, he let himself be duped by a complete Dousterswivel of a Mexican "Guachinango," who, as his fancy prompted him, used to cause his assays to turn out, at will, gold, silver, or copper!

The laws of Cuba are certainly favourable to mining enterprises undertaken by foreigners. No one, in fact, can keep a mine unworked more than three months. Wherever the mine may be, a "denucimiento"* may be taken out by any one

* This is a *local* or else a law term.

wishing to work it; a piece of land is marked out by the government surveyor, and compensation must be awarded if the lands already belong to private parties. This *denouncement* made, the denouncer must go to work directly, and if he stops all proceedings for the months, and abandons the place, any one else may "denounce" it. I know an instance of a seemingly good mine in the United States, which has remained idle for many years in consequence of a seeming caprice of the owner. This could never happen in Cuba. I think that some day these copper lodes of the Holguin district will attract attention in England or the United States, for I am sure in Cornwall or Wales, enterprises would be undertaken on far less apparent grounds, and if there, why not in Cuba, where the immense wealth of the Cobre mines has been so well substantiated?

The savanas, of which mention has already been made, consist entirely of the before mentioned serpentine or magnesian rocks, their strata intercepted and broken by numerous faults and dykes of trap. These rocks contain much of what is called "metallic diallage," which crops out almost everywhere through the savanas, and sometimes, by its metalloid lustre, momentarily startling the inexperienced eye. Persons unaccustomed to its appearance, may be

frequently seen to pick up small pieces, and after weighing them in the hand, throw them away with a sigh of regret! Some again say that it must surely be a *sign* of metallic wealth, since it is so like the "peacock" ore, or sulphuret of copper!

The usual minerals accompanying serpentine rocks are here in abundance, including fine specimens of amianthus. There are also deposits of impure carbonate of magnesia, being that substance in company with alumina and some iron, but so white as to be used by the villagers to daub the outside of their houses with. They are ignorant of its nature. Primeval forests abut on these savanas, and are as it were interlaced with them; and so abrupt is the change from one to the other, that a step will bring you from barren rock into six feet of black mould, with a sub-soil of red or brown clay, or decomposed serpentine. Even in the low alluvial country, spots of arid ground appear, generally hills, and covered with a scrubby growth of plants. These are called "saos," or "saoitos," according to their size; are never productive, but, as they occur in the best of land, are generally used for planting the machinery and buildings of the sugar estates upon. The limestone of the low country must not be confounded with that of the mountains, which is amorphous. The other lies

in narrow veins, and is frequently burned for lime. It is the variety called the grey siliceous carbonate.

In the "Sierra de la Silla de Gibara," or the *Saddle* Mountain, the highest and most conspicuous of all the land-marks, is a very remarkable cave, which extends about 150 yards into the mountain. The annoyance and stench from millions of bats has prevented all the nooks of this cave from being examined; but there a curious formation is going on. A stream which filters from the roof, sides, and floor of this cave, deposits so much spongy calcareous tufa, as not only to form abundance of stalactites in the cave itself, but a considerable thickness of an entirely new rock outside, in which it is enclosing a great variety of substances; leaves, sticks, plants, &c., and what is most notable, about a dozen different species of shells. Mr. R. C. Taylor, who first observed this, and seeing that they all belonged to recent and living species, was at some loss to find out how marine shells could find their way up a mountain some five miles from their habitat, until he observed the cause, in the fact of the cave being a great resort of hundreds of *soldier crabs*, who visit the sea every year. Whenever they find their shell getting too small for them as they grow, as soon as they come to a vacant

house which they think will suit, they wriggle themselves out, and back into the new one. However they are never taken by surprise, for they can make the old one last a long time on a pinch, by leaving more and more of their bodies outside. I can myself testify to the fact of their changing shells, having seen it often; and at any time the cruel operation (at least perhaps so, and at any rate inconvenient to the poor beast,) of placing a coal of fire very near the shell may be performed, when the animal will immediately leave it, nor will he ever again take *that* shell, even if left apparently ever so accidentally in his way; but, finding another, he will adopt it without hesitation. The great place for changing shells is the sea beach; and the reason there is an overplus in the cave may be, that the animals must (chiefly) die there. These little creatures not only live in the caves of "La Silla," but any other dark quiet place they may meet with, such as a sugar-house, &c. They eat sugar indeed, and are more destructive than rats and mice to clothes, which may have been carelessly left in a bundle, as they will eat a hole right through the middle.

Could we bring our minds to contemplate such a slow action, we might lose ourselves in the speculation as to how long, and to what extent the de-

composition and dissolution of the upper "primitive" limestone may be carried on. There are many other caves indeed on both sides of the "Sierra," and some may be not inferior in size. Besides, the perpendicular faces of the scarped summit and other *cavities* or bays in the sides, may be due to the same causes. Be it the reader's amusement, if he pleases, as it has been mine, to speculate on this; granted the labour already done; the diminution in weight of the immense mass already effected by this process; slow, silent, yet not less sure than the mighty rushing torrent—that wondrous agent, the river of Niagara!—fancy, if he pleases, the lofty mountain peaks gradually crumbling, melting: yet these are not lost, *nothing* earthly is lost. Part rushes down to the sea and mingles with its waters, which contain salts of lime for some wise purpose, and may be supplied from sources like these; part must go to diffuse itself over the lowlands and thus enrich them, as I have remarked before; the rest is quietly stored up, for uses of which we can form no perfect idea.

The difference between a "Sierra" and a "Cerro," two words confounded in a very remorseless way by most writers on Spanish matters, is that the former signifies a ridge or *saw*, the latter a peak. There is only one "Sierra" in the Hol-

guin district, but there are "Cerros" so many that I never made a complete list of them, and there is hardly one of the countless views of beauty, of perfection, as regards the scenery of the torrid zone, in which the Cerros, one or more, do not take up the prominent place; at least dividing the honour of the picture with the never-to-be-omitted "palma real." The loftiest of these Cerros is called the Colerado or Red, as it is streaked with bands and blotches of pink. The highest peak of La Silla, and the summit of the Colerado, are both remarkable for the exhibition of a very curious phenomenon, which takes place on two or three only of the coldest nights in the year, generally in the beginning of February; and it is the appearance of a bright light, said to be of a conical shape, and considerable size. Though it appeared one of the years I was a resident in Cuba, I had not the good fortune to see it, the peaks not being visible from where I was staying. I never heard any philosophical explanation of this, nor am I aware whether or no any similar appearance has been elsewhere observed. So I have merely classed the apparition with the *ignes fatui*, which I, as well as of course so many of my readers, have observed dancing about in the bogs of Clare and Galway, and which have frightened many an honest

Paddy returning from fair or wake, as much as the light in question does the "Montunos" of Cuba, of whom I have heard some very amusing stories; among them, of an Englishman returning from Holguin in company with a "Montuno," when, as they turned at full speed an angle of the forest road, one pitch dark night, behold! high aloft loomed out the towering crest of the Cerro, now of a sudden brilliantly illuminated by the mysterious beams of the phantom light! However much the seasoned nerves of the Englishman might have been disturbed by the apparition, it upset the Spaniard in more ways than one, as he threw himself headlong from his horse, and straightway falling on his knees, besought the Englishman, as there was no Padre at hand, to *confess* him! and before his companion, now bursting with irrepressible merriment, could say a word, poured out a torrent of accounts of yet unwhitewashed sins; a recapitulation of which, however much it enlightened my acquaintance as to the personal failings of the Montuno, could not be attempted, for something of the same causes which have influenced (as is hinted) my Lord Braybrooke, in his selections from the life and diary of Mr. Pepys. I have some idea also, that perhaps these large caves themselves may have something to do with the generation of

the gases which produce this effect. I have once witnessed an exhibition of *ignes fatui* on a large scale in Ceylon, where they are looked on by the Singhalese mountaineers of the most ignorant class with the utmost horror, though, as a matter of course, at the same time believing them, as they do, to be "Yakshyos," or living devils, and what is more —their own friends and relatives deceased; so in none of these three cases cited does ignorance seem to be bliss!

The only other useful mineral product of the district, besides the usual ores of iron, which are not worked, is that variety called the *chromate* of iron. This was discovered in 1835 in several places, and was finally worked by a merchant of the city of Baltimore, who, I believe, retains in his possession all the veins in the western hemisphere of that mineral which are worth the trouble of working, and manufactures the produce, which is the paint called chrome, yellow, or green, as combined with the oxides of copper or lead. Several hundred tons had been raised at a slight expense as it lay near the surface, and conveyed on horses' backs to the "Embarcadero." I believe it may be worth some eight pounds the ton when delivered in the United States.

Shortly before I left the country, a friend took

me to see a mineral spring in a hill close to his estate, the only one of the kind I noticed in the district. It was very abundant, and bubbled up with much force, and was very clear, but soon became covered below with a thick scum of a most fœtid smell, which made it unpleasant even to approach. I tasted the water, but now quickly regretted it, as a more abominably flavoured compound never before passed my lips, and I wished there had been a sweet spring at hand! The principal ingredients, apparently, were salt, sulphur, and hydrogen gas. If nastiness be the chief qualification of a medicinal spring, I should say this would bear the palm from all competitors whatsoever, and, if the Yankees ever get Cuba, may be a second Saratoga. The best of the joke is, that the inhabitants of the town at the port called "La Punta," send every day a fleet of boats to the Gibara river for water, as hitherto they have found none but brackish on their peninsula, and they, not knowing or caring anything about this "Arroyo Hediondo," or stinking rivulet, as the neighbours call it, fill their casks *below* where it falls in. When a full quantity of water is in the river, the taste cannot be perceived, but in time of drought, I have heard reports of bad water at the Point; and no great wonder either!

I have, I think, now given the principal features of the geology, &c. of the district. It is superficially divided into "Partidos," and the subdivisions of these are so curiously managed, that it is worth explaining, for I suppose nowhere in the world is the tenure of lands on such a strange footing. It is said, then, that a very long time ago the country was first divided out into these "partidos." I have been told that, though never surveyed, these portions were severally valued, and portions *of them* sold by auction or otherwise, and granted to settlers. These several grants or purchases were called *posecciones.* Suppose the whole partido to have been valued at 100,000 dollars, and that to any individual had been granted the hundredth part, he could say he had in that partido 1,000 dollars of possession. A "posecion entera," or full possession, is valued at 1000 reals, or 125 dollars, and is *supposed* indeed to be a larger portion of land in some partidos than in others; but I never met with any one who could tell me how many dollars of possession the partido in which he lived contained, nor how much land a possession meant to stand for. In the mean time, any one who wishes, may go to almost any old man or head of a family, and purchase any number of dollars of possession he pleases. These are an object of regular traffic, and given

as dowers to daughters. Many people go and work a farm on the strength of *one* dollar of possession. We ourselves purchased the deeds, for fifty odd dollars, of possession in the *partido* of Fräy Benito, and when we first went, we found about eighty acres of cleared land within the fence. Preserve me from being a proprietor in Cuba when a general division of lands takes place! It was seriously spoken of once when I was there. Large proprietors, who had bought up all the "pesos de posecion" they could, were uneasy, but the others trembled. Let us never forget that the island may one day get into the hands of some terribly poverty-stricken or over-greedy Captain General, who in desperate eagerness may clutch at the prospect of emolument; for in this, as every thing else, it would be the man with most dollars, not "dollars of possession," would get the best boundaries. I am almost certain that if matters came to this juncture, the rest would not stand it, and that a general insurrection might be looked for. I am ignorant as to how many provinces of Cuba are in this predicament, but I know that Havana and its neighbourhood is not, and lands are measured and valued by the caballeria, of 32½ acres English. People will think I must be rhodomontading when I tell them that fences are indeed made round lands, but no such things

as boundaries are known! These fences are only temporary at the will of the planter, and at any time may be thrown down and made any where else on unoccupied land. There are local rules by which the Governor decides in civil cases, however, and by which planters must go. For instance, if my neighbour has a clearing in front of me and a belt of forest lies between us, I can only clear half, without he consents to let me take all. Nor can any one go on ahead of me, and clear forest in the line of the "run" of my land. If cleared all round (except in front only) they must divide. In our own case we had a back of three miles, and the "Silla de Gibara" behind that again, and we with fifty dollars of possession, for which we paid only 250 dollars, could have cleared at least 2000 without let or hindrance from a soul! In the case of an individual forming an "estancia" or small farm, and abandoning it, but retaining his title deeds, no one can appropriate the land if fenced; but still, people opening a large estate would not scruple to swallow up any number of such, fences and all, nor could the *poor* man do anything!

As I propose to devote a few lines to a description of one of the principal sugar estates, or "Ingenios," I may begin by saying that it was

formed on a grant direct from the Government. The cleared land amounts indeed to more in extent than any other estate in the district, but the whole is a *league square* (Spanish). Now this enormous quantity of land, if measured off in that neighbourhood, would include several large and small villages and scores of separate holdings. For a long time, a good many such were included in the fence, but they all had to yield, one after another, to the devouring appetite of the "Ingenio grande." One day riding with my friend, I was pointed out a small clearing in the forest, some hundred yards or so, outside the (then) fence. He saw at a glance that it must come fairly in the middle of his next new canefield, and, as it was inevitably to happen, that it would be rather more merciful to the man to stop him before the clearing was finished, as it was now only underbrushed. Accordingly he called on the man, and advised him to stop, but instead of that *he* started to Holguin the next day, to enforce *his* claim. Of this step my friend had instant advice; and collecting his neighbours, with his own two hundred slaves, before the moon rose that evening, the whole piece was felled, cleared, and planted with cane, not very nicely, to be sure, but quite enough to swear by! The other could do nothing, as the royal grant was produced, and in a few months the piece

in question was in the centre of as fine a tract of cane as I ever saw.

To proceed with our account of the Sugar Estate: Santa L—was commenced in 1834, but very extensive clearings were not made till two or three years after that date. The care of the part proprietor and resident manager, was very properly directed for a long time, in anticipation of the increase of the estate to what it was when I knew it, to the establishment of large tracts of provision grounds, planted with all sorts of useful vegetables, at the head of which we must place the plantain, that great staff of life in Cuba; and second the cassave, or "yuca," from which is made the nutritious cakes so well known. A small mill was used for the first few years, but when fresh purchases of slaves were made and the estate became extensive, a powerful steam engine, with all its accompaniments of copper pans, steam clarifiers, saw mill, grain mill, &c. were put up; and that that work was done in earnest there can be little doubt, when I say, that the average produce during the four months or so of crop, was about thirty hogsheads (fourteen cwt., more or less, each) per week. The manager's residence was beautifully situated on an eminence of about fifty feet high, the only one in the clearing, and from the verandah up stairs

was certainly a view hardly to be equalled, I dare say, any where else. In front, the sea; at a distance of two miles, but between it and the hill, and extending wide on either hand, more than a square mile of canes, all divided into smaller partitions, by neatly kept roads, cultivated, except in crop time, with peas, corn, sweet potatoes and other smaller crops. A sight of this enormous extent of canes, of the brightest verdure (except during the fatal drought, when much was lost) and the whole gracefully waving to the force of the North-east trade wind, is a sight, which *once* seen, could surely never be forgotten.—But I spent *many* a happy day in that verandah, and when the burning rays of the remorseless mid-day sun have driven us in, have I rested my head sidelong on the railing, watched the bright play of glancing light over the heaving rustling expanse, and fancied myself verily in fairy land! How exquisitely was the bright green of that field contrasted with the sombre gloom of the clumps of palms, and belts of mangroves, which fringed the sea-beach, and marked the tortuous bends of the river, and estuaries of the "embarcadero," and *then* raising one's eyelid ever such a little mite, was the sea, of the deepest blue, melting away imperceptibly into the whitish grey horizon of the tropics!

Did I wish to change the scene completely? Round to the other verandah! Here facing the South, over five hundred acres of pasture land, dotted with herds of cattle; near us, to the left, an open savana, with its clumps of gnarled mahogany trees; further on, the untouched, dense, primeval forests. Along the road push, at fullest speed, some half dozen wild-looking Montunos, with more than one bright red handkerchief fluttering behind them; anxious are they to reach the "tienda," to gamble away, it may be, the last *peseta* of the value of their tobacco crop, borrowed in advance—unthrifty race! To our right again further, the "cūnúcus" of the negroes, or provision grounds, neatly kept, of which the produce is their own property, and a full hundred acres of plantains; the effect of lights and shades passing over which is probably yet more beautiful than over the canes. Add that the whole land side is closed in the distance by Cerros, and the lovely Sierra de Gibara, these too, forest-clad in deep green, but arresting the eye by their white capped crowns, peaks, and cliffs, below which can be traced the several springs and streams, by the thick groves of palm trees which line their banks,

"that with a livelier green
Betray the secret of their silent course."

The "bujios" or huts of the negroes were all on the same hill also, and formed quite a little village of themselves. A day's proceedings on this estate is soon described, as things went on beneath the strict yet merciful sway of my good friend. Bitterly, I make no doubt, do the negroes, poor creatures, feel his loss! The head overseer's berth, on an estate like this, is verily no sinecure. He must be watchful and wakeful as a cat; for if *he* slept, who would think himself called on to wake? Accordingly, when the morning star indicates the near approach of dawn, he rises and generally rings the great bell himself. This is called the "Ave Maria," and it is pleasant to hear the hour struck by a number of bells, when many estates join. That no one may mistake the exact moment, they publish it in the journals, and overseers near Habana make a point of being exact to a second. The negroes, who are however already up, are allowed some little time to get ready, and, in effect, *they* chiefly make good use of their minutes by warming a cup of coffee for themselves, and a cake of maize, or roasting a plantain or two, before encountering the hard morning's work. When now the dawn is plainly declared, two or three taps more are given on the bell, and the whole sally forth. In crop time, however, those who are engaged in the boiling

are exempt from this rule, they being divided into *watches* of twelve hours turn generally, and in the same way hands are retained to feed the mill. Sometimes, when hard pressed for time, they retain the same hands to feed the mill, which work has not to be continued always; but four rests of two hours each are allowed in the twenty-four hours, which it must be confessed is certainly a full proportion of *work*. All arrived at the overseer's quarter, he reads the names, to which all must answer. They are generally fully informed of their work for the day, on the preceding evening; of course in crop time the only work is cutting and carting canes. Before the last name on the roll is called, they all file off down the hill; the second overseer, already mounted on his pony, brings up the rear. In a few minutes more, the oxen are taken out of the pens and stalls, and yoked, and soon a long string of carts rattle down after the negroes. When certain descriptions of work are going on, they are done by task work; cane cutting is one. According to the growth of the canes, four or five cart loads may be cut by a slave, and they generally finish their task by two o'clock, and spend the rest of the day in their "cunucus." But who is the negro that is not blessed with a sweetheart or a wife? Alas for him, the lady sometimes lags; and as they are the pink

of gallantry, he must finish her task for her also, that they may spend the evening together.

The bell again sounds at twelve, and generally an hour and a half's recess is allowed for dinner. This is cooked for some by the owner (for as many as so ask it), or else is served out raw once a week to men with wives, to cook as they please. They are not all bound to present themselves at noon, for most prefer to hold out till they finish the task. In weeding also, and work of that kind, the overseer leaves it optional with them whether they will take a certain piece of work as a task, or "stick it out" the whole day. They generally prefer the former, and it is surprising to see how hard they will labour. The overseer watches them as does a cat a mouse; he is "up to" every "dodge" in the negro calendar of schemes, and detects in a second the quickest possibly executed movement, of covering a tough root with a weed or by a little earth, with the *toe* or the *hoe*.

After the sun has set about a quarter of an hour, the bell is again sounded; this is called "La Oracion," or the hour of prayer. The negroes may now go where they please for the next two hours. At the end of that time the bell is smartly struck three or four times, and all repair to the front of the mill house. They are now expected to work

an hour by the light of a large fire of cane trash, which is kept burning in the middle of the yard, when there is no moon. This work is called "La fagina," because performed at the light of a faggot. The negroes, so far from making any objection to this, would not miss it on any account. During the *fagina*, the overseers never get angry, and the negroes take many liberties they would not dare to do at other times. In crop time the *fagina* is taken advantage of, to get into the house the "magass" (dried squeezed canes) used for fuel, and which have not all been stored up during the day, after which every one seizes a broom, and sweeps the whole yard as clean as possible. All loose canes are collected and piled near the mill. If masons are at work, bricks are placed ready for the next day, and large logs are rolled for the carpenters or the saw mill. At nine, the bell sounds a stroke, and the fagina being over, all come together; the roll is called, and the people file off one by one repeating "Buenas noches, mi amo" (good night, my master). At half past nine, two very light strokes of the bell are heard, the signal for silence and sleep.

People will think this a very agreeable picture perhaps of the life of a slave? May be a day's experience would undeceive them. The overseer's is

bad enough, as I can tell. During the kind administration of my friend, indeed, these negroes had little to complain of, but afterwards I greatly doubt they did not fare so well, since I heard of FIFTY hogsheads of sugar hinted at, in place of thirty! Speaking of the "fagina," that is also the time when the negroes are punished, if it is necessary. By the laws of Cuba, no negro can be punished on the spot. If his offence is something very heinous, he is handcuffed or put in the stocks till night; the case is regularly heard, and the full number of lashes (twenty-five) permitted by law are given *in the evening*, or a less number, as the owner or head overseer may order. I do not deny that sometimes the number twenty-five is exceeded, but very seldom, to my knowledge. It is against the law however, and the owner or manager could be fined if *his* gold was not more powerful than the negro's complaint to the "protegidor," a government official.

While I was once staying at the place I am now describing, two most formidable additions were made to its residents, a new overseer from Matanzas, and *his dog;* I need not say of what breed was the latter, and the former was, I think, the most active man, and the best horseman I ever could have believed in the existence of. I was the cause

myself once of both of these visitors' powers being called on, though innocently. Sitting one evening in the front verandah, I looked up momentarily from my book, and my eye rested on a favourite clump of palms a long way off, which I had many a time admired. At that instant the tallest of these suddenly disappeared! Struck by such a strange circumstance, I called to the overseer, who was quietly walking his horse up the avenue, and told him. Quick as lightning, without giving an answer, he struck his spurs into his horse's flank, and quicker than I can write it was on the spot. A noble palm of eighty feet lay indeed prostrate, cut through with an axe, and already minus its glory (its crown), cut off for the cabbage. In vain however did he look for the culprit, and shout. But less than two minutes after, behold him back! "White or black, I have him now!" shouted he, as he and the dog scampered off again. One sniff at the tree was enough for the bloodhound, and in five minutes more the negro, for it was one belonging to the estate, was in custody, uninjured by the dog, for his master was close on his track. He was punished, but I believe not *very* severely.

Another day a neighbour came with a dire complaint. He said, that as he was going by an old path, he fell in with certain signs of a foul deed

having been done, no less than the murder of two of his—pigs! *There* indeed were proofs; *the ears*, with his own deeply indented marks on them, blood, and offal; and he had no doubt, that two of the negroes, who had been sent to cut sticks in that very direction, were the culprits, and none other. Such indeed *was* the case, and the sweetheart of one of them, a house servant, saw the Spaniard enter and leave, and guessed his errand, and secretly determined to tell her "cortejo" her suspicions at twelve o'clock. But there were other things not dreamt of in her philosophy. Some time before, at the request of the negroes, who had suffered much from petty thefts among each other, they had been presented with a famous large padlock each, with hasp and staple corresponding. Now they were set up. They tried; not one key would fit any lock but its own exactly. But the mystery of a *master* key was as yet unknown to them! Armed with this fatal weapon, my friend sallied forth, and sure enough in a very smoky "bujio," *there* was the meat, all nicely cut into strips of "tasajo," and *smoking* away as comfortably as possible! Quickly he locked the door, and as quickly did the negroes, when they came, hide it all away *in the thatch*, on the advice of the young lady. At two o'clock, my friend called a Spaniard, and

they re-entered the hut, finding no meat, as they supposed. Indeed they had some difficulty to trace it, so nicely was it stowed; but when they did, they got it down, and the Spaniard, for fun, *put it all again to smoke* on the sticks, exactly as it was before. The negroes now were taxed with the delinquency, and denied it most stoutly, defying proof; but the sequel may be imagined.

The time for visiting the boiling-house is at night, when with all the lamps lighted the effect is strange, and it is a busy scene. The negroes sing to all their work, and the boiling-men are continually chanting to the men at the stoke-holes. After you go to bed these cries haunt you even in your dreams, and to this day I catch myself repeating "echa candela" (put in fire) in some of their various modulations. I have yet much to say about negroes and sugar, and I see I cannot long stave off a few considerations on the *chief* point connected with Cuba, the institution of SLAVERY.

CHAPTER VII.

SLAVERY CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO FREE TRADE. — THE AUTHOR'S PROJECT FOR ITS EXTINCTION.

WHEN a storm approaches, "a regular sneezer of a squall," especially at sea, and *in the tropics*, a dark mass of murky clouds may be seen in the line of our course, or perhaps a point or two to one side or the other, towards which a light wind, favourable to us, is gently blowing us along. The inexperienced passengers watch this with no dread. They think that all is to leeward, and will never burst on *them*. Such a cloud was slavery and its consequences to the English colonist, some years ago, as he fought on his way. He thought that though it might prove an ugly customer if it should catch him, that still it all lay to leeward, would pass away, and leave *his* horizon clear. He also thought that his trusty Pilot would be aware of all the dangers of that cloud; and further he thinks, with his present

experience, that had the Pilot but altered his course a few points, or even shortened sail for awhile, the treacherous breeze would never have borne his bark within the dread influence. For as the ship approaches, behold, the breeze slackens; light wreaths and smoky puffs dart forth towards him from the bank, and soon comes the catastrophe, which in a few short minutes leaves him a battered, defenceless wreck, and the tornado careers on; to work more destruction, it may be, but yet ultimately to wear itself out, and vanish, in time! But the mischief has been done; true, the ship has not sunk, she is rigging jury-masts,—*that* Pilot was washed away, and will long be respected as he was deservedly honoured, even by opponents—but another hand at the helm may yet bring her into port.

I confidently appeal to every one who was in Cuba in 1845, to bear me out in the assertion, that a fatal blow to Slavery was fully anticipated there *then* by all classes. It was in everybody's mouth. In the small district in which I resided, three considerable proprietors sold their estates at a great sacrifice, and left for the United States and Texas. Surely people in England must have seen the papers published by the "Real Sociedad Economica" of Havana, in other words, by the government, offering high rewards, up to thirty thousand dollars, to any

who should make so many quintals, or boxes, of sugar by free labour, cultivate so many acres, and plough so much ground. They had even got hold of some account of an enormous sugar cane, found they said in "La India Oriental," which was to measure three inches in diameter, and grow in Cuban soil. [Although the Spanish inch is one-thirtysixth shorter than the English, I fear this cane is still a desideratum, even in the East.] I am very sorry I have not the paper I allude to, but thousands saw it, and some talked of contending for the prizes. A particular friend of my own indeed, who was half-owner of a large sugar estate, and tracts of rich soil, right well adapted to tobacco, as well as sugar cane, had actually located on one end of the estate a considerable number of free negroes and mulattoes, to whom he let out tobacco gardens, for which they paid *then* a rent in kind, viz. tobacco, but on condition that should he require them so to do, they were to change these terms to a rent in labour, so many days in the year. But, what do I now hear? That he has within the last three years visited both England and the United States, and taken back with him all the latest improvements in the shape of steam engine, pans, &c., and is doubtless now placed beyond anxiety for pecuniary concerns.

I repeat it, the name of "Sir Roberto" was the

greatest bugbear the people had; and I think, as I hint above, that had Sir Robert Peel, who indeed seemed to take on himself *alone* the whole responsibility of the business, privately visited Cuba in 1845, or even had the English consular agents, or whoever *may* be the agents of the English government in Cuba, been the agents of Sir Robert Peel; and further, that had Sir Robert Peel been, as an Englishman consistently should be, a more determined enemy to slavery, and consequently to the institutions which prevail in Cuba, they could not but have been able to furnish him with a series of facts, which would have in all probability prevented him from selecting the year 1846, above all others, for such an utterly unforeseen stroke of policy; a stroke which even his most bitter adversary a short time before, would have hesitated on performing. Well convinced am I, that a few sharply-uttered demands for the strict fulfilment of treaties and bonds, a few dark hints quietly thrown out, would have actually turned the scale,—that the first step would have been taken, and that one point only having been gained, we should have had no more to fear from Cuba, our greatest enemy.

I may be here met with an objector, similar to one who speaks his mind in the columns of a London newspaper; sometimes very remarkable for the accu-

racy and point of its reasonings,—this man may assure me that I am fundamentally wrong; that the cheapness of sugar consequent on the proceedings of Sir Robert Peel, is a measure of unbounded and unmixed good, and to crown the whole, that the cheapest market is certainly and entirely the best. This subject is trite, you may say: perhaps it is also a trite saying, that arguments against a cherished point, or a favourite sin, are tried to be considered "trite" by those in whose unwilling ears they may be uttered!

We will consider for a moment the *abstract* question of Slavery. Premising that were we on anything like equal terms with these rivals of ours, far would it be from us to utter a word of complaint. I assert, with much confidence, that the world's annals do not present a greater practical paradox than the sight of a nation sacrificing, without a murmur, an enormous sum indeed, to secure the Abolition of Slavery in their own colonies in 1834, and then, twelve years afterwards, following up this measure by another sacrifice of the prosperity of many of her principal colonies, and the power and influence they afford, whatever they may be worth—to uphold, ay double, nay treble this same system of slavery in the territories of foreigners. At first when I heard of Sir Robert Peel's intentions, I considered,

and the leading journal of Mauritius confirmed me here, that the measures of 1846 and 1847 were only intended to relieve the present distress in some degree, by saving grain for the distillers and brewers, which no man would have objected to. After that, we thought that our Pilot had yet a clever trick still. That, in short, when his final measure came for the abolition of all Protection in 1850, he had a scheme ready, a mine to explode—I beg pardon! a shot to fire at the waterspout which was winding up the *squall*, and that nearly contemporaneously with the abolition of Protection, we should hear the first strokes of the knell for the Slave Trade and Slavery. We are, at this present writing, only advanced a few months into the long dreaded 1850. Many strange revolutions and counter revolutions astonished us in 1849; one so trifling apparently in comparison to many others, would surprise us less in 1851. Meantime one would think that the crusade against Slavery would be carried on heart and hand. No such thing, indeed, do we yet see. The English have been amused by the almost nominal maintenance of a fleet of cruisers on the coast of Africa, which, as is now beginning to be clearly seen at last, do about as much good as two or three little boys shaking as many sticks at a cloud of sparrows would in a large field of wheat; or, to borrow a simile

from the boiling-house, as if you tried to prevent a colony of ants from marching off with the grains out of a hogshead of sugar, by rubbing your hand over a dozen or two at a time. Are captains of slavers treated like pirates — hung in chains, with their crews? Not a bit of it; instead of that, and their vessels burned, a profit is made of them, and away they go for more slaves! But I am almost losing sight of my London paper. Why *this* is just what he wants! "Are they," he asks, "are our colonies to be paid all this, merely because they cannot produce sugar as cheaply as Brazil or Cuba?" O dear no, of course not! Are we to buy our pocket-handkerchiefs at Howell and James', when we could make a much more advantageous investment at any "receiver's" shop in —— Lane? The cheapest market be ours! Why give thirty-one shillings and sixpence for "The Caxtons," when we know it is to be had for twelve and a-half cents. in New York? The pocket-handkerchief is stolen in Regent Street, and sold in —— Lane. The negro is sold in Havana, and stolen in Africa. You buy the handkerchief in —— Lane, knowing well it was stolen, and you buy "Havana sugar in boxes."

Sir Bulwer Lytton writes a novel. It can be published in New York for twenty-five cents, because, except paper and printing, the whole expense

to the publisher there was thirty-one shillings and sixpence, and the freight of three volumes, post octavo. In America competition is so great that these twenty-five cents (though see how poor Sir Bulwer is robbed!) only leave the publisher there a moderate profit. In Cuba it is not so. They are satisfied always with *slightly* underselling us, and I well know, for I have it from themselves, that they could grow sugar far, far cheaper than they do! "How?" *How* indeed! If you go to Cuba you cannot, by the best of free labour, grow sugar so cheaply as the slave owners. In fact, the interest of the value of a slave, and his keep, are equally worth about sixpence per diem, making one shilling. Free labour is worth two, or three shillings, according to distance from the shipping port, &c. Now, the difference is that which enriches the slave owner, and also enables him to undersell us so decidedly. Were slavery abolished, and supposing the slaves to work equally well for the (now) employers, the profit which now *they* monopolize would have to be divided between them and their labourers. But that would not suffice. To produce the same quantity as now, sugar must rise or labour fall. But we well know what *would* happen. Less would be produced.

Does any one fear that if this latter case were to happen, the world would not produce enough sugar?

I hope I may yet live to see it tried! Already we can *nearly* compete with the slave countries, for the price of free labour has somewhat fallen. Thousands of square miles of sugar lands, lie untouched both in the East and in the West, and the price would soon be reduced to probably less than the standard fixed by slavery. Cuba, Brazil, and Puerto Rico, would soon be as little thought of, as sugar-producing places, as is now St. Domingo, unless their governments were firm, and sixteen more years of trial placed them again on a level with us.

It is but charity to hope that the "out-and-out" partizans of free trade, as they advocated also free trade in sugar, played an unconscious part when they included free trade in slaves. And that in buying, on principle, in the cheapest market, they did not anticipate being receivers at third-hand, of stolen property. We hear of munificent donations to the grand author of the "Free Trade" movement. Will he accept a well meant hint? Either let us hear from *him* some proposition to abolish, or ameliorate this anomaly, or, let us see his name at the head of a subscription to assist Governor ROBERTS to establish a settlement in LIBERIA, which may yet throw CUBA in the shade, or, still better, to form one in our own more healthy and advantageous possessions in SOUTHERN AFRICA.

When I state above, that the planters of Cuba could sell sugar at a cheaper rate than they do, I say so with a reservation. I believe that unless they obtained the profit they do at present, they would no longer try to produce the enormous quantity they are now turning out. Slave labour differs indeed materially from free. The whole gang, necessary to keep on operations in crop time, has to be maintained the whole year, and sometimes in occupations which produce little or no profit. Things are done by manual labour which might be performed by machinery. Lands are dug with the hoe, which could be ploughed. The planters who asserted to me that they would not lose, but get a fair income, if they only sold their crops on their estate at nine and sixpence per hundred weight, were men who were unembarrassed by debts and obligations; and it might have been true in their case. But the late proceedings since I left Cuba may have altered matters very greatly, and I make no doubt have done so. Steam slavers have been fitted out, and slaves have risen enormously in value, and estates have been formed on borrowed capital to an immense amount. I doubt not, that in numerous instances, planters have been enabled to clear off all this load, and to secure fortunes for themselves; but many, on the contrary, are still seriously encumbered, and, if

the price fell in the least, *they* would never be able to get over their difficulties. I am credibly informed that the slave-owners in Brazil are, in a majority of cases, in this predicament, and that, as far as they are concerned, are beginning to wish that a good lot of their slaves were safely back again in Africa, and the money they have cost them returned to their pockets; while this, as much probably as the asserted shortness of their coffee crops, is a strong reason for the decided advance of prices, which is now cheering on the labours of my worthy neighbours the coffee-planters of Kandy. No, after a due consideration of this point, we see again, that only let such another panic seize them as that of 1844 and 1845, the reaction would *now* be far greater, and the consequences would be fatal to them, so that we should have little to fear.

Much as I am convinced of the necessity of adopting very strong measures in this predicament, first, of the instant stoppage of the slave-trade with Africa itself, and then the insisting for the commencement, at any rate, of some system which should eventuate in the manumission of the slaves already imported into Cuba (to speak plainly), yet the point needs some grave consideration, nevertheless. True, it would be a very fine affair for us, British colonists: but what a blow to those of Cuba

and Brazil! Were, for instance, the whole of the blacks in the former island liberated at once, I firmly believe it would be unsafe for any white man to live in the country. But, taking it for granted that the Cuba proprietors have had "swing" enough, and that it is time they should be made to find themselves more on an equality with other people, it remains for discussion whether some plan could not be adopted, which should in some sort protect them and their island from utter and immediate ruin, and at the same time "clip their claws" a little. The following is an outline of a plan which, if adopted, I think, might go far to effect both objects, and though it would perhaps be better for the slave than for the planter, would prevent him from being "done for" outright, unless his prosperity rests on a much more rotten foundation than we suppose. At the same time it would not give the slave all his own way either; but, if properly carried out, would render him an orderly, respectable citizen, rather than a member of that independently impudent class which has sprung up in our own West Indian dependencies. I have only to say, that had I the misfortune to be a slave in Cuba, I should hail the adoption of such a plan with pleasure, and soon take every advantage of it; and, on the other hand, if I were a slave-*owner*, I should

consider I came out tolerably well. We must remember, we have no benevolent individuals in Spain to bear the burthen of emancipation.

The tenure, or rather *no* tenure of lands which obtains in Cuba, I have already attempted to explain as far as I am able. It is sufficient to say, that it would cost the proprietors of slaves no *money*, did they secure to each one a piece of land, sufficient for all his wants for ten years, at the least. As under my proposed plan the estate-owners would no longer require, in all probability, so much land under cultivation as before, a portion of the cleared land might be allotted them; but in the great majority of cases, as any one acquainted with Cuba well knows, there would be no occasion for such a division. A sufficient portion of good land having been thus secured to each negro, every one of them should be valued, in a court appointed for that purpose, and for three days of every week only should the negroes work as slaves. It might be so arranged for the benefit of the proprietor, that one half should work the first, the other the latter, three days of every week. From the date of this agreement with the slaves, they should be obliged to maintain and clothe themselves. Now, in return for the three days of freedom, let every slave reimburse to his master ten per cent. of his value; thus, if he be a

male worth four hundred dollars, he would have to pay an annual rent of twenty dollars to his master. This twenty dollars, suppose four pounds five shillings sterling, I will undertake to say any man worth four hundred dollars would most cheerfully exchange for half his freedom. They would either leave the chief proportion of their lands in canes, and have them made into sugar on shares, or, which is most likely, they would convert it into tobacco gardens and provision grounds. The slaves are now nominally half free. I do not remember so much as one instance, even under the present system of slavery, by which every slave *is* allowed as much land as he can cultivate in his spare time, or of any one of them who could not at any time be said to possess at least twenty dollars worth of seizable property, so that the owners, I should consider, well secured in their rents; but if any negro showed such apathy and debasement as positively to refuse to work his own land, the owner should be allowed by the above-mentioned court, on complaint heard and evidence given, to take his interest out in labour, at so much a day, or else such refractory slaves should be collected, and simply made to work under the superintendence of an *experienced* overseer, which latter plan would doubtless soon bring them to their senses. But I believe such examples would be very

rare indeed. Matters being thus far adjusted, they might be left to settle down on their holdings for some years, and, under a proper system of police, there would be no sort of danger of any serious outbreak. Meantime, the laws of "coartacion" should be rubbed up, by which, even now, a slave may purchase part of his freedom. This privilege I would bring down so low as half a day, which could thus be purchased by a slave, value four hundred dollars for thirty-three dollars. Any moderately industrious man might thus free himself in two years altogether, or in three at most; indeed, I have known a slave who had no spare time except feast days and working days, after his task was over, earn no less a sum, in six months only, than eighty-five dollars, by one crop of tobacco, and this I know, as it was I who bought it.

Now, could not our government, and that of the French, and all others who may be interested, put it into the heads of the Spaniards and Brazilians that it would be *greatly to their advantage* to take such a plan as this under their early and earnest consideration? Do so, and you have our free leave indeed to take off every penny of duty from their sugars. And at the same time consider us poor smokers, and how much better for our *health* it would be to inhale the perfume of our "Havannah"

rather than a rank clay pipe; and whip off a shilling a pound duty from our poor friends, the Cuba slaves, while they are struggling for their freedom. But remember first, while this is pending, to put a stopper on the slave trade. Consider, for every slave ("Negro Bozal") imported, for the next two years following, you have an unlearned savage to instruct, and (let those who have not seen hold their peace) that actually the most humane plan with such new arrivals, would be to place them under strict discipline for that time, until they should assume something of the rank and port of *human creatures!*

I am not going to contend for a moment, that the adoption of the above plan would not cause a tremendous revolution in the prosperity of the present planting community of Cuba; but it would let them down at any rate by degrees, and, during the species of apprenticeship the negroes would have to go through, they would have time to turn their attention to other pursuits, and other sources of labour. Nor can it be said that he who secures ten per cent. for his money would be much of a loser. It would in fact be exactly ten years' purchase, or, as I should say, in ten years he would be paid back the half value of the negro. The only *bonâ fide* loss he would sustain, would be on the unoccupied, or probably unnecessary portion of his

works and machinery; unless indeed he made them available by increasing his force by hired labourers. I would also have it insisted that from the adoption of this plan all children should be *born free*, and all liberated, whose value as labourers could not be appraised. Further, that all children should not be liable at any future time for more than their value at the time they were appraised, so that their liberation would be an easy matter. Suppose again a slave to be worth four hundred dollars; as soon as ever he tendered his master the half sum, two hundred, he would be a free man as regards the other three days of the week in which he before served as a slave. He would now lie only under the burthen of twenty dollars per annum. His holding of land would be almost worth that much, but it should be made commutable by a payment in money in a round sum, or by an agreement to pay partly in labour, and the rest in kind.

I do not think that the Island of Cuba, as a colony of Spain, would suffer much if this plan were adopted. Sugar production, it is true, would have a fearful fall, but again that of tobacco and provisions would rise greatly in importance, now almost entirely neglected by the sugar planters, who, in their haste to become great sugar producers, obtain their supplies of corn and provisions from the

United States and South America, a step which saves them a great deal of trouble, but which does not always pay. Coffee, also, I take it, would be more cultivated, as the negroes prefer its cultivation much, of course, to that of sugar, as involving no necessity for night labour.

It has been well said that a deplorable degree of ignorance on the subject of slaves and slavery is peculiarly observable in those, who make that their special object for spouting about, in England. It may surprise some people when I say that I am sure if any obstacle exists to the free working of the above plan, it lies in the apathy which exists among these very blacks on the subject of their freedom. The local laws of Cuba are very humane towards the slaves; and the owners themselves, if we except some English or American proprietors, in great haste to be rich before the English government again turns protectionist, treat their slaves with kindness and consideration. No case, at any rate among any of my friends, of the undue abuse of power over slaves came under my own observation; although I have heard, that the slaves of a certain estate have since been overtasked, and that fearful retribution has been taken, by fire, as well as the loss of several by escape. But who is jointly answerable for all that? The declaration

"judge not" is an awful one; let us not then *judge*, but pray that certain acts, whose consequences we seem to see in these things, may never rise in judgment against their authors. Strange paradox, that in times of moderate profits, when one would suppose every nerve would be strained to make up for deficiencies, none of this was known; but can we prevent ourselves from seeing that the acts of the British legislature have been instrumental in entailing additional miseries on the slaves who were already in Cuba, not counting those since introduced?

Reader! If you are one of the party *called* Abolitionists, one who has expressed his sentiments in Exeter Hall, it may be, you have long since given me up, and unmercifully condemned me, for *you* will never sign a plan which will remunerate the owner ever so little. But I assure you Cuba is no Jamaica, nor is there in Spain any of that leaven which raised England to her pitch of generosity in 1834. Not by reals, much less pounds, will she count out her millions. Whatever abstract right may be on your side,—where is the practicability of carrying out your plans, if you indeed have any? While you are discussing the abstract rights of negroes, hundreds, thousands, generations—are passing away! But we see *no* plan, we hear no voice of yours, now. Throw away your prejudices, for

they are nothing else, and be a true Abolitionist with me, and in five years we have not a slave in the West Indies, except some good-for-nothing characters who deserve but to be drones. I cannot pass over this subject hastily. It is as interesting a one as I know. I have studied it indeed long, and thought of it, if not in all its bearings, at least in some of them most worth attention, and perhaps could state some particulars which have not come under the notice of any other traveller.

CHAPTER VIII.

STATISTICAL VIEW.—DRUNKEN NEGRO ROW.—SUMMARY JUDGMENT AND CORRECTION.—TRAITS OF CHARACTER.—RUNAWAYS.—BLOOD-MONEY.—THE GREAT PALENQUE—LOPEZ THE NEGRO HUNTER.—A FEMALE FURY.—CONFIDENCE SELDOM BETRAYED.—A FRESH ARRIVAL FROM AFRICA.—THEIR FORMER STATE THERE.—THE DYING NEGRO.

I HAD intended, as many people, with much reason, are great sticklers for figures, to have embodied the illustration of the above idea of gradually liberating the slaves in a note or appendix, but as a numerous class of readers again are more than suspected of skipping over notes, and never looking at appendices, it shall be placed in safety in the body of the text. Suppose A to be the owner of a sugar estate of the third class, and that it contains one hundred slaves, proportioned in the following manner, and valuing the slaves very moderately as long worked hands :—

50	able bodied men,	appraised each at	375	dollars.
30	women,	„ „	350	„
20	children,	„ „	200	„

At four dollars eighty cents to the pound sterling we have here a capitual of six thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

The interest at 10 per cent. of the half value of the men produce him				937 dollars.
Do.	do.	of the women	do.	525 „
Do.	do.	of the children	do.	200 „
				1662 = 346*l.*

So much for the capital, and interest or rent. Now the labour. The labour of a slave with which also his maintenance was obligatory, was valued in Cuba at half a dollar a day when I was there. Surely then it will be deemed moderate if I conclude, for example's sake, that half that sum must in any case accrue to the owner A, for the services of the three days which remain his; counting number of working days only two hundred and seventy-five, as there are many feast days, we will take the half at one hundred and thirty-seven. Days lost by sickness I do not allow for, as they must be lost in any case.

				Dols.	cents.	
50 men	137 days	at 25	cents.	1712	50	
30 women	„	20	„	822	00	
20 children	„	10	„	274	00	
				2108	50	
Add the interest as above				1662	00	
				4470	50	= 931*l.*

which would remain the income of the planter, and at that rate we are not called on to pity him very much; many will say he comes off too well, especially as I have underrated the labour account, and we may probably set his income down at one thousand pounds per annum. This is, indeed, moderate, as in the years 1842—1846 at any rate, a slave was computed to produce at least one hundred dollars worth of sugar or tobacco.

But if this should be thought going too far at first, let one day only be taken from the negro's work; let him pay interest only for his Saturday, and so on ;—make but the one step, the rest will surely follow as fast as mathematical progression will allow them. I have said, stop the slave trade first; but if *anything* of this kind were seriously done, a panic, much greater than that of 1845, would seize the persons in whose hands is the trade, and it would undoubtedly stop, and I much *fear*, the day the news reached Old England, all the old women would rise in rebellion at having (fatal effect of freedom) to pay at least a halfpenny a pound more for their brown sugar!

It must be borne in mind that I only speak from a knowledge of the Holguin and St. Jago districts, concerning which, at least the former, I believe no one has before favoured us with his printed ideas.

As for travellers, indeed, they peradventure could give us far more racy and amusing sketches, whose days probably were passed either in Havana with its exciting and agreeable society, varied by the splendid hospitalities of a Captain-General, or if in the country, at the palace of some noble or wealthy proprietor, where nothing but delights can await them, and where, perhaps, the only form of slavery they may be permitted to see, is when all hands are allowed to march up to the "casa grande" to the barbarous music of their "tumbas," that they may be allowed a general dance on some occasion of festivity.

I have read, indeed, but one work on Cuba (besides Humboldt's account and Dr. Madden's), and that was a short but interesting one by an American physician, written many years ago, so I cannot say much of what may have been put forth. But if their experiences were of pleasures, with me the contrary, alas! prevailed. Yet though I never saw a ball and supper, in an humble way, I have been at many a *fandango*. I have seen the slaves in every way of their living, have listened to them recounting all their little grievances, and the minutiæ of all their transactions; have stood it out with them from before sunrise till after sunset on many a roasting day, as well as many a wet one;

have worked with them, boiled sugar with them, and fought with them! But though I have seen something of negroes and their character, there are men who have devoted long lives among them, and an account of experiences, given by some member of that class, would, I am sure, be very curious and interesting.

I spoke of the humanity of the generality of the laws and regulations of the Spaniards in the particular of slavery, which contrast favourably with those of *some* of the States of the American Union. For instance, a woman during her pregnancy, on tendering the sum of twenty-five dollars, can secure the freedom of her offspring, when born; and this is a sum which almost any mother could pay if she chose. Yet of any one of them doing this I never knew an instance! They do not reason on abstract injustice, for they know no such feeling. They say, "Why should my child be free? I am well enough off. My child may die directly; then where are my twenty-five dollars, for which I could purchase plenty of new shawls, ear-rings, and dresses?" Now the woman, who made such an answer, had she, indeed, so liberated her child (which turned out a fine male) would have laid a solid foundation for her own future freedom, since negroes generally do free their parents; but she still asserted she was as well

off as she was. Instances to the contrary are decidedly very rare, although a woman had paid her full price to the owner a few years before, and now laboured hard, assisted by the spare work of her two sons, who were gigantic men, to effect their liberation, and this they expected to do in a year or two more. How would such a plan as proposed above, help such deserving people, and bring out the best traits of their character!

Another very humane regulation permits any slave to change his or her owner at any time; and they can (but only once in every twelve months) demand a leave of absence of four days, in which to seek a new master. It is true, that if a slave has once availed himself of the privilege ineffectually, the owner can easily render it difficult for him to obtain another leave of absence for a long time at least; but this seldom occurs, because first, the slave takes care not to demand such leave until he shall have settled all the affair with his future master; and again, because no owner likes much to keep a decidedly discontented slave. There is an officer to whom disputes concerning value are referred. The last price for which a negro may have been sold, generally rules; but differences are made when the negro was purchased young, or born in the service of the seller, or if he has been a

"Bozal," or imported negro, or has been taught any mechanical trade.

The marriage tie is also respected by the Spanish laws, and any slave married by the church, can demand that his wife and children (at the breast) be not separated from him, and this is a rule very seldom evaded, as I happen to know.

It will not be considered too much if I ask my reader to concede, as I have hinted at, indeed, above, that, as a seldom varying rule, those slaves who have not laboured for their freedom, but who have been liberated fortuitously, hardly ever turn out members of any respectable class. Now this has come under my own immediate observation, for an Englishman named Norris (or rather I believe an American) dying some years back at Gibara, left their freedom to his slaves by will, together with part of the lands of, or adjoining, to his estate. These negroes, from being much the same as others, took to all kinds of irregularities. They inhabit a kind of village, whence they sally forth by day and night, and commit all sorts of robberies and atrocities, and are constantly getting into scrapes. It is quite curious to contrast them with the inhabitants of another scattered village not far off, who are just as remarkable for their habits of order and industry, and who are chiefly people who gained

their freedom by many a hard hour's work. Admitting fully that *they* paid too dearly for it, still it must also be admitted that had the *others* been more indebted to their own exertions, they would have made better men and citizens, instead of being really a disgrace to the country; and this strengthens a former assertion, that Cuba would, indeed, be a dangerous country to live in, were the slaves simultaneously set *free*. It would be somewhat as if a very philanthropically inclined, but sadly ignorant, person were to get it into his head, on seeing a glass hive of bees, and observing—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes!"

should seek to liberate *them* by smashing it with his bludgeon. The simile is not perhaps perfect; but I promise you there would be plenty of stinging in both cases.

One of these same freed negroes above mentioned, cost me and my assistant one anxious night at any rate, and a short account thereof may give some notion of the sort of pranks they delight to play. We had long suspected this man of having continually introduced ardent spirits among the men, as they had been particularly noisy on some Saturday and Sunday evenings, when he had been noticed passing through. This Saturday evening we agreed

to watch more closely. The negroes sent to ask if they might beat the drum for a dance for an hour, which I permitted, but soon the noise increased to an unusual degree, and I sent my assistant, Don Pepe, to tell them to be quiet. When he got to the negro houses, he found there the same free man and also several of his acquaintances, drinking, and serving out rum to our men, behind one of the houses. They received him with a volley of abuse, defying him to fight, and in this cry some of our own men, now intoxicated, joined. He very properly restrained himself, and returned to me, and I, longing to make a capture of the free negro, determined to get the assistance of the Captain of the Partido, a local police officer. However, I tried first myself, but could do nothing with them. Pepe jumped on my horse, which was luckily tied close by, and in less time than I could have believed possible entered at the other gate, of which I was apprised by a sudden increase to the disturbance. Even before I could run to the place of action, some blows had been exchanged, but the worst was, that the very best man we had on the estate had aimed a blow of a fence rail at the Lieutenant of the Partido, who was chasing him about with a loaded pistol. Suddenly he appeared with a long knife, and darted into his own house, whither, if the Lieutenant had

followed, it would have been all up with him, but he was too knowing for that, and only guarded the door, while I and the wife of the negro employed ourselves in making a hole at the *back*, through which he luckily escaped. The Lieutenant fortunately did not know which it was, nor of course did *we*. Meantime the free negro appeared to have made off with his gang on seeing the force of the law against him, and all that remained were the rest of our negroes, every man drunk, and shouting at the top of their voices all sorts of abuse, just as they would do, I suppose, at home at Timbuctoo, or Old Calebar. This would never do; so the four of us —for the Captain had brought the "Jeniente" with him—dashed at them, and made each a prisoner. Some resisted a good deal, but we lodged six or seven in durance, the worst in the stocks, the rest handcuffed. It was then proposed to go and catch the free negro, the cause of all the row, to which I gladly agreed, and they went off, with Pepe to show them the way, leaving me guard over the whole establishment. I got my men now to admit that this was great "boberia," as they were beginning to get a little sober. This does not mean "bobbery," Indian reader, though it was that too, but simply *folly*. In two hours my party returned bringing their prisoner, whom they had arrested as he was

getting into bed, and, strange to say, with no sign or smell of drink about him, so that that part of the business had been all assumed. We gave him the place of honour in the stocks, and retired to hold a council over coffee and cigars. Now behold the beauty of Spanish institutions. Had "el Senor Capitan" been positive in asserting next morning before his superior officer, in the city that any of the slaves had resisted the law, and attempted to strike him in the performance of his duty, I believe the cheapest plan the master could adopt would be to give up the slave at once to the authorities, for cases have been known in which the costs of the law have amounted to double the real value of the slave! And even if we had proceeded against the free negro, I should never have heard the end of it, and should have had to make countless journeys to Holguin, give all sorts of depositions, and be in fact robbed and ruined. Instead of which I took my friend the Captain into another room, and, asking his advice, slipped a four-dollar piece into his hand to buy a few cigars with, giving him many thanks for his services. He agreed with me entirely, and further insisted on staying till the morning star should rise, and by the time we had smoked a few more cigars this took place.

Meantime we agreed to hold a court, and

sentence our prisoners ourselves. So the free man was loosed and brought very cold and humble, and begging for mercy. The Captain made him a famous speech, enumerating all the possible things that could be done to him, and extolling *my* clemency in now freeing him, but assuring him of the probability of being hauled up at any moment for this same offence, especially if he should ever be heard of within the fences of the estate, by day or night. This was far better than law, as the result proved that neither he nor any of his gang were ever seen in my time within the gates, except by our especial leave. The Captain took his departure; and we, loosing all our prisoners, turned them out, reluctantly, to work, and though ourselves tired and sleepy, kept them hard at it all day. Felis, the negro who had produced the arms, was afraid to return to me, but presented himself to the owner of the estate, who lived a few leagues off. He merely forwarded him on to me, but I could not pardon such decided mutiny, and Felis, who, sober, was our best and greatest man, was sentenced to a flogging of twenty-five lashes, followed by a night in the stocks; and who shall say he did not deserve it? Twenty-five is the number allowed by law for one offence, or for one day, and seldom so many are given. For such an offence as combined drunken-

ness and mutiny, what would be awarded to one of our sailors? Probably two hundred, and look at the difference between a cat-o'-nine-tails and a common riding-whip! Besides this occasion, I have more than once had to punish negroes, and always found the stocks the most efficacious. Though, as fixed in Cuba, they cause no pain, the culprit's feet only being confined, thus leaving him at liberty to lie at full length or sit; yet the being locked up with no one to talk to, and without that delight of the negro, a little fire alongside him, and worse than all no tobacco, are anything but agreeable, and you have not frequently to incarcerate them twice for the *same* offence. But, like the Indian coolies who come to work on our Ceylon estates, they try over seriatim, as regularly as possible, all their tricks on every new superintendent, as do the coolies on every new estate they go to. Every man of them is soon observed to be famous for some particular "dodge" of his own, and all these have to be found out and corrected, before the manager gets them well "in hand." Some of the most difficult cases are those of feigned illness. I remember the first day I got to that estate, there were nine cases on the sick list, reduced next day to three! My most powerful auxiliary was a small quantity of tartar emetic, which I afterwards procured and administered to the first

decided case of sham, and with magical effects, for no second dose was required!

As may be supposed, a great many negro slaves annually make their escape from their masters. These are two kinds of runaways; those who merely leave on account of some temporary pique, or fright, and others who really start thinking to get back to their country. The former seldom stay away long, and generally lurk about the house itself, and are mostly soon caught or come back of themselves. But the others, who try to get away entirely, have a different idea, for as they came by sea, so do they expect to get back to Africa by land, and always make for the east.

Now, at the very eastern end of Cuba, within the triangle between the cities of St. Jago and Baracoa, and Point Mäysi, a wild and rugged tract of country exists, and in the centre of all, an immense mountain, called the Sierra del Cristál, which I have often seen from the sea. Hither no adventurous topographer has yet directed his steps, but were the proper measurements made, I am almost certain, the Cristál would be found the highest eminence in Cuba. On this mountain range every one unites in declaring that the runaway negroes, stopped by its inaccessible summits, have established a large settlement. Collections of wild Indians, or negroes, so

established, are called *Palenques*, and the people, "Apalancadoes." For the capture of what is called a "cimarrón simple," a mere runaway, that is, any slave found wandering more than twelve miles from his master's house without a passport, a reward of four dollars is recoverable from the owner, and many poor Spaniards turn a penny by looking out for such chances. The Palenques come under a different regulation. Sometimes they form themselves in more accessible districts, and a settlement of runaways is termed a palenque when there are more than seven congregated. The business is superintended by an official, called a Contador del Consulado, and the court a Consulate.

Expeditions for the reduction of Palenques must be undertaken under the auspices of this tribunal. If the expedition be considered one of extreme danger, special rates of reward are offered. In that case, *extirpation* is probably determined on; but such cases have rarely happened. Otherwise they are governed by the following rules: — If the number, killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounts to twenty, eighteen dollars a-head are paid to the captors; if they exceed twelve, sixteen dollars; and if six, ten dollars; but nothing is paid *for* those, who either die or are so badly wounded that their masters will not have them; and they may refuse them if the ex-

penses of the capture amount to more than the value, which might easily happen, as about one shilling sterling per diem is exacted for costs of maintenance, and one shilling and sixpence for every league they are brought back. The rewards are equally divided among the party, only one-sixth part more is awarded to the captain.

The great Palenque of the Cristál, however, remains as much a mystery as ever, and some even doubt if the Spanish Government does not leave it purposely as a kind of safety-valve for the discontented, for no expedition of importance enough to reduce it has ever been undertaken, although small parties are annually formed in Baracoa, who hover about it, and capture a great many negroes. Common report says, that the settlement is high up on an elevated plateau, only approachable by one pass, which is fortified by overhanging rocks, kept ready to hurl on the invaders, and strictly guarded by wary sentinels; and that on this plateau, whose inhabitants are said to amount to many hundreds, grain, tobacco, &c., are grown sufficient for their wants. It is further hinted, that some whites have more dealings with the Apalencados than they would wish generally known, and supply them with clothes, and necessaries unattainable in the Palenque. While I was at Gibara, a negro was brought in belonging to

an estate there, who had received eighteen or twenty sword cuts, having made a desperate resistance. I have often been seized with an intense longing to visit this Palenque, but was deterred by two good reasons. If I had attempted it singly, I should assuredly have been murdered, and if with the connivance of any other individual, it would have come to the knowledge of the Government, and I should have been fleeced of the last farthing, or ended my days in a gaol. I have listened for an hour together to my friend Pepe's yarns about Baracoa, of which place he was a native. It must be a delightful spot indeed, and I wish I could have visited it! The land is entirely rocky and mountainous, and celebrated for coffee, but, higher up, the hills are clothed with pine trees (*P. occidentalis*), and their echoes resound to the songs of nightingales, as he called them (*rüiseñor*), but which, I suppose, are mocking-birds.

An old hand (said Lopez) forming one of a party for catching Apalencados, had managed to separate himself from the rest; being doubly confident, inasmuch as he carried, besides the usual rapier, a double-barreled percussion gun. As he was going along quietly through the wood, he heard the voices of a man and woman in conversation. He immediately burst through the bushes, and stood in front

of them, demanding surrender, and presenting his gun. The man, instead of complying, was making off, when the white man, knowing he could not catch him while encumbered with his gun, pulled the trigger, but the cap only exploded! On this the woman, turning round in another direction, called out, "Francisco, come out! white man gun no powder got!" Now behold *three* adversaries; the men armed with swords, the woman with a long knife! However, not this time did his gun prove faithless; he quietly put on a fresh cap, and, as there was no help for it, took a deliberate aim at each of the men, whom he shot in turn, and afterwards capturing the woman, not without some trouble and a few wounds, made his way back to his party.

A good many children are captured in these expeditions, and a friend of mine had a servant who had been one. The rest of the negroes look with supreme contempt on these Palenque people, and really think it a disgrace to have been there. I have often heard them twit this woman on her origin. As for her, she was one of the greatest furies and most completely intractable creatures one could conceive. She had really no end of paramours; and she carried her familiarities with them to such a scandalous degree, that my friend placed her under

some restraint or other; in revenge for which she actually set fire to his house, which was burned to the ground, with much valuable property! It was her anxiety to include him in the conflagration, which saved him, for she set fire to the thatch just above where he slept, and the crackling of the flames awoke him, but if she had chosen another part, he might easily have been suffocated. In consideration of this proof of her warm feelings, he disposed of her to a sugar estate, where she would hardly have a chance to play such pranks, her propensities being known.

I have sometimes been alarmed, in thus sketching freely what I know of the negroes and their character, fearing that I might be considered prejudiced. And yet I have not withheld a due exposition of many of the crying evils which beset the government and inhabitants of Cuba, in consequence of the institution of slavery; nor have I made them out so very bad, on the whole. I agree entirely with an eminent writer in thinking, that if we see among them even under favourable circumstances, none of those brilliant talents which shine especially in the Caucasian races, yet that they are eminently capable of being converted into a worthy domestic community, of industrious habits. The common run of negroes, as may be expected from their uneducated

state, are indeed addicted to many vices, the principal being always theft and drunkenness. Every place destined to preserve your property of all kinds must be kept *locked*, and I myself have been sleeping in a room, with the door open, while two hundred pounds of tobacco were being stolen out of the adjoining one—a feat which was effected by breaking into a cellar beneath, and then prizing up a plank of the floor. But of the dreadful crimes and sins which disgrace too frequently our English calendars, these poor people are altogether innocent; and, though thought so cunning, there is no trick, as I said before, which they can try, that is not easily fathomable. And here let me expose a saying attributed to the "Abolitionists," which I have heard, to the effect that, as the slaves are unjustly detained in bondage, *therefore* they possess a *right* to all of their masters' property they can lay their hands on."* That these, and far *blacker* doctrines have been preached *to slaves* is true; and how shall these people reconcile it to their consciences, or do they think their cause is served thereby? Perhaps it will grieve them to be told that there are honest slaves, and plenty of them. Unless there were, little or no business could be carried on. To a

* How different St. Paul! 1 Tim. vi. 1, and Ephes. vii. 8, &c.

slave is generally, or almost always, intrusted the making of the sugar; and of course he could, if he chose, give away great quantities of it. But it is not found so. The distillery also is nearly always under charge of a slave. It is indeed much to their honour that they resist as they do, so many opportunities of theft; and I think further, that almost the worst thief amongst them, if appointed to a responsible situation, where he should see confidence placed in him by his master, would not lightly break it; and it is no less remarkable, that the majority seem to care more about the honour of the estate, and about their master's prosperity than their own! But this will not apply to those masters and estates where slaves are considered as mere machines, but to those where their better feelings are appealed to.

By far the most remarkable case of this is that of my friend P——'s slaves. Purchased out of a slaver, when they arrived at his estate, it did require some exertion of faith to recognise these beings as "men and brethren!" They never seemed to have been aware in the least of the cleansing properties of water, and had forcibly to be made to wash themselves, for some time. But the worst was, that they had not apparently any ideas *at all*, of any kind; it was painful to behold humanity under such a degraded aspect! But gradually, and with

the utmost patience, P—— brought them to understand matters little by little; and in two short years his estate was pointed at above all the rest, for the *superior* intelligence of the slaves, and the result amply bore this out. No sugar of all the district is superior to Don Santiago's, as all know; no rum is better than his, distilled also by them, and the estate was aptly christened La Victoria, for it was a victory indeed. No slaves anywhere are more expert with the axe, the chopper, or the hoe, and they number many excellent ploughmen. They are remarked for their cleanliness also, and he has them dressed in uniform, namely, a blue shirt and white trousers, and a red flannel for the cold, of which they are vastly proud. This, then, is the result of system. Certain rules were made, and *never altered*, and they know it is useless to try to evade them; but now custom has become a second nature, and they are really happy, I am sure; proud of what they have achieved, and attached to their master. Indeed, were all in Cuba like *them*, they might, almost, be all liberated at once.

This is no romance, reader! Then how encouraging is it to know that those very nations of Africa, whose intelligence at first seems to rank with, or even (and it is a bold saying) *lower* than

some of the beasts that perish, still have that germ within, however dormant, which will, if fostered, grow, and produce fruit abundantly! I find I do not know the name of the tribe in question, but doubtless they were a set of prisoners, or perhaps even slaves of some nation far removed from the coast. A stranger might suppose that much could be learned from the slaves about their former mode of life in their own country; but, either from forgetfulness or a deeper unknown motive, they are loth to say much about it, and some of their stories were too evidently improvised for the occasion to be allowed much credit. Many have told me, however, that they were slaves, and that all their countrymen were so, to the king, and that they themselves were employed, when in their country, in salt making, in the dry season, and in cultivating the soil at other times. This, as we have an example very similar even of a Christian state, and that of Europe, following much the same plan, need not surprise us. The truth is sometimes elicited by accident, or in some casual state of excitement. Thus, having received from my brother a few grains of the species of millet, called "Jowaree," from India, a plant which is a native of Africa, and does not grow in Cuba, an old woman, one of the slaves, to whom I gave it to sow, recognised it at once,

with a loud cry, calling out in her broken Spanish, "A', a, A'—a! cosa d'a'n' Guiné! cosa d'a' Guiné!" and informed me that it was the very grain of her country, and that *she* had always been employed cultivating it "for the king." She called it "Keendee,"* though I believe it is the grain which goes by the name of Dourra, in books of African travels. While I am copying this from my notes, I perceive that the Rev. Mr. Moffat, in his account of the discovery of the great lake to the north of the Cape colony, calls one of the nations there "Makoba, or Slaves." I suppose, therefore, that this is the real state of the case, and that, with rare exceptions, all who are kidnapped and sold, are of the lower class or classes, and, that these *are* slaves. I am more inclined to believe this from the circumstance, that most of them, when they get to Cuba, do not seem to act as if they had at any time been free masters of their own actions, and appear to take the compulsory labour as a matter of course; besides, as a general rule, a great majority do know how to handle agricultural tools, and their thews and sinews bespeak them to have been hewers of wood, and drawers of water. Many exceptions exist of course, and that too of *whole nations* among whom are found slaves occasion-

* She was a Mandingo.

ally, who were not so in their native country. They are very hard to be reconciled, and, if cruelly treated, have been known to commit suicide, and they think that their bodies, after death, are reconveyed to Africa safe and sound. I have seen two or three of this nation, who were fine active fellows, very intelligent, and great hands to climb trees. It is curious enough that they could all turn somersets backwards.*

One of the slaves where I was, was covered with scars, which he said were arrow wounds, received in battle, and that he was a great warrior in his own country, but as he was *now* a great coward and liar, he was ridiculed by the rest of the slaves, and disbelieved. However, one day, I saw him chasing a hen of his with a long pointed stick, which at last he threw, at full speed, and transfixed the bird so neatly, that I began to think some of it might be true. We had another man, a quiet inoffensive fellow, and good boiler man, who told me he had none of his countrymen in that part of the country, and that few ever got to Cuba. He said it took him six months of marching to reach the sea from his country. On being pressed for more information, all you could make out was that there were very large rivers, like seas, there,

* Their tribe or nation is called Bibi.

and much larger trees than in Cuba. The very recollection of it seemed to bother him completely, nor could I ever get any more out of him than the name of his nation, which he called A-pa. One thing has often puzzled me; and it is, that one at least of the nations out of which the greatest number of slaves is said to be captured is Mahommedan, but I never yet heard of or saw a Mahommedan negro. To be sure all the slaves are baptized Christians in Cuba, but if true Moslemen, it would break out somehow or other. I allude to the Mandingos, of whom there are abundance, and a fine race they are.

I am very sorry that I did not pay more attention to these points,* and I may further say, as a most curious circumstance, that I never heard of the system of Obi, or Fetish, or Devil worship, either spoken of by the Spaniards in Cuba, or practised, to my knowledge, among the slaves, of which the Jamaica people say so much; nor have I ever detected any idolatrous ideas at all, or any otherwise than Christian, as far as they go. I will do them the justice to say that they do not seem to be fatalists in any way, and many of them have really spoken with much apparent seriousness,

* The nations which furnish most slaves seem to be the Cóngos, Cangãs, Mandingos, and Carabalís, and also the Bibís.

and seemed thoroughly to believe that trust is only to be placed in God. And this they had discovered themselves; for, alas, I fear that but few of the whites, with whom they have to deal, care or think much on these subjects, or, if they do, think it worth their while to inculcate them on their slaves. It is indeed laid down by law that they shall do so, with due regard to the "Santa Religion Catolica," and we used every night, on calling the roll, to recite the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed, but I cannot say I attended much to the injunction respecting the *Catholic* Faith, in that sense of the word.

I did not, I see, note a circumstance which occurred on my first passing across from St. Jago to Holguin. I then did not know a word of Spanish, and as I had hurt myself seriously by the fall from my horse, on arriving at our resting-place for the middle of the day, I complained very much of my back and side. The kind people did all they could, but naturally wished to understand exactly what was the matter, which I could not explain. In this dilemma, a sudden idea seemed to strike one of them, and he cried out, "El Negro Ingles, El Negro Ingles!" He then beckoned me out, and to an outhouse, where lay stretched on a mat, a negro, apparently long past the ex-

tremest limits of man's age, and also in the last stage of weakness. The people gave me to understand that he had been a long time there, and as they still continued to repeat "Ingles, Ingles," I addressed him a word or two in English. It seemed to act as a charm, for he opened his eyes, and turned himself slowly on his mat. "Ah, mahsa!" he said, feebly. "You seem very old and weak," I said, "do you want for anything?" "No, mahsa," he answered, in a voice so low and faint, I had to stoop low to hear, "I want nothing. I want to die, but God not wish it; when God wish, I am ready." Who would not have been affected with such an answer? The people saw this, and said no more. The young man, however, who had first thought of him, addressed him again, but not another word would he utter, and perhaps never spoke more.

Now are we to suppose that such feelings are very rare? With this testimony in favour of the negro character, I will close the subject for the present, and this chapter; earnestly intreating the reader to reconsider carefully whatever opinions he may have formed, for I am well aware, from the slight experience of a four months' stay in England, that other very different ones generally prevail there, which, when I undertook to combat

on one or two occasions, I found too deeply rooted for anything I could say to shake. It is only by little and little, and by stating things in a fair light, that I should expect to effect anything, and this I hope has been done. The field is a wide one, and I often regret I am not still personally a labourer in it; but for that matter, west or east present spheres of exertion, whose dimmest horizon is scarcely discernible!

CHAPTER IX.

"Still mine eyes in vain are seeking
Some green spot to rest upon!"

FAMINE! SCENES OF MISERY AND RUIN.—A GENEROUS FRIEND.—THE GREAT NEGRO PLOT.—WHOLESALE PUNISHMENTS.—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.—BIRDS.—A LEARNED PARROT.—PALMS.—SUGAR-CANE, AND ITS MODE OF CULTURE AND PREPARATION FOR MARKET.—TOBACCO.

I KNOW the reader would be wearied, and, if a man of a feeling heart, also pained and grieved, were I to describe, with accuracy, the scenes which met our eyes daily during the continuance of the drought and famine in Cuba, in 1843-4. Though the subsequent effects were far worse, yet the months of September and October of the former year were, perhaps, the most trying, since we were doomed to suffer the trials of Tantalus in addition to the actual and present drought. Every evening, during the continuance of the proper season of rain, clouds gathered in the opposite direction to the wind—namely, in the south-west; distant lightnings flashed in the sultry evenings, and thunders were, though

barely, audible. In fact, the high peaks of St. Jago, and the mountains of the southern coast did attract some of the rain which failed not to bless the other islands. But none fell in our district. These months were also those of our severest trials, for it was in them that the greatest part of our stock perished. After that, we had, alas! only ourselves to look after. The poor pigs came home from the forest, where neither food nor water was procurable, and wandered about like ghosts, dropping off by twos and threes. The cattle—it was piteous to see them! Reduced to extremes, they devoured all sorts of unwholesome food, such as leaves of trees, and especially the hedges of *maya*, called *penguins* by the English, a species of wild pine-apple, which caused their bodies to swell up, and they died by scores; so, in places where cattle had much abounded, dreadful fevers, and other pestilences sprang up, from which few escaped. The "Auras," or turkey buzzards, plied well their task as scavengers; for they are to Cuba what the jackals are to the Eastern world. Wherever our eyes were directed, hundreds might be seen in circling flight, or sitting, gorged and stupified, on the fences and trees. They seemed to have been specially multiplied for the occasion, and no doubt, were of vast utility. At the beginning of the year we had, between us,

more than a hundred hives of bees, and the former possessor of the "Hato" had been celebrated for his honey and wax. Now we were reduced to *eight*, although we had given them abundance of sugar; and one day, on looking into a molasses cistern at an estate some six or seven miles from our place, I observed a stratum of bees several inches thick over its surface, and there they had met their fate. It is remarkable that bees will not touch molasses or sugar, if there is a proper supply of flowers. Flowers? Even the forests turned to a dingy brown, and a garden, which was kept regularly watered, would not produce its fruits! The sun shone with unclouded blaze, and a very strong breeze blew the whole time, with the thermometer at 86° to 90°.

It soon became very evident that we, at any rate, were *completely ruined;* and our only resource, or rather the only trouble that now remained for us was to secure the means of actual subsistence for ourselves. I considered that I could manage more economically by myself, and so separated from my partner. An event was coming which, indeed, put my economy to the test.

Hitherto, that is up to October, we had been dependent on the western end of the island for our supplies of provisions, and two or three schooners,

&c., used to arrive in a week from Havana, with cargoes of plantains and other matters. But now a vessel, returning empty, brought us the astounding news of the great hurricane, which had laid waste the entire of Havana, and the country as far as Matanzas or further, and destroyed almost every living plant. An acquaintance, who then returned from Havana, said the only comparison he could think of was, that the effect appeared as if in that one night a quantity of boiling water had been suddenly poured over every green plant. Well was it for us that thoughtful people had already written for supplies from that great granary, the United States; but the interval was truly a hard pinch! For three whole months (for my part) my only food consisted of some Monte Video "tasajo," or jerked beef, boiled or stewed, with a few "frijoles," or black-eyed peas, which, though nearly a year old and terribly riddled by weevils, were, indeed, duly prized, and I know I was in this case the envy of many less fortunate neighbours. I have still the two trunks, to which as they had capital locks, I transferred the important *frijoles*, now more prized than even apparel itself. Whatever Liebig (though I dare say he is right enough) may discourse on the nitrogenous principles of pease in general, yet a three months' "course" is almost too much; and

yet, when they were running low, I knew not what to do, or where to turn for more. I sent my man with a doubloon, to Gibara, for rice; but he returned, as he could not bring himself to give twelve dollars, or about two pounds ten shillings for only one hundred pounds! In this dilemma, I turned to my horse, to see if he looked as if he could carry me away to some more favoured locality, or to search for food; but his gaunt and piteous look too plainly said, no. I managed, with some trouble, to *lead* him to my friend Don Santiago's, where he contrived to exist on cane tops with the cattle, till the bad times passed away.

I had but a few pounds of frijoles left, when one day I set off for a twelve miles' walk to the large estate described in a former chapter, and related my "piteous tale." My kind friend I know duly sympathised with me; but what was *my* case, or what were my responsibilities to *his*, who had two hundred mouths to feed daily? And here let me add yet another little testimony to the good qualities of negro slaves, for during this terrible time not a murmur escaped them, and they trusted implicitly to their master, who showed himself a most admirable manager! On this occasion, he "thought he could spare me" a few peas, and as for their conveyance, he found he had, *quite accidentally*, to send a cart

my way for a pair of wheels. Next day came the cart, and in it double the quantity of frijoles. Such is genuine friendship, few words, but mighty in deeds. Before we had gone very far with our new stock, a brig, laden with all sorts of provisions, entered his little bay, and all fears for starvation were past, at least as far as I was concerned. Not so with others. Having occasion to visit him shortly after this, I found myself as far as half a mile from his house, in a crowd of people, some of whom had come more than *twenty leagues* for food! Many of these brought money, but again far more had only promises; and many also were even unknown to him; and yet few went away empty!

At a distance of a few leagues from Holguin, the water failed altogether, throughout immense tracts of country, where, even in ordinary seasons, the springs frequently become saline, during a continuance of the usual dry weather of July and August. But now, these ceased to yield their supply, and on being sunk to a greater depth, gave a liquid as salt as the sea; whence we must conclude that *they* are the *real* springs, and the fresh only surface rain water, collected in holes, and retained by the adhesive clay. From these districts some managed to drive their herds to remote mountains, and thus save a few; but by far

the greater number went to the "Aüras;" and one proprietor told me that he and his sons remained as long as they could, to save the hides, but fever attacked them all, and they were forced to give it up. Gangs of twenty and thirty families might often be seen congregated in small huts around the springs. My neighbour M—— having begun to sink a new well, there was a serious consultation among the neighbours, who feared, that by some unlucky accident, the sources of the village spring, distant only a few yards, might be tapped, and *neither* secured, an accident which *has* been known to happen; however, it resulted most happily that both were available, and people came from far and near to draw.

One of the most curious phenomena was the appearance of the river. In the parts where it had been shallow, it of course dried up at once, but there were holes and caverns, some of great depth. These held the water a long time, but at last were compelled to succumb to Sol, the unrelenting; and one day I walked three miles down the bed without seeing water, except in one or two deep shady holes, that still retained a sort of muddy liquid, which yielded us, however, a fine dish of "camarones," or cray-fish. Some adventurous folks, of whom I was one, tried to avail themselves of the beds of

water-courses, still damp, to raise a few vegetables; and, in fact, I pulled a few roots of fine red beet, from seeds which a very kind friend had sent me a great quantity of, in an inauspicious time, indeed! In December, after the usual time of the "nortes," we had one or two heavy showers, and I and every one else immediately put in a great deal of seeds of provisions, but neither now were we to reap the fruits. When the Indian corn had reached the height of a foot, it withered under the intensity of the sun, and to make my story short, this state of things went on growing more and more intolerable, until the 4th of May, 1844, when early in the morning, and with little premonition, it became evident that the "windows of Heaven" were to be opened at last, and so, indeed, they were. A planter, who had left his property shortly before, when he arrived, was near passing his own estate without recognising it, the plantains which he had ordered to be put in having grown up, and screened his house entirely from view, and the fields, which he had left brown and scorched, covered with corn in full ear.

Now this dreadful calamity, *never before known* in that part of Cuba, which lost so many lives, and ruined so many interests, I suppose was passed over, if mentioned at all, by a paragraph of three lines in an

English newspaper! In the west of the island, the hurricane was followed up by tremendous floods, which equally destroyed canes, coffee, and produce already stored, and the rivers rose to a height never dreamed of. I am afraid to say, from memory, at how many *thousand* tons of sugar the loss was then estimated; but it will be seen, I think, in M'Culloch's Dictionary, under Art. *Havana*.

To crown all, these disasters were followed by a deeply concerted plot of the Western Negroes, by which incredible mischief might have been done, had it not been that many were really attached to their masters, and the conspiracy was discovered in good time. I do not consider myself competent, as I was not a resident of that part of Cuba, to give a decided opinion on this plot, and what I did hear, though *apparently* circumstantial, was of too dreadful, I may say diabolical, a nature to hint at even, without the most direct proof. I believe there remain yet some deep mysteries concerning it, still unfathomed. I read many of the reports of the trials (by court martial), which were very voluminous, and at which the most minute pains seemed (I must acknowledge) to have been taken, to elicit truth. A mulatto, named Placido, who had received an education, was the one who was made to appear the head, but he never seemed to have exhibited the least talent for

leadership. It was said the plot actually was, to introduce poison in the bread of all the white inhabitants on a certain day, and especially to the army. The end was, that about seven hundred were put to death of the conspirators, and about an equal number punished by imprisonment or the galleys. Several having escaped, were supposed to have made for the great Palenque, and we were all formed into squads, called "Rondas," or patrols, which we kept up till we heard of their capture. I must say we had some amusing "rounds" however; but it was very hard, if not totally impossible, to get us to turn out on a *wet night*. I may add, that this insurrection or conspiracy was another good reason why the Cuban slaveholders would have listened to almost any terms in 1845.

I will close my anything but agreeable reminiscences of the drought and famine, by saying that having "formed myself" into a committee of ways and means, I found that my little boat was quite unable to live in such troubled waters, or make way against such times and tides, and in fact that she would no longer keep my "head above water." A desire to get away from such an inhospitable land took a strong possession of me, and the country itself seemed determined to cast me forth, never having given me *one* chance. I therefore entered

into an arrangement by which the man, who had all along worked with me, took over the place on share of a third to him, while I applied for and obtained a situation as overseer of a sugar estate before mentioned, which was convenient as a place of residence; and though of course the pay was small, I had an opportunity of learning many things, and I made one or two advances on tobacco crops in the neighbourhood, the results of which were very profitable, as far as they went. So as regards any addition to my story, I have none; but as it would be concluding rather abruptly if I merely stated that I "went away," I will wind up my chapter with a few cursory remarks about the country, which must be taken as they come, for I have no time to arrange them, nor are they "exact" enough to merit classification.

I have sufficiently expatiated, perhaps, on the wonders of the scenery, and the fertility of this noble island. The pleasures which the contemplation of

> "Hill or valley, grove or field,
> Or woods, or sleepy mountains yield,"

will never be effaced from my memory! Still, Cuba,

> "In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,"

and fancy I rove again over your spreading savanas,

through your ancient forests, or wander by your palm-shaded streams, all lit up by that mysterious sun, only seen in "dream-land!" The most striking of the plants and trees which come under our daily observation may merit a short notice. How much do I regret that I was *too young* when I went to Cuba! This phrase has indeed a wide significance; but I mean that there is a certain time with all, when the importance of such things begins to be felt, and all I hope is, that none who read this, if young and able to do it, as I was, will ever think of visiting a country, as I did Cuba, without probing deeply the sources of knowledge bearing on it, and which will be found easier to be studied at home than in the very country itself; and that far more is known about it in England than by its own inhabitants. Without vanity, I may state as an instance, that from having paid of late, for a particular reason, a good deal of attention to the theory of sugar-making, and having studied what our latest writers have given us on the subject, and illustrated this by a few experiments, I should now, in all probability, were I to return to a country like Cuba, be in a condition to work at a decided advantage over my neighbours, unless they have very suddenly become enlightened, which is doubtful, at least except in particular cases. And thus

I regret not having made practical botany one of my studies, long ago.

I well know what extraordinary ideas some people (and no wonder) get hold of about the Tropics. There are writers, who after a long story about the "isles of the sunny south," "tropical vegetation," "gorgeous butterflies," "lizards," "*green snakes*," "thick masses of luxuriant foliage, studded with the most lovely flowers, and humming-birds of a thousand hues fluttering like fairies from blossom to blossom," &c.;—yes! I am positive I have read all this fifty times!—cause one to really expect nothing else, than to see the whole country like a well-packed "stove" in a botanic garden in England; and (of course) to fall in with *all* the objects one has read of (since *they* were all crowded into one sentence), in the course of half an hour's walk. Now as regards birds; the foliage of those in Cuba is more frequently sombre than brilliant. I was indeed commissioned by a lady to procure her bright feathers in Cuba, but I saw so few birds with such, that I gave it up. Parrots and parroquets are indeed plentiful, but their feathers are too common to be prized.

And yet, few and far between, one sees beautiful birds, though I never noticed more than two species of humming-birds, dark green and brown, and not

very small. I never heard of any partridges, and there are but few snipes. In fact, Cuba is the worst country for the sportsman probably in the world. A long morning's careful wading and creeping through the mud and thorns of the lagoons and "manglares," or mangrove swamps, might produce, if your gun carried far, a wild duck or teal or two, or a flamingo (a good bird), but would *also* most likely add a sharp attack of fever to its results. The only tribes of birds which are good contributors to the "pot" are the pigeons. Of these the large blue pigeon is the finest, and when the palm-seeds were ripening, I have often shot "my dinner" in a few minutes, as they lit, one by one, on the bunches of nuts. This pigeon remains always in the island, but the white-headed sort from Florida come every year to breed, in the spring; but not always to the same locality. Although not quite so wonderful a sight as that described by Cooper the novelist, yet it surpassed my previous belief in the matter, and I can honestly say I have seen a bough of considerable thickness break beneath its load. To be sure the whole population did not turn out *en masse* to shoot them, as he represents; nor, if it were so, should I like to be one; for though I only went out one day, yet I found the shot from my neighbours' guns whistling round my head several times. Notwith-

standing, I shot till I became deaf, and my gun so dirty I could shoot no more; but found I had a *seroon* full, which I salted. I should have gone out again, but I did not like their flesh, it having acquired a bitter taste from their having eaten the fruit of the cupeÿ, or wild banian-like parasitical tree. These poor birds were really allowed no rest, nor chance to build, till at last, having been hunted from the "manglares" near the Bay of Vita, they gradually approached to, and finally their well-thinned numbers found a sort of refuge in, the almost inaccessible crags of "La Silla," though even there they were not quite safe, for many parties were formed to rob the nests, and some of the young ones they brought me were excellent. There is also a dove, apparently the same as we have in Ceylon, very good in a pie; but I have not yet been able to come to the conclusion, as to whether one of them is or is not of the united value of a charge of shot and powder, and a cap. Besides, there is a yet smaller dove, a beautiful little creature, not larger than a sparrow. There are no songsters among the birds of Cuba, at least that ever I heard, as I only know of the ruïseñor of Baracoa, by report. The green parrots are very apt to learn, and articulate with really surprising distinctness. I had one who said his lessons in three languages. One day, having

wounded a wild parrot, I secured it, and brought it home, and it became at once tame. It never could be got to speak, but imitated only the cackling of a hen which has just laid an egg, and that with such wonderful tact, as often to set my people looking about. This was its only accomplishment, but in *it* it was perfect.

I had intended to speak of plants first, but somehow the birds "flew in." I have before mentioned the magnificent "Palma Real" (*Oreodoxa regia*), which must, as to beauty, be ranked first of all the trees. These palms grow so differently in different localities as to be mistaken by some for two different kinds. Those which grow along the banks of rivers, and whose crowns meet and trunks interlace in the most elegant manner, would be most esteemed by the artist; and the most fanciful vignette, that ever graced the title-page of an annual, could soon be exceeded in picturesque arrangement by the view of almost any reach of the Gibara River. The "creole" palms, as they are called, grow in land which has been cleared, and do not exceed eighty or eighty-five feet in height; but are stouter and better proportioned, though more formal. Twenty years must elapse from the time of planting the seed till these palms flower. Generally above the middle, in perpendicular height, the stem forms a bulge,

and in the thickest part of it is double the size of the root of the tree. This forms the great impediment to those who climb for cutting down the leaves for thatch. The part of the leaf which answers to the petiole (the stipes), is sometimes as large as seven feet by four, and is used for walls of sheds, and packing bales of tobacco. The fruit is used for feeding pigs, but I now have little doubt that this palm would be the very one of all others to give abundance of sweet juice, perhaps with less trouble than extracting it from the sugar cane. The flower stem, indeed, is the largest I should say of all the palms, save and except, of course, the Talipot.

Humboldt only mentions five palms in Cuba, but I know of six, and still think there are more. Three of them belong to what are called palmettos, but one of *them*, called Llareÿ, is a most important article of commerce, and immense quantities are exported to the United States, and manufactured into hats and mats, as well as bags, and all these are again reimported into Cuba in great numbers. There is another palmetto with a thick stem, a kind of screw palm. Then there is the Corojo palm, which I believe is the *Cocos crispa*. Its nuts are edible, oily, like Brazil nuts, and it is defended in a most extraordinary manner by immense needles projecting thickly from all parts of its black rough

stem. When young, the fibres of the shoots form a rope of surprising tenacity. I have often tried to break a fine strip, but it would sooner cut my fingers. The cocoa-nut tree proper, grows well in low favourable places, but hardly at all in high ground.

A bare enumeration of the useful and valuable trees of Cuba would fill a volume. Some are remarkable for containing most subtle poisons.

Of the cultivation of the cane I have already given my reader some little idea. In new lands, the first time of planting, nothing whatever is done in Cuba, but to make a hole (with a crow-bar generally) and insert therein a small piece of cane. The rows are made about six feet wide, and the plants weeded once. The Ceylon sugar-planter will stare, when I tell him that estates have held on this way, and have never been replanted for twenty-five years. When the rats or insects became troublesome, the trash was burned on the field after cutting the canes.

Cotton, both white and green seed, flourish well, but are never planted as a crop; nor is indigo, although it also seems to grow well.

A few words about tobacco may not be amiss, and first about clearing the land. Land for tobacco is generally counted by "Rosas" of ten thousand

square yards. The "front" having been measured off, the negroes are furnished with chopping-knives (machetes). These are of different kinds, and English and Spanish make. The English are the best in shape, being slightly curved, and about two feet long in the blade, with a wooden handle, but these are seldom found to be of good materials; and if they were, a great many thousands more would be sold. The Spanish are quite straight, and longer, with a horn handle, and are certainly the best, costing in Gibara about seventy-five cents each. They are made by blacksmiths of the country, by inserting a thin strip of steel between two strips of iron, and welding altogether, and are called "calabonos." With this instrument, the small underwood is all cleared off; all sticks, thicker than a man's wrist, being left for the axe. It is considered indispensable to cut each stem in two, after cutting it below, and also to cut them even with the ground. This operation (chapodar, vulgò *chapear*) costs about five dollars, or one pound per *rosa*, if done by free labour, according to the density of the underbrush, and a good man can so finish a rosa in a week, or even in less. It is well that the underbrush be dried before commencing to fell, and the management of this, and times and seasons for cutting and setting fire, are acquired only by experience. In

felling, care must be taken that the trees do not fall on the top of each other, and form what is called a *palizada*, but that they be evenly distributed over the rosa. The overseer's principal care must be, to see that as soon as a tree falls, it be divided in two where the branches spring. Then the branches themselves are divided, and the smaller ones with the *machete*, until all lie perfectly flat. Expert workmen can make a tree fall almost in any direction they please. All this being done, it is left fifteen or twenty days in dry hot weather. As rains generally give two or three days' notice, should such decidedly be seen, it is better to set fire when a little greenish, than that the rain should cause the still adhering leaves to fall off; as it is these that cause so fierce a heat. Four or five hands are posted to each rosa, and the fires lit as close to each other as possible, to windward. A gentle breeze is the best, and a very high wind is as bad as a calm. The hands must never leave it till it has done burning, and must rouse up the fire in parts where it slackens. Sometimes the whole burns, and leaves the land quite clean, and in such cases we may give a guess at the heat there must have been! As soon as the people can walk, the land is all cleared up (habitar), and for tobacco, it is generally made as clean as possible, and oxen are employed to bring together

in heaps the large logs, so that when this is finished, only the main trunks of the trees not burned will remain, and the stumps; these latter should not be charred by lighting fires on them, under the idea of burning them. In clearing land for canes little or no trouble is taken to burn off rubbish. When the time comes for replanting the canes, no sign of the former vegetation will be visible, except some old cedar stump. This wood *never* rots, except buried in the ground. Every year, indeed, it seems to wear away or oxydize as a piece of lead would, but I have seen fence rails more than a hundred years old. During the process of clearing up, the future fence must be kept in mind, and all sticks proper for it be saved, and those well charred are of course the best. When there is a large portion of land under cane, or other crop where there is danger of fire, and the land to be cleared lies to windward, a small belt of fifty yards or so should be left between. This small strip can either be left till the crop is out of the land to leeward, or felled, and burned in separate heaps, or else, left gradually to rot after felling (Tumbar y dexar). Here let me observe a remarkable difference between the land in Cuba, and the sandy soil on which I am now residing, in Ceylon. In Cuba, the *great majority* of the growing plants do not grow from the old roots, although, if

left entirely alone, the land, in time, will certainly grow up again, but with a different vegetation; and such plants as guavas, limes, and wild mulberries will be found in abundance. But here in Ceylon there is nothing for it but to dig up the roots bodily. I was at a great loss to account for this until I remembered, that in the adhesive soils of Cuba, with such great heat, the roots are baked as it were; and a friend suggested also, that they and the surface soil were *so* baked as to preclude the admission of air, without which they could not vegetate, or rather sprout; but here, the atmospheric influences, and also light, have free access through the looser sand.

The plant tobacco yields to those engaged either in its cultivation or manufacture, or who are otherwise connected with it in trade, &c., probably a greater degree of profit than any other undertaken on the large scale; with, however, a proportional amount of labour,—I mean in comparison with such crops as are merely sown, or planted, and reaped when mature. The tobacco-plant is indeed one which, from the time the seed is first sown, until the crop in bales be delivered to the merchant, must always be under the cultivator's eye.

The land for tobacco, if new forest, is generally felled and burned in August (the hottest and driest of all the months), and fenced in September. Seed-

beds are formed from the 6th of August till the 1st of November (All Saints), and this last day is also said to be the best! A few years ago great formalities were observed about Saints' days, &c., and especially in tobacco planting; *now*, people are content to sow when it rains. Still, though every one goes through the form of making them, August and September beds seldom succeed, as no one ever dreams in Cuba of watering any plantation whatsoever, with one exception, to be mentioned hereafter. October beds are also doubtful, owing to the heavy rains. These seed-beds (semilleros) are made either in a head-ridge of the field intended to be planted, or apart. The latter is better, but it should be made in new ground, both because the plants spring with more vigour, and are not liable to be choked with weeds, as in old land. It is well to have some shade, and an excellent plan is, to scatter the seed under plantain trees, which give about enough shade for the purpose; also among yams, or in a piece of new forest, with only the smaller trees cut down, and the latter is the plan most generally adopted. The seed is merely shaken thickly on the ground, and left entirely to nature; but it is really a matter of surprise that some intelligent people have not tried the method of sowing it like lettuce, or other small

seeds in beds, which might give a chance to erect an awning for the shelter of the young plants. However, the old plan generally answers perfectly well, so no one troubles his head about improving it, and, in an *ordinary* season, all have sufficient plants (*posturas*) and act in a very neighbourly way to any who have accidentally lost theirs. But in the years 1843-4 it resulted very differently; for though abundant rains fell after May, and any quantity of tobacco could have been planted, the previous weather had been so dry that every "postura" had died. In case of the recurrence of such a year, I should therefore, if again a tobacco grower in Cuba, adopt the precaution of making regular beds, which might be loosely covered with palm-leaves, over which water could be lightly dashed, to percolate, and refresh the seedlings.

Old land, according to the weeds, must be ploughed and cross ploughed three or four times after the first rains. For this cause, the tobacco of new land generally comes in before that of old; as, owing to the amazing stubbornness of the dry soil, not even a Spanish plough can enter till the rains; but in new land the plants can be at once put in, or with the second rain. When the land has acquired sufficient tilth, the plants, being about as big as cabbage-plants, are put in with a stick, exactly in

the same way as a cabbage, taking also care not to crush the green part of the stem, but, as much as possible, to press the root. Although the land in Cuba is so adhesive, yet, on ploughing, after rain it becomes perfectly friable, and, when not trodden down, in these "vegas de tabaco," has the look of so much pulverised black oxide of manganese. Those who like neatness, plant with a line; it is little extra trouble, and you then know that no ground has been lost. Thus a Rosa of ten thousand square yards, planted three feet by two, will give fifteen thousand plants; and so I have seen it calculated, while some give the rows three inches less in width, and put the plants so much further apart in length. In new land, the holes are made with a crow-bar, or sharp stake of iron-wood. In case of having a great deal to plant, watering is had recourse to, but I have seldom seen the plants watered a second time. It is well to have all the crop put in at once.

Now begins the great labour of the planter. From the day the first "postura" is planted until the last leaf be cut, he must never intermit his incessant watchfulness, and many work even at night. In short, the plants are immediately attacked by the caterpillar, which is to be found in all seasons. As the tobacco of Cuba is on all hands admitted

to the first rank, so in no other country do we observe these obstacles to its production in anything like such formidable numbers. They are of three kinds, the "primavera" or spring, the "cogollero" or he who eats the shoot, and the "cachazuda" or inactive. The *primavera* is the most destructive, being as large as the silk-worm, and closely resembling it. This caterpillar verily *has* an appetite! and a couple of them will soon finish a large plant entirely if left to themselves. The *cogollero* is smaller, hairy, and even more active, and affects the tender shoots and leaves. Perhaps the worst of all is the *cachazuda*, or *cachazú*, for it is more insidious, and burying itself underground during the day, gnaws through the stem at night, and not only of tobacco, but peas and other plants.

The plantation must be carefully gone through morning and evening, as then the caterpillars are most active, indeed the cachazú cannot be found in the middle of the day; but in seasons of great abundance of them, as in 1841, the work has to be continued all day. The best way is to collect them in a basket, and destroy them after the work is over; and a stranger would indeed be surprised to see the numbers a single hand will collect. This kind of work well repays all trouble, merely regarding the

weight of the produce; purchasers cannot open it all out to examine the soundness of individual leaves, but they can tell in a moment by poising it in the hand, whether a bundle is much deficient; if it is, they conclude that broken leaves have been inserted.

Turkeys are used in America to clear the tobacco of caterpillars, but they do not themselves breed well in Cuba, and they, as well as fowls, are more apt also to do harm, by pecking holes in the leaves, which they certainly do. Sometimes a number of very minute holes are found in the leaves: I was a long time at a loss to account for these, until at last I saw they were formed by little birds, in pecking at minute insects. As the leaves approach maturity, brown spots, like iron mould, appear always more or less, but especially after heavy rain, and in some cases, holes are formed, as if a drop of sulphuric acid had been applied. I think the cause of these is, the collection of large drops of dew at night, which so soak into the leaves, as to dissolve entirely the resin proper to the plant; so that when the hot sun succeeds, those particular places are so dried suddenly, as to destroy the juices of the plant, for if examined, they will be seen in no way to differ from parts of a really dead leaf. Of course the plantation must be kept entirely free from weeds, and at each weeding a little soil is put to the root. The general

plan is to pick off caterpillars till about eight A. M., and weed during the heat of the day, returning to the search about four in the afternoon.

As soon as it appears that the plant has attained its full growth (*cuerpo*) and that the flower stem may be expected, the top is nipped off, to throw back the juices more into the leaves, which thereby attain to double the size, at least, that they otherwise would. The plants, in general, then are as high as the knee, and have from ten to thirteen leaves each. In a very short time buds and shoots appear at the axillæ, and these also must be rubbed off whenever seen.

The quality of the tobacco is greatly altered by the soil in which it grows. Of this there is no doubt, and yet it is impossible to account for it, when the soil *seems* the same exactly. Yet, as with vineyards and wine, so with *vegas* and tobacco. I have seen a fence only, divide good burning tobacco, from that which burned with a black ash, if at all, and which is called "Jorro," realizing an old distich, concerning some "Vega del Ramósi;" to smoke a cigar of which it was necessary to have,

"En la mano il tabaco,
En la orta el tizón!"

A cigar in one hand,
In your other a brand!

The difference in the results between old and new land is, that in new land there are rather more caterpillars, and far less weeds; in this also it grows much quicker, and is of a better burning quality, but is also lighter when dried, and more silky, and better adapted for covers of cigars. Old land is generally preferred for tobacco, which is well known always to produce it of good quality, and heavy; and the vegas proper (black alluvial soil near rivers), is preferred by those who look for quantity. But in damp seasons, such greedy people are sometimes put out by the moisture collecting at the roots, and giving the plants in fact the dropsy; though they call it *fever* (calentura). If the plant once turns yellowish it never recovers, and three hours of actual *flooding* will kill any quantity of tobacco plants.

The kind of tobacco cultivated in Cuba is rather broad in the leaf, and not so long as the Virginia, nor does it suddenly taper from a broad shoulder to a point, as the Syrian. Virginian tobacco was introduced once into Cuba, and the *first year* was sold as Cuban, but any now found would damage the sample. And yet I have given it a fair trial, and could never discover any rank taste; and indeed we are assured that fine tobacco is smuggled into Havana from the United States, and used in the

best of the cigars; but I think this assertion must be somewhat qualified.

No test but experience serves to inform the planter when the tobacco is ripe. In places where very celebrated tobaccos are grown, as in Yara, in the district of Puerto del Principe, each leaf is gathered when mature, and, after curing, they are tied in bundles of a hundred leaves; but this plan is not followed in Gibara, and the whole plant is cut at once. This requires judgment; for if cut directly after rain, the whole of the resin will have been washed off, as it is a concretion formed externally, being excreted from certain hairy-looking glands, chiefly on the upper side of the leaves, and an undue want, or the reverse, of which, is most important, and can be regulated, in ordinary seasons. At a rough estimate, I may say that the "veguero" likes to let about ten days pass, after a heavy rain, before cutting; and this they also call acquiring a *body* (*coger cuerpo*). Thus, if he plants his crop in good time, he will get in the second cutting, and if very early, the third, before the heavy rains of May.

On being cut (close to the ground), the tobacco is left an hour or so in the shade, to acquire toughness, when the leaves will not break off in carrying home. It is then tied two and two, and hung on

poles in an airy curing-house, leaving about two feet between the points as they hang, and the pole under them. It has been known, that if hung very close, the whole houseful has heated bodily, and been lost. If a spell of wet weather occurs, a great many small fires are made on the ground of the curing-house, and in any case it is good to keep a little. When quite dry—but watching the opportunity of a moist day, when it loses its great friability—it is taken down and put into a frame (*prensa*), made of rough sticks, in the form of an X or V, until it acquires a temperature of about 120°. It has then lost its raw, greenish look and smell, having parted with a due proportion of carbonic acid. It is unnecessary to say, that this occupation is a most unhealthy one. Even a field of tobacco will give out a powerful odour, from a volatile oil exhaled from the leaves, and I dare say the wholesomeness even of this is questionable. But when added to the gases resulting from incipient decomposition, it is very highly deleterious, and when the poor (or lazy) people cure their crop in their own houses, they pay dearly for it, — and many I convinced of this. The tobacco is now stripped from the stems (*despalar*), and divided into three qualities. The first hand picks off the whole and sound leaves, which are over sixteen inches in length, called "long" tobacco (*largo*); he then

passes it to a second, who chooses out the rest of the sound, called "good short" (*carto y bueno*); while the third strips off all the broken and ragged (*desecho*). As soon as each collects as much as can be grasped in the left hand, he ties them firmly with a strip of "llarey," or Palmetto leaf, and these are called "little hands" (*manillas*). These are now again put in "prensa," when they undergo another slight fermentation, and the curing is complete. Great care must be taken never to rub the tobacco between the hands, as in this still crude state, putrefaction is easily generated. At a convenient season these "manillas" or "manojuelos" are made into "manojos," or large *hands*, called *karrotten* in Hamburgh (their great market), from their resemblance to a carrot, although, if they have *generally* such big carrots in Germany, their land must be *very* good. When it is designed to make a present, or preserve some very fine "tabaco escogido," great pains are taken, and a man may be a whole day in making one *manojo* of long tobacco. In that case a bundle of three manillas are carefully and firmly bound at the "butt" with llarey, and then each leaf being doubled, is smoothed flat on the knee, and the mid-ribs all laid side by side, and so closely, as that they *only* shall be visible. Only about three inches can thus be done at once, and when smoothed flat, they are

clasped with both hands and pressed between the *breast* and the *knee* of the operator, until the manojo is perfectly round, and as hard as a cricket-ball. As much as he has arranged, he secures with a band of llarey, and goes on to the next piece, every succeeding one being more easy to arrange, till he comes to the point. The other tobacco is all done the same way, only with less care; and for one hundred pounds, or a quintal, are necessary about twenty to twenty-two manojos of long, thirty to thirty-five short, and forty to fifty *desecho*.

As soon as the tobacco is cut, the land is well cleared again, and the plant quickly springs, throwing up a number of shoots. If the first plantation has been made in good time, all but one of these are nipped off, and the plants so obtained are no way distinguishable from the first, and frequently give nearly as much, and as good. On cutting the second crop, however, the season has so far advanced that the "calidad," or proper strength, will never form again, on account of the too great heat and moisture; and when the veguero sees this to be the case, he leaves all the shoots to take their chance; and this crop is called "tabaco de agua," or the rains. It is frequently mixed with some of capital quality for smoking, and burning freely, and does well to mix with the stronger "calidad." Among

the *tabacos de agua* also are found those remarkably spotted leaves, which our smokers sometimes choose out, as also the light cinnamon and ash-coloured leaves. These are selected by the tobacconist, not the planter, and being deficient in resin, are weak and light.

The true "tabaco de calidad" is, of course, the most prized, and is of either a deep brown, approaching black, as in the celebrated tobacco of Yara, or else of a fine chocolate colour; and is known by a downy lustre when held to the light, and by its also leaving a strong smell on the fingers when touched; also, of course, by its weight. The most generally liked for cigars is of an ash brown or brownish yellow, and the hairiness not so visible; this is termed "tabaco lavado," or washed. The differences of colours thus assumed by tobacco, according to the differences of seasons, and quantity of rain fallen, give the cigar-makers opportunity to choose out an infinite variety of shades for covers of cigars. This is mere fancy, however, for no corresponding pains are taken in the *filling;* all we can safely say is, that a cigar made from the *true* "tabaco de calidad," which the first year is not fit to smoke, will go on *improving* for four or five years, and after that will remain good, I believe, as long as you can possibly desire it; while those of the lighter kinds will

begin to *lose* flavour before the end of the second year, and will never be selected by the real connoisseur.

Tobacco is not cultivated in Cuba in large estates, or even large pieces, and about twenty acres is as great an amount as I ever saw planted by one veguero. Nor are plantations where there are more than thirty slaves or so, devoted to tobacco, but those of that number, and under, generally combine the raising a crop of tobacco with their sugar making. It is estimated that a slave will plant and cure one thousand pounds of tobacco of all qualities, in addition to other work; in fact, the tobacco should only occupy him six months, so it will be understood that the business is very lucrative. As also is the case under such circumstances, the vegueros are frequently reckless and extravagant, and sometimes a wonderful discrepancy is observed between the price the merchant advances on his crop, and that which it produces *him*. However, in the year 1844 I can assert that most of the advances were made (and that too actually after the crop was in the ground) at five or six dollars per quintal (one hundred pounds), and that when the tobacco was delivered (in August) the current price was thirteen dollars!

When tobacco is thus purchased in advance, the price is understood to signify "on the round," and

is generally delivered in the proportion of one "largo," two to equal it of "corto," and three of "desecho;" but sometimes separate covenants are agreed on. However, at the time that tobacco "on the round" was at thirteen, you could not have bought "largo" at twenty, but you might have bought "desecho" at eight or less. It may be imagined, therefore, with what interest careful planters watch the times and seasons. A shower of rain may turn all your *corto* into *largo* in a night, and a desperate onslaught of "gusanos" (caterpillars) may reduce the whole to "desecho!"

During the process of making the manojos, or otherwise manipulating the tobacco, if *no* damp weather should come in season, the requisite flexibility may be given to the leaves by piling them for a few hours with the leaves of various kinds of plants, of which I never could see that one was any better than another; but some people who are in a hurry employ pumpkin leaves, which will soon bring on a destructive fermentation if not carefully watched, and must be injurious.

In packing cigars, and even fine tobacco, with the leaves pressed flat, the leaf of a tree is used, called Trébol, and which gives it a pleasant smell. The leaves I have seen, and though so *called*, bear no

resemblance to trefoil. Though told frequently that the tree was everywhere ("á donde quiere"), on asking to have it pointed out, no one could ever find one. So, as to the actual reality of its existence, it is still to me a "myth."

CHAPTER X.

FURTHER VIEWS AND ARGUMENTS ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS EXTINCTION CONTINUED.

THE last overland mail having brought me out two sets of documents ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, viz. "Return of the Sugar Growing Colonies, Sept. 1848," and the "First Report of the Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee," I am enabled to compare the statements therein with my own previous impressions of eight years, and five years back, and really I find them singularly confirmed. I have no reason whatever to alter my opinion on my statement made above, "that if proper information had been transmitted to the Colonial Office *before*, the provisions of Peel's Bill would have been modified." I was not prepared to find that the *Spanish* government had in some sort kept the faith of their treaty, and that very few slaves, indeed, have been landed in Cuba during the last two years. But how shall we excuse

the facts stated by no less a personage than Lord Palmerston himself (12th Feb. 1848) to the effect that "Cuba has been a great seat of the Slave Trade till within the last two years. The laws of Spain positively prohibit the introduction of any new negroes as slaves into Cuba; but the laws of Spain, on the one hand, and the treaty with Great Britain on the other, were *utterly and entirely disregarded* by the local authorities of Cuba; and the Slave Trade was not only connived at, but protected, as far as it could be done, without openly giving to the British officers there, the consul, and the commissioners, facts which could not be denied." Wonderful trouble is taken about two or three British subjects who have suffered indignities (real or not) in Greece, but what shall we say to the poor "emancipados?"

These are slaves taken by our cruisers and liberated (!) in Havana by the mixed commission. The fact being that they are allotted out to task-masters, "*by the terms of the treaty*, to teach them some mechanical trade, and instruct them in religion," but in reality to be treated worse than slaves, "because the emancipado belongs to nobody —the slave belongs to some owner who has an interest, to a certain extent, in not destroying his *animal!* * * * We have urged, that as the only

method of securing their freedom, they should be sent to one of our West India islands, where slavery does not exist. The Spanish government has yielded in principle, but not much in practice. Every month the Governor of Cuba sends to our Consul-general a number of emancipados, varying from a dozen to twenty, to whom he says liberty has been given, and who are to be conveyed to Jamaica, or any other of our islands. The number I forget exactly, but it is a few hundreds that have been so sent, and they constantly contend that "these are the only emancipados who have acquired sufficient instruction, moral, religious, and mechanical, to fit them for being independent agents." How *lame* this sounds, overlooking the half brutality, certainly coarseness of the beginning, and no wonder it came into the indignant chairman's mind just after, to ask the witness if Mr. Canning, in 1823, did not threaten to take possession of Cuba on occasion of some just complaint against the slavers or pirates of Cuba! Then the chairman reads a letter from Consul-General Crawford, in which he says "the *selling* of the emancipados, under the direction and sanction of the Captain General, is the general topic of conversation — that the gas company has been provided by his excellency with lamplighters, to the number of fifty or more for five years, and

the price is stated at five ounces for each.* Her Majesty the Queen Mother is the principal shareholder of this company. * * * It is said that upwards of five thousand of those unfortunate wretches have been resold at rates from five to nine ounces, by which upwards of six hundred thousand dollars have been made in the Government-house, one-sixth of which was divided amongst the underlings from the colonial secretary downward; besides which, provision has been made for Mrs. O'Donnell (now Countess of Luccago) by transferring four hundred emancipados to the Marquis de las Delicias, chief judge of the mixed court (!) and one of (if not the greatest) of slaveholders in this island; so as that she may derive an income from their labour, under the marquis's management, of four thousand dollars per month. I have not the smallest doubt as to the truth of the *whole* of these statements; the first, as to the lamplighters, I know to be true."

I heard the other day of a grand new "Ingenio" having been set up by Queen Christina, with every latest improvement; behold the secret! But can Lord Palmerston have quite reconciled all this? Why should not that treaty be compelled to be

* Five ounces are one hundred and eighty-five dollars Cuba currency, or forty pounds.

kept, as carefully as another? And if the Spanish government "yielded in principle," they should, doubtless, have been *made* to do so also in *practice*. Seeing that these enormities were in direct contravention of a treaty with *us*. To compel them to confirm the emancipation of the supposed two-thirds of all the slaves, or all not born in the country, the former being in reality free by a law of Ferdinand VII. (v. q. 17), which grants freedom to all slaves forcibly taken to any colony, and at the same time renders it illegal, may be a "complicated case" (q. 21); as it is compelling nations to observe their own laws, and yet we do that too, even already, it may be said; but as for the abominable case of the "emancipados," I should say hanging is too decent a fate for all the people concerned, including first and foremost Queen Christina. Her sugar estate, where I make no doubt all the poor wretches are still, and that of the "Marquis de las Delicias," should be heaped about their ears, and the poor emancipados really set free. But I myself know that there are many British subjects slaves in Cuba, and ex-consul Turnbull came once to Gibara, while I was there, to look after them; but how? Surely in a manner little calculated to command respect; in a small schooner, manned by blacks, which alone was against

the laws of the island to do, and piloted in by a Spanish *outlaw* (Tomas Caton). In fact, Turnbull was clapped in gaol the moment he got to Holguin, and sent under escort to Havana, where he *dined with the Captain General*, and by a curious coincidence, the schooner escaped; and also the outlaw, out of a strong fort. I believe Mr. Turnbull could never show any authority for what he did, and altogether his visit was strange; but it did a great deal of harm, by unsettling the negroes. But as there are plenty of that stamp (now at last, to speak plainly) who desire no more than a general insurrection, so are such proceedings the most likely to bring one on. A commander of a sloop of a war could come in and arrange the whole business in an hour, properly.

I see that I have the honour to agree with Lord Palmerston, that it would be far easier to blockade the coasts of Brazil and Cuba than that of Africa, and he thinks it is "absolutely necessary."

Perhaps the most extraordinary affair is, when Consul-General Crawford, having heard of the landing of two expeditions of negroes, writes to General O'Donnell, and his letters are simply returned "without any note whatever;" and yet no satisfaction for this insult, and *still* the *fact* remains,

and though it can be proved fast enough, there the treaty may remain too; *we* are never going to make it good or even patch it. I suppose Lord Palmerston thinks it unscriptural to put a piece of new cloth on an old garment!

It is stated that the new Captain General is a better man; and the Spanish minister says, "when strict orders are given him, he will obey them." Indeed! Then still it seems to rest with him to do so or not, as he pleases; this is so implied by that mode of expression; a very neat one, I allow; for it may be read, "*When* strict orders," &c.; but *when?* or, "when *strict* orders," &c.; so they may or may not be strict, or, there may be no orders at all. Clever minister! I cannot see how Lord Palmerston gets over his admission that the actual treaty with Great Britain was "utterly and entirely disregarded;" he says it so openly too! Is it *possible* that he could not have insisted on its fulfilment? I repeat this, for it is truly wonderful to me!

In regard to the position which I took in asserting "that if the Slave Trade were stopped we should have little to fear," that, indeed, is strengthened by Consul-General Crawford's masterly letter of the 21st Feb. 1848, in which he says, "the price of slaves has risen enormously from their non-

importation of late, and I grieve to add, the increased severity with which they have been treated;" that able-bodied men were then worth from one hundred to one hundred and ten, and even one hundred and twenty pounds! and that even yet they can produce sugar at one penny three farthings per pound, counting interest at six per cent. Thus, I think (though fearing that importations *have* taken place *since* this date above), nay, I am sure, that were the least step taken on our parts, all this much dreaded bugbear would melt into airy nothing; they never would be able to carry on. But what shall we say? If we think nothing of our own honour, and the sacred trust involved in a treaty, added to insult and indignity, how shall we care for a parcel of blacks? *That* I have not touched on; for the poor slaves themselves, and their interests are never considered for a moment; I have only placed the matter in such a light as to show how the measure of their emancipation, even partially effected, would benefit us. And this is evidently the view which Lord Harris, Governor of Trinidad, takes in the conclusion of his letter of June 19, 1848. "By partial assistance in immigration, affairs may be carried on, until that event shall take place, which alone can break the spell under which the West Indies are suffer-

ing, I mean the utter destruction of slavery." That is, it would first benefit Trinidad, and might, or might not, the blacks.

A very strange feature observable in these reports, is the extraordinary difference in the state of things in Cuba, and in that of Brazil. In Havana, Mr. Kennedy of the mixed commission, says, "the profits of the planters last year (1847) were estimated at from thirty to fifty per cent!" Turn we to Consul Cowper of Pernambuco, 12th February, 1848, who first having stated that ten per. cent. could hardly be calculated on, says, "the interest of money is extremely high in this country, reaching three per cent. per month occasionally, so that supposing the gain of ten per cent. per annum was not an uncommon circumstance, it would not be an extravagant return for the Senhor de Engenho's capital; but it is so, and I have been assured by many of these gentlemen that for many previous years they have cleared no more than one, two, or three per cent. per annum." If that be the way, I should say even a smaller kick would send them sprawling than the gentlemen Hacendados of Cuba. Listen moreover to Mr. Westwood's report of Rio de Janeiro, 8th March, 1848. "The present value of a newly imported slave is fifty to fifty-six pounds for cash; but as the planters are seldom able to pay

ready money, slave-dealers sell the newly imported negroes at one, two, three, and four years' credit, at a much higher rate, bearing a ruinous interest, taking as security mortgages on the estates; and in this manner the slave-traders have the agricultural proprietary body at their mercy, and under their controul. The price of newly imported slaves has lately diminished, which may be attributed in the first place to the immense importation that has taken place within the last few months; and in the next, to the scarcity which has prevailed in the money markets." He says further, that the cultivation of coffee has superseded that of sugar, whereas, in writing of Cuba, I have hardly mentioned the former, *all* the estates having been converted, in the district of Holguin, into sugar plantations before I arrived there, and a great majority of the remaining ones to the westward were cleared away by the hurricane of 1844. But when we now hear, in 1850, of the failure in Brazil of the coffee crop of 1849, and a rise in Ceylon coffee of from thirty to fifty per cent. in three months, we must begin to suspect there is something still more rotten in their "state" and condition; but "it is an ill wind indeed, which blows nobody good," and we are carefully watching the see-saw, knowing full well that every pound one side is depressed by, will raise us

up by another as much. May the time soon come when we may hear of something less monotonous. For mercy's sake respect the manly appeals implied in Consul General Crawford's letters; a man, as far as I ever heard, who would never flinch from his *duty*, at any rate; and would soon let these grandees know *who* and *what* he was, *if he did but get the orders*. And for the first cargo proven to have been landed (if there were one we could soon prove it) let a sufficient force present itself, and demand their *restitution*,—cut the knot boldly;—should we not have the whole *civilized* world on our side? Either do all this, *and more*, or, proclaim a general free trade; *that* would be fairer than the present system of *protection!* Above all, abolish that shameful farce of the mixed commission, if our judge, our consul, and our GOVERNMENT tamely look on to see the poor *emancipados* made (what a pungent satire!) *lamplighters*, at five ounces apiece, or sent to the sugar estates to furnish sweets for the cup of life of Doña Christina, and El Marquis de las Delicias (!).

To sum up, in a few words, the whole subject. When I was in Cuba, I saw no cruelty practised. I deplored the injustice of the fate of the negroes, but to say the honest truth, I did not pity them in any very particular manner. Most of the slave

owners had the same opinions. They thought that the time of slavery would pass soon; they were making preparations for it, and these were actively seconded by the "Junta de Fomento," or agricultural society of Havana. Without much compunction I became the partner of a man who was a slave-owner, and, but for untoward circumstances, I might have been one myself at this moment still. But Providence otherwise (and far better) decreed. The thing was, it seems, wrong; and could not bring with it the blessing of Heaven, even though it produced the rent roll of Queen Christina herself.

As I told the reader in my preface, this account of part of my life shall conceal nothing, and I wish him to mark my present sentiments. It is not for me to deny, that my part in these transactions, though they brought with them severe worldly punishments, including, as he has seen, grievous bodily sickness, loss of property, and distress, has also left its scar on my mind. For though *that* which pierces, "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," and "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," though *that* tells us that it *is in vain* to think of making *reparation* for such things; that even had we *done* "*all* those things that were commanded us," *we* could only call ourselves "unprofitable servants;" though this be

"God's truth" yet still, it may be perhaps allowed us to believe, that critical moments occur in the life of every mortal, in which a voice seems to whisper, "choose! For *once* the choice is *yours*." I may be deemed superstitious in declaring, that at times, *more* than the fruits of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" appear in this. Certainly I think that some such feeling occurs to every one, when merely called on to discriminate between "the good" and "the bad;" but, as I have stated in the case of my first residence in Cuba, our minds may sometimes be so far diseased as to be unable to discriminate at all; nay even to think that which is in itself intrinsically vile, unjust, and loathsome,—tolerable, and even a thing to seek after.

Such a feeling came over me most strongly, and such as I have tried to explain, when I had been a few months on the sugar estate; and in short, though urged by many friends to remain, and even offered an appointment which promised to be most lucrative, and which a year before I should indeed have esteemed myself fortunate to meet with, I began to make preparations for departure, and in the latter part of September, 1845, I engaged a passage in the schooner *Montilla*, for New York.

During my short stay of four months in the "old countries," and since my residence in this colony of

Ceylon, I have yet never been able to look at my former proceedings with anything approaching to satisfactory feelings. I have often thought, if still an *onus* were not on me, whether if I could *do* nothing, I might say something, which might lead to action on the part of others. And now the indulgent reader sees why I have devoted a considerable space in these notes and reminiscences of Cuba, and the United States, to as careful a consideration of what fell under my notice, and my opinions thereon, as I could; and when he thinks of the reasons for which this was undertaken, I sincerely trust my arguments will have at least his attention.

I have also proposed a plan, by which I am sure much good, if not the final settlement of the question, would be secured, *if* cordially carried forward under the auspices of the British, of *our* government; but, that neither such a plan, nor the one at present adopted, is *available for any good without that*, unless a miracle be worked on Spaniards, Cubans, and Brazilians. That readers of one class, at least, will agree in the views I have taken, is far more than I can hope. These I consider are pulling the rope by the wrong end, and while they stand out for everything, get nothing: yet perhaps even they may see something or other in a different point of view. Finally, I may be greatly blamed for

speaking confidently on a subject which, to use the cant term, "has puzzled many a wiser head." Let those who say this, then, go to Cuba if they please, and pass such a four years' probation as I did; then we will argue the point. My only "armour" against my adversaries shall be the consciousness of expressing my

"Honest thought,
And simple truth my utmost skill."

CHAPTER XI.

RELIGION OF CUBA, CATHOLICISM RELAXED. — LAW OF SETTLEMENT. — GENERAL ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS. — GOVERNOR'S COURT. — SUDDEN ARREST OF THE AUTHOR. — HIS FORTUNATE ESCAPE. — DESPOTIC DISTINCTIONS. — DON MIGUEL TACON AND HIS MEMORABLE DECREE AGAINST VAGRANCY. — TAXES AND DUTIES. — SMUGGLING. — LAW OF MARRIAGE. — THE FAIR JEWESS. — DOMESTIC HABITS. — COCK-FIGHTING AND CARDS. — DR. MADDEN'S WORK. — DEPARTURE TO NEW YORK. — ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL. — CONCLUSION.

When I finished my last chapter, I thought that I should have been unable to add another; but as there are things, which may be found interesting, still left unsaid respecting Cuba, I will even ask my readers to cross the Atlantic with me once more.

It is unnecessary perhaps to remind them that Cuba is, most strictly speaking, a Catholic country, though, its being a country of Catholics may be apocryphal enough; for I declare that during my whole residence, I do not know an instance of *men* going to church; and it is my firm belief that if

they do, in other places where I have not been, and where perhaps good music (for one thing) may be heard, it is for other reasons rather than their attachment to the Catholic, or *any* religion. We see none of that superstitious or half idolatrous reverence for churches, padres, images, or Saints, that we read of as existing in countries like Peru, or even Mexico and Brazil, or under the Portuguese; and as for the procession of the Host, even *it* may pass unnoticed. I do not speak of Havana, for I have never been there. I see it is among the local printed ordinances of that city, that passengers should kneel to the "Viatico;" *that* perhaps may enforce it, but I doubt ———. The only two "Padres" I knew were respected as the legal media for obtaining the celebration of the rites of matrimony and baptism; and otherwise, as right "jolly good fellows;" nothing more. As for *fasts*, it is a most remarkable matter, that in regard to the island of Cuba, the Pope, every year regularly, goes through the form of granting a general indulgence on that score to all its inhabitants; giving them free leave to eat meat during the whole of Lent, and on every Friday throughout the year. As I do not imagine it would be any way more difficult to keep a fast there than in Italy, I confess I am at a loss to account for His Holiness' kindness

in any other way than by supposing he "knows his neighbours' ways," and that in any case the "olla" would be cooked. In the meantime, the *Government* professes to be as strictly Roman Catholic as ever, and the Bible is rigorously interdicted at the Custom Houses, though if you get one ashore in your pocket, the after possession of it is never noticed against you in any way. In the year 1837 or -8, I think it was, that the Spanish Government made great exertions to induce capitalists and others to settle in Cuba, by, among other immunities, promising them ten years' exemption from ordinary taxes, and even after that, giving them more privileges than even the natives themselves. How many greedily availed themselves of this I need not say, and at the present moment perhaps the Government rather regrets thus having filled the country with Americans and others, who might at any moment create the utmost confusion, and even go far to upset that very government itself. However, I was going to say, that in this manifesto of the Spanish Government, every settler is represented to be a Catholic, and in fact, "no others but Roman Catholics can be inhabitants of the island." This seems somewhat strange when one discovers it for the first time, after having lived, as was my case, more than a year, and completely settled myself, in

the country, without knowing a syllable about it. The law further is, that "no one can be three months in the country without taking out a letter of domiciliation," and yet only a small majority of those I knew had done so. Those who had, had been forced to it, by threats from some connected with the law. They merely considered it a civil regulation, and that religion had nothing whatever to do with it, but that they had to conform to it, because it was the law of the land. Thus it is in a country so situated, having once taken the first step, *the rest must be gone through to match;* as for the morality of the thing, it involves some nice points, but having altogether done with the whole business, I do not care to discuss them; merely satisfied with warning my reader, who may perhaps be an intending settler, that such is the *fact;* but as I said before, no public demonstration of Catholicity is ever expected from strangers; indeed they are well known to be Protestants, in general, nor do *they* consider themselves any the less so, because the Government chooses to believe them otherwise.

I suppose that in no country is the "pure vexation," &c., of the law more manifest than in this, and there are cases pending of a longitude which might vie with any of our more celebrated courts.

The chief court of judicature is at Puerto Principe, called the "Real Audiencia," to which you can appeal if your purse be long enough to stand the pull, from any local decision, and even from Principe to Spain, if you have capital to match. In none of the courts that I have a knowledge of are the cases argued *vivâ voce;* the pleas being called *escritos*, and alternately put in by either party. But in cases requiring expedition, there is another way of procedure, entirely different. The Governor holds *his* court every evening, formally; and otherwise, whenever he chooses; and in fact he can decide anything he pleases, and if he thinks proper, send you off to Havana at once, there to be dealt with by the Captain General. I yet retain a lively impression of an interview with the worthy Governor of Holguin, which I will recount to give a specimen of what *may* happen to an honest man in Cuba any fine day, and could *not* in England or her dependencies, thank God! except perhaps when under a cloud, or in other words, under martial law, and even then such things cannot be done without *consequences*, if done inconsiderately, as some of whom we wot have recently discovered.

The Captain of the Partido in which I lived was a regular visitor at my friend's, whom I have mentioned above; and he as well as all who so visited

him, had seen hanging up in his dining-room a sketch I had made long before, of the geographical features of the district, and the position of the sugar estates. One morning on rising, I found Don Ramon an early visitor, and lo, his visit was to me! "I cannot imagine," said he, "what you, of all people, can have been about, but here's my warrant to take you without loss of a moment before His Excellency the Governor!" Accordingly, in no enviable state of mind, I had to saddle and mount, and hardly would he let me eat my breakfast at my own house, which was on the way, or eat himself; and sorry were we that we did stop, for at two o'clock, came on as violent a storm as I ever had the luck to brave, and we forded some streams not without danger. It was 9 P.M. ere we gained the city, and I thought he would have let me off for that night, but no; wet, cold, and hungry, we rode straight up to the door of the Governor's house, where our horses were held by a sentry. Perhaps it was as well for *us* that we were wet and wretched looking, and *he* as great a contrast as he well could be, sitting at a table, but in an easy chair, with his secretary opposite him, and both comfortably taking an after-coffee smoke; though he *looked* a regular built Spanish Chief, and as if he would mind no more ordering out a file of soldiers, and

finishing the affair so, than eating his breakfast, as he looked at poor me from under his eyebrows, which seemed to touch his cheek bone. All this time, I, who had not the remotest idea of the cause of my presence there, must say I was never more taken by surprise than when the secretary put me the first question, on no other subject, than—the *plan!* My first impulse, and the Captain's also, was to *laugh;* but we saw at a glance no encouragement to proceed on that tack. The best plan was clearly to admit the delinquency, if such it was, in the fullest extent, which I did, and asked His Excellency if he would like a copy of the map in question? He then saw that there were no grounds of complaint, and asking the Captain if he knew me, that functionary said I was his very particular friend. When I found matters taking this turn, I thought I would take a higher position still, and pulling out an introduction to General O'Donnell, which had been procured for me by a kind friend, I said after what had happened, it was not sufficient merely to be acquitted of a ridiculous charge, but that His Excellency must be made aware that I was also an "hombre de bien," who would not be likely to commit myself by doing anything so foolish as to plot against a Government under which I was residing. The perusal of the note was followed by

a very ample *apology*, which was all I could get; and the name of the informer was kept a profound secret, nor could I ever find it out. My friend the Captain congratulated me heartily on reaching the open air, and said that of all the people whom he had ever had the honour to escort into that council chamber, I was the one who had come off the best; all the others having been fleeced more or less. It was this circumstance which settled my determination to leave the country where these things could happen; it was a mere chance, depending on the caprice of the Governor, that he had not remanded me to the common prison, and if he had done so, and kept me there a week, a month, or a year, for which no one could ever have brought him to an account, who would have indemnified me!

The Government of Cuba, then, is professedly a military despotism: the Captain General may be removed at pleasure of the Crown, but while in authority he reigns absolute. Still higher powers were committed to Don Miguel Tacon, in 1834, an eminent judge in Spain, who was deputed to effect a thorough revision of everything and everybody; and right well *he* performed his task! Were despots like him, no one could object to live under them. It is said he refused all remuneration for this, and still resides in Spain anything but a rich

man. I wish I could remember some of the anecdotes I have frequently heard of his stern decrees; he even thought proper to reverse the rule of Holy Writ, and to visit on the *fathers* the sins of the children; but I have always been told that he never gave an unjust decision. I have one of his ordinances by me, and am tempted to translate the first part of it for the benefit of my readers, who may try and fancy such a law passed in England, and *carried out in full*:—

"Instruction for cases of vagrancy, published in the year 1834, by command of the Most Excellent Señor Don Migúel Tacón, Governor and Captain General.

"Article 1st. The following individuals, from the age of seventeen years upwards, are vagrants and evil disposed by the effects of this instruction:

"He who lives without business, without property, or rents, without himself knowing the lawful and honest means by which he acquires his subsistence. (Satirical.)

"He who possessing a patrimony, or emoluments, and being even a youth of family, has no other employment than gambling, other society than the evil disposed, and who, frequenting suspicious places, does not dedicate himself to a destiny proportioned to his station.

"He who, vigorous, sound, and robust, goes about begging his bread; and he who does the same although he be crippled, if it do not impede him from exercising some office.

"The publicly given up to drunkenness.

"The youth of family who, evil inclined, abandons the duty

and career to which his father, or the person under whose care he lives, may dedicate him, failing them respect and obedience.

"He who, having a profession, does not exercise it the greater part of the year, without just motive.

"He who under the pretence of being a journeyman, a writer, a twister of cigars, or dedicated to other domestic duty, makes an appearance of doing so one day, and in the rest of the week goes about 'paseando' * and in diversions.

"The married man, who without visible reason leads his wife a bad life, to the noted scandal of the neighbourhood.

"He who goes about to feasts, diversions, and gambling, without being known to follow other occupations."

There; what say you to that for a poor-law? I can testify to having seen a man informed against, and sent to the Governor under *that* law; one of our own neighbours, and a most troublesome fellow he was. The next time I went to Holguin, I saw him hauling stones with a gang of similar delinquents, all firmly chained together; and in my heart I blessed Don Miguel Tacon!

The advocates of direct taxation would have a nut to crack in looking into the statistics of Cuba, where the reverse principle is carried to an excess not, I believe, dreamed of by other governments, save perhaps Holland. But in the first place direct taxation is levied also to the extent of two-and-a-half per cent. on the fruits of the earth, and this is in

* Untranslatable, except by an explanation.

commutation of the tithes; then export duties, import duties, licences, duties on sales, &c., are accumulated to an incredible extent. Every ox that is killed for sale, pays four dollars duty, an enormous sum, generally more than twenty per cent. on the value of the beast! Every sale of real estate and negroes, is burthened with a levy of six per cent. As for duties, I shall hardly be credited by those who do not know already, that a barrel of flour costs sixteen to seventeen dollars, the duty being nine. Every other article of import is dreadfully burthened. The result of all this is, first, certainly an immense revenue to Spain, but secondly, a system of smuggling elsewhere unknown, and to which the officers of the Customs freely lend their hands. But in that case they have to be highly fee'd, perhaps to the amount of half the duties, and I have known bold strokes made without their knowledge at all. To sum up in one word; whenever it becomes of sufficient importance to evade the law, *any* law, it can be done; and with money enough, you might make all the officials of Cuba, (when I was there at least) simultaneously *blind*, *deaf*, and *lame*. Unless perhaps on a great emergency, and then only when wielded by such a man as Tacon, these laws could not be carried out. As it is, I have been told by many whose opportunities

of coming at the truth were frequent, and who knew as much as any could do, that the Customs returns, and also those of the rents and taxes were a mere farce; the former, though large in amount, certainly gave no idea of the actual trade; and the latter, none of the returns, which could be procured, if all were really collected.

Those laws which most nearly affect personal interests, are very different in Cuba, from ours in England. There is no law of primogeniture for instance, and the property of the parent is equally divided among all the offspring, with some few restrictions. This leads to the consideration of another law, which to a British subject seemed most extraordinary, and which may not be very generally known of. As daughters inherit equally with sons, many marriages are contracted on the strength of that knowledge; and as will be shown, the parents are nearly, or I may say perfectly powerless in the matter. The law then prescribes, for cases when there is a known antipathy of the parents of the lady to the suitor (for as to *his* parents, he is perfectly independent of them), that in the first place, he come with witnesses, and formally demand the daughter in marriage. This, however, is a mere form of law, and however indignantly they may refuse, it does not alter his course in the least.

He now proceeds to the Captain of the Partido, or local magistrate, who, with other witnesses, repairs to the house of the parents, and in their presence, and also in that of the girl's, first demands of the suitor whether he has come for the purpose of soliciting the girl's hand in marriage. The girl is then asked whether she is willing to marry him, and go with him whithersoever he may appoint, &c., and if she answers yes, the case is decided. That very moment the suitor is at liberty to take her out of her parents' house, but not to marry her; she is to be maintained a certain number of days (I think sixty) in the house of some person of known respectability appointed by the magistrate. During all this time the onus is on the parents of the girl, to prove, if they can, first, that the suitor is a man of scandalously bad character; as a debauchee, gambler, or drunkard, or has committed some known criminal offence. Secondly, if none of these terms apply, that he is so poor, or unable to work, as that it will be impossible for him to maintain his wife as her parents did while she lived with them. I need not say that neither of these proofs can be given in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. It is a matter of extreme difficulty and delicacy indeed, to *prove* a man such a rogue as *that*, however certain you may be of it yourself; and if

you fail, woe be to you; for the action of damages will be surely maintained. As for the kind of living which is supposed to be *enough*, who shall decide that, especially in a tropical country?

At the port of Gibara, called La Punta, lived with her father and mother, who were of the Jewish persuasion, a very beautiful young lady, and, as far as I ever heard, as remarkable for her excellence of character as for her personal charms. To her appeared a tempter then, in the shape of a young Spaniard of, I believe, as bad a moral reputation as any other in the whole country. But, by a thousand arts, he had caused this fair maiden to think him as much an angel, as every one else did a character widely different. So well had he arranged the matter, that the parents never suspected the truth until it was too late to remove her; for I believe it was but the day before the decision took place, that they, or any one else, knew how the matter was. It may be very likely that this was the luckiest thing that could have happened; for had *their* arguments been pressed on her day after day for a long period, such, alas! is human nature, that, as we say in Ireland, "she might have gone agin' them intirely." It happened, however, that the father was a man of sound sense, and instead of trying it himself, after formally refusing his consent

when demanded, he induced a friend of his and of mine, to undertake the apparent impossibility of persuading the lady of the folly of her conduct, and to what end it would be likely to lead. They all depended then on this step, and the very morning of the day they knew Don —— would make his appearance, my friend's eloquence was exerted to the utmost, and at last he, who was watching narrowly the effect of his words, considered himself fortunate to observe the result, in a flood of tears. He was just going to add more, when in walked Don ——! "Ah," said he, "though I don't understand English, I well know what you have been saying, but we shall now see whose persuasions are the strongest." The magistrate now entered, the witnesses, and the parents. After a few preliminaries, the much-dreaded question was put, and followed by a long and ominous silence. Miss L—— deliberated, and was—*lost?* By no means, but *saved;* for, at last, the little monosyllabic negative, the same in both languages, parted from her lips! All was finished, there was no recall, and the Captain speedily took his leave with Don ——, now white with rage. My friend, after warmly congratulating all on the result, and receiving their still warmer thanks (for now that she had cut the knot, Miss L—— really felt the utmost relief),

took his departure. When he had proceeded about a mile on his road home, he heard the furious clatter of hoofs behind him. It was Don ——, who, taking off his hat, said, "I assure you, Don R——, I shall hold you in grateful esteem for your conduct to-day, and very soon will take a special opportunity to thank you more explicitly!" "Ah," said Don R——, "my boy, although you are brave enough to try to take advantage of a woman, as you have done to-day, happily, thanks to me, without effect, yet you never were bold enough to attempt even to do what you hint at now." He was perfectly right, for the Spaniard tore on his way with a curse, and he never heard more about him. As for the pretty young lady, she was soon far enough out of harm's way. I see all this time quite plainly that I am altogether too matter-of-fact sort of a person, and have wilfully thrown away in half a page, materials for any number of chapters! What a story I might have spun out of this, to be sure! But stay; might there not be materials, even now, for a *picture?* There ought to be *two* lovers, of course, to make it complete; and the artist must bear in mind that though the people are Spaniards, yet Cuba is not a country of high-peaked hats and brigand costume; and that, as it is none of the coolest, they are generally dressed in white.

I have spoken but little of the domestic habits and customs of the island, nor do they, in fact, present any particular features of interest. Though the less we say about the morality of the people, generally, the safer we shall be, yet they are, for the most part, an orderly quiet set, and very remarkable for temperance and moderation. Though every one goes armed, yet cases of assassination are extremely rare, or even of encounters. I have been informed by old residents, that the changes which have taken place in this respect, within the last twenty-five years, are truly wonderful. The same individuals who used to visit Holguin in the true "montuno" dress (or undress) of duck trousers, and shirt over them, now promenade by the dozen in black dress coats of the last Paris cut. The prevailing vice of the country is gambling, in which I include cock-fighting. When I left, I got a great many commissions from all sorts of people to bring a number of cocks from England! One man told me, "Now, I know you, and can trust you; if you bring me a bird from Liverpool, I will give you two hundred dollars for him, be he what he may; but he must be from *Liverpool!*" How he happened to associate Liverpool with fighting cocks, I don't know; perhaps some good one once came from there. I believe every man in the island, from the Captain

General down, pleads guilty to this mania. In Havana only there are bull-fights, but both the "Plaza de Toros" and the cockpits all over the island are government property, from which they derive revenue. A vast deal of card-playing and gambling also is continually going on at the country village places of resort. When undisguised gambling is the object, the game played is that called "monte." Two parallel lines of cards are dealt and placed on the table, on which, on one side, the betters lay their stakes. The dealer proceeds to throw down cards, and if one similar to the blank one turns up, the stakes are his, and *vice versâ*. A very few years ago, monte tables were in public, in the open air, but that is now prohibited as is indeed *all* gambling. An acquaintance of my own was fined fifty dollars for being present at a gaming party, though he was not playing. Still, the law is every day evaded. It is an extremely common thing of the government, or their officials, to take a "dirty advantage" of people, by letting these kind of laws pass into abeyance gradually, and then suddenly and simultaneously enforcing them, thereby produce what may be termed a "haul," more or less of which passes into their own pockets, at least so it is supposed. A friend of mine being one day in Holguin was accosted by an acquaintance, who said, "You had better look out

as you go home; they have put in force the law about passports, and I, who had none, have been fined four dollars!" My friend quietly took one out, and proceeding on his way, saw the Captain of the Partido watching at his gate. When he had approached within a stone's throw, he put spurs to his horse and clattered past as quickly as his horse could lay legs to ground. Nor was it long till he heard a similar clatter behind him, and guessed rightly who it was. Having an excellent horse he kept the Captain in play in the most tantalising manner, and that functionary was in so great a rage that he forgot even to hail the chase. Thus would it have gone on had not my friend been brought up by a very steep and long descent, and, moreover, rough, and unwilling to run the chance of an accident to either, pulled up. By that time the rage of the captain was trebly concentrated, and, in a furious voice, he demanded the passport, nor was he much *appeased* when my friend quietly produced it, telling him at the same time he considered him rightly served, for during many years before he had never thought of asking for it. In justice I must add, that the Captain saw the *rationale* of this argument, and they continued good friends. Piquet is also a common game, and there is one called Até, which indeed I have never seen played for money, and as

it is not a bad game, and I am pretty sure cannot be generally known to my readers, I will give a description of it for the benefit of such as may like to learn something *out* of Hoyle.

THE GAME OF ATE.

Two, three, or four people can play at this game. But as the Spanish pack contains only forty cards, to make the English one similar, the eights, nines and tens must be thrown out. When two play, it is as follows: Three cards are dealt to each, and after that, *four* are turned up and laid on the table, two from the bottom, two from the top. If the first turned up is an ace, it counts the dealer *one* for game, the second *two*, and so on; but if two of the same denomination are turned, one must be put back and another taken, but that *second* cannot count; only when it comes in its turn. All four must be different. Now the player looks at his hand. If he has any two cards of the same denomination, irrespective of colour, he calls out "Ronda!" If the dealer finds he has also the same, he can challenge by saying "Envìo!" (I challenge). The other may accept, or not. If he has a very small *Ronda*, perhaps he will not. If he does, he cries "Quiero!" (I agree). Then comes the play. Whether the leader have a Ronda

or no, he looks for the sequences lying on the table, and begins with the lowest card: thus, if there be a three and a four on the table, and he has a three, he takes them both, or only one if there be no sequence; but if he cannot take at all, he merely plays a card. In this the ace numerically counts one. If one plays a card without taking, and the other has a similar one, and pounces on it at once, it is called a "Caida" (fall), and counts the taker *one* for *game*. If you take the last card on the table, or clear the table, it is called a "Limpia" (cleaning), and counts also *one*. If there be no card on the table, and one plays and it is taken, it is both a *Caida* and *Limpia*, and counts *two*. But we are forgetting the *Rondas*. If the challenger's *Ronda* has proved the greater, he counts *his* Ronda, and *that* as well; and *vice versâ*. If the challenge was not accepted, the challenger counts *his* Ronda, but not the other, however good it may have been. If *both* have Rondas, and neither challenges, both Rondas count. The dealer cannot challenge first; he must wait until the other either plays or challenges; but then, if he has a Ronda, he must say so. The leader, having played, although he have his Ronda still, cannot challenge, but if either have a Ronda, and do not say so before playing, *three* are deducted from their count. If three or four play,

the one next to the possessor of a Ronda can challenge him, or if he is silent the next can, if three play. If four, then two against two. This is very amusing; as sometimes there is a perfect fire of Rondas and challenges. *Value of Rondas.*—A Ronda of aces counts *four* for game; of kings, three; queens, two; and knaves and all others, one. A "Rondin" signifies three of the same; and counts three times as many as a Ronda. Thus a Rondin of aces would be twelve. Two, having *both Rondines*, may challenge, but a Rondin cannot challenge a Ronda. If one of both, then both count. When you play the second card of your Ronda, you must say, "This is my second;" in default you are fined three. The same hand continues dealing till the pack is done, and at the last deal you must signify the same, on pain of three fine. Whoever takes the last, sweeps off all the remaining cards, and the knack is, to keep, if you can, the card which will take the last, in your hand. As the game continues, the counting of course is carried on, but the decisive point is in the counting of the cards at the end. Then, each counts his cards; the total number is divided by two, if two players, and all over the half, or twenty, count one each. If three people play, one card is thrown out altogether at the beginning (no one knowing *which* card); so

that the number is then divisible by three, and of course all over thirteen count one each. The *game* may consist of twenty-five, which may happen to be counted thus:—

2, gained by putting out a 2 in its right place in dealing	2
1 *Ronda* of aces	4
1 Ditto of kings	3
1 Ditto of queens	2
1 *Rondin* of plain cards	3
1 *Caida*	1
1 Simple *Ronda*	1
1 *Limpia*	1
1 *Caida* and *Limpia* together . .	2
Balance by cards	6
	25

This game might be adapted to the English pack by re-dividing the number; and perhaps advantageously, as there would be more Rondas, and more fun.

With respect to Dr. Madden's work on Cuba, neither space permits, nor inclination tempts me to review it. I thought I was too far back with my dates, but his are no later than 1838. Then, can we place reliance on any traveller who, professing to have obtained his information from personal examinations, and conversations with all classes of Spaniards and negroes, yet in every page betrays a decided ignorance of the language? Surely if a man only half learn a language, and then presume

on that knowledge, it is worse than if he had not learned it at all! Under these circumstances it is not surprising that I have found thirty-four errors in the first thirty-seven pages! That they are not errors of the *press* too, is evident all along; take for example page 180:—"The mildness or strength of the flavour of the tobacco is influenced by the process of cultivation, by repressing the growth or favouring the determination of juice to the leaves, which is called desbotonar las Matas y *descoyollar*." Now it is plain this last word is written merely as I should write a Singalese or Tamil word, by ear, without the least idea of the construction of it. In the other words he could not well make an error, but this caught him. I leave it to any Spanish scholar, in fact, if he be not regularly *caught!* It is just such a mistake as an Anglo-Saxon ear would make; the true word I may as well say is *descogollar*, from des (abs), and cogollo (a shoot), and is pronounced, *Anglicè*, des-cohōl-yár. I see an entirely new grass, mentioned p. 178—*mallochia grass*. Perhaps Dr. M. will give us, in another edition, a botanical description of this *grass;* meantime, I am afraid *malojo* (or green Indian corn plants) is meant. Sometimes one thinks he has a glimmering idea of Italian, sometimes of Portuguese, and the people are all Sen*h*ors! Perhaps my reader

will think that these are merely captious remarks, and that it matters but little how an Englishman spells a foreign word. Well, I found so many cases of what I shall now explain in Dr. Madden's book, that I will give my reader, in answer, one whole sentence, with remarks, just to show that it *is* of the very greatest consequence (V. p. 100):—

"The overseers on the estates, 'los mayor domos de los ingenios,' who have to keep the accounts of the produce, are all either strangers or natives of Havana, St. Jago, or Puerta Principe, where alone sufficient instruction for their employment could be acquired. 'Ninguno se encuentra que sea nacido y creado en el Campo, porque todavia la instruction que se da en sus escuelas no es sufficiente a formar independiente de esta classe Catalaña.'" Leaving the notice of the peculiar way in which the Spanish, even of quotations, is Anglicised, as if quoted from memory, *he* states that natives of the three cities he mentions are employed as "mayor domos;" but, by the way, a mayor domo is by no means an *overseer* at all, but the man who keeps the houses and stores, and almost more like Pharaoh's "chief butler." The Spanish quotation which follows, however, expressly states, that none but *Catalans* are employed! But what is the fact? I appeal to every one if it be not the commonest thing in the world to find

Creoles of Cuba in the most responsible situations, and in the whole district of Holguin I am very sure there is not *one* Catalan overseer! There are no *hedge* schools to be sure, in Cuba; but there are both public and private schools in all the towns. By public schools, I mean those partly supported by Government, and that they turn out many intelligent men there is no doubt, although far behind *us*, of course. It is quite amusing how careful the Doctor is to explain that "coartar" does not mean to *quarter!* And in the teeth of Mr. Kilbee he would try to make us believe that slaves so "co-artados" are *not* allowed to work part of their time for themselves. I am aware that the Doctor has left a way to creep back by, if he should be taxed with this; but the reading of his book is *calculated to mislead.* Why do this? Is not the bare fact of the existence of slavery bad enough, without magnifying and distorting it?

Dr. Madden is very loyal indeed on the subject of annexation with the United States, and quotes paragraphs from American newspapers about it. Shall I say, after all, what I think on this subject, which I have not adverted to before? I am not at all sure, then, but this would be one of the best things that could happen for Cuba. The Americans are an enlightened, progressive race; the Spaniards the extreme

reverse; and however lamentably split and opposed in party views the Americans themselves may be, yet, as a *trade*, few of them would think of defending slavery. I see with deep regret the revival of that law which enables the owner of a slave to pursue and capture him in a free state. Happy England, whose laws alone afford shelter to the victim, whose colour is his only crime! Will not this very revival hasten the advent which it seeks to repress? I find it extremely difficult to pass any judgment on the effect which might be produced by the annexation of Cuba to the United States. That its conquest would be certain, if undertaken by the United States Government, few even doubt. It is, perhaps, as well that the late miserable buccaneering attempt on that fine island failed, in the ridiculous manner it did, as it defers the entire subject, as it were, to maturer consideration. And truly, what with Oregon and California, brother Jonathan has plenty of work cut out for himself at home. May success attend all his *nobler* aims to advance the human race and character! But let the Spanish Government beware, that it will be quite out of their power to travel much longer in their old tracks, and that if they cannot accomplish the essential reforms leading to freedom, *it will surely be done for them.*

As for Cuba, "commanding the Gulf of Mexico"

—that looks very grand in print;—but is it a fact? As the case stands now, cannot a ship of war leave any of the Florida ports and be in the Mexican Gulf just the same as from Cuba? Every step of progression which Cuba has made, every undertaking which has been projected and accomplished, every opposition to and breaking through of the mists of Spanish prejudice, has been carried out by Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Her mines, her railroads, her improvements in machinery and agriculture, are all due to them, and it is only by continual pushing and driving on their part, that the Spanish authorities can be coerced as it were, into abating a jot of their old fashions and policies. They see, or ought to see by this time, that it was a continuance in them which lost them all their other possessions, and would also lose them Cuba: they are letting in light now, it is true, but it is *not their own kindling*, and I have reason to know that even the mighty engine of the press is carried on and worked by American enterprise, and even the types are cast in the United States. Ominous sign! If these improvements in Cuba were due to the exertions of a regenerated race of Spaniards alone, we might yet hope; but, with these facts before us, unless something extremely unlikely should occur, I can see but one end. In this event, Cuba would follow the

fortunes of the Southern States of America, and being confident, as I am, that much time cannot elapse before a material change takes place in their constitutions as regards slave institutions, it remains my deliberate opinion, notwithstanding the horror I can fancy at the bare idea in such as Doctor Madden, that the event would prove more advantageous for the permanent welfare of the negroes, than if they were at once unconditionally liberated to-morrow under the sway of Great Britain.

But do I *advocate* this? No; I have not so committed myself. It would be only a *comparative* good; it would be, nevertheless, a real, tangible evil. I merely say worse things might happen, and that it need not be so much dreaded as some may suppose it should be. But far better surely would it be to cause the *present* possessors to take the first step. That once taken, the Americans would never retreat to unmixed slavery again. They have never shown the least inclination to do so, and those Slave States whose laws and constitutions are mildest towards slaves are proud of that difference, which is well known, and they never seek to increase their severity. I further think, that if they found such a plan in imperfect operation, rather than stifle it, they would put it on a securer footing, and carry it strictly through. It will be said that these are mere

opinions, and some will tell me that *I* have a much better opinion of Americans than *they*. Under which imputation—that, thank Goodness! proves nothing —I am willing to remain; and the reader must be the judge whose opinion is founded on the best presumptive evidence. Collaterally, we may take into consideration California; where, in spite of the temptation, one would be inclined to suppose existed, to employ slaves in digging and washing gold soil, the inhabitants have rejected the "institution of slavery."

My readers have seen me already on board the schooner *Montilla*, bound for New York. I wish I could say the "good schooner;" but a more unfortunate selection of a means of transport I never made, and I might have saved five days by waiting six! Yet, slow and dangerous as was our vessel, it was with unmixed pleasure I saw the shores "grow dim," and actually felt as a prisoner must who has fairly made his escape; and I am sure our skipper must have concluded that I had committed some offence, so undisguisedly glad was I to get away. It was twelve days ere we made Cape Hatteras, and it took us twelve more to reach the Lazaretto at the Narrows. It being October, I felt the difference of latitude very sensibly as soon as we came on soundings, and thought at first I never could put enough

clothes on. However, on landing I found it very different, and that I was so overburthened with them that I could hardly walk. Matters soon adjusted themselves, and I then felt the climate truly pleasant, as indeed I suppose the bracing temperature of the fall weather in America can nowhere be exceeded.

I took up my quarters at the United States hotel, which though *not* in Broadway, amply makes up by its solid comforts, and I can sincerely recommend it. Though things are carried on so extensively in these hotels, I found no disorder or bustle. The charges were all included in a dollar and a half per diem, and eating going on at all hours. Besides the usual meals there is an ample provision spread continually on the sideboard. There is no measuring, scraping, doling out here! Mr. Johnston made many apologies for giving me a room at the top of the house, but he had been obliged to place sixty of his guests in a neighbouring building. Accordingly I had ninety-eight marble steps to climb to reach my dormitory, reduced the second day, however, to forty-five. The whole building is of white marble, and a steam-engine is always at work, saving a world of servants and labour. Precisely at 7 A.M. the gong, which is kept at the very top of the house, is struck by a servant all

the time he slowly winds his way down stairs. Oh, that gong! It not only wakes you at the very first blow, but as the fellow artfully strikes a series of light taps all round its disk, I suppose no sound-producing instrument, the art of man ever invented, can equal it for ringing, penetrating, worming itself down and through your ears, till there is nothing for it but burying your head beneath the bed-clothes till the infliction be passed. Remorseless gong! As for sleeping after *that*, impossible! If you now dress and go into the dining-room you will find breakfast ready, and so it will continue till nine or ten. There is one principal meal, breakfast as well as dinner, at which the landlord himself presides, and I have generally found that in *his* neighbourhood abound the most tender beef-steaks, and the best ham. You will think I must be certainly a great epicure; but it is not so; I confess at the same time that the remembrance of the ten days I spent among the good things of friend Johnston I shall not soon forget, first because I had been so long deprived of them; secondly, that I was convalescent and endowed with ten appetites, and, chiefly, that the things were in themselves right good.

In front of the hotel, at the wharf, lay the good ship *Oxford*, and as I had become slightly acquainted

with worthy Captain Rathbone, and one or two proposing passengers, I also resolved to go in her. Matters went smoothly enough till we got about half way over, when the worst storm, by many degrees, that I ever was in at sea poured forth all its fury on our line of course. It is true, it was perfectly favourable, being from the westward; and I could not but be lost in admiration at the admirable way the ship was handled; yet it forcibly struck me, that sailing was persisted in too long, and too much daring exhibited. At last nothing could resist the fury of the storm, and every sail was blown to shreds. In attempting to "wear," about six o'clock in the morning, a very heavy sea struck directly against the stern, driving in the dead-lights, and doing other damage. The cabin was knee-deep in water, and a scene of distress ensued, though our lady passengers behaved nobly, and set a brave example to more than one who called themselves *men*. In five minutes—which time it took to settle the question between success and, perhaps, foundering—all was well; and in four hours more we were again on our way. Poor Rathbone! never more shall we see your honest face, or hear your merry laugh! He was swept off his deck shortly after, with two of his mates, in executing a similar manœuvre, in a new ship, built expressly for, and partly owned by him-

self. The fury of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean certainly exceeds that of any other ocean or sea. Though it may blow hard in the Great Southern or the Indian Oceans, the "seas" seem longer, more regular, and the vessels rise more easily to them. This is of course owing to the prevalence of the winds from one particular quarter, whereas, in the Northern Atlantic they are continually shifting, whereby "cross" seas are formed, and frightful chasms present themselves, out of which one is apt to suppose the ship can never emerge.

Notwithstanding we had been unable to obtain a solar observation for ten days, we were confidently informed that about 9 P.M. one evening, we might expect to see the Cape Clear light; and going up on deck after tea, there it was indeed! At Holyhead we found ourselves in a dense fog, in which we had to remain a day and a half, ringing bells incessantly. At last a little steamer scented us out, to which we hooked on, and in the evening I was not *sorry* to find myself on the *terra firma* of the Princes' Dock Parade.

In taking leave of my readers, for whose kind indulgence I am sure there has been ample scope, I may be permitted perhaps to remark upon the difficulty which must attend an author, and more particularly in his very first volume, in having to compile

it at a distance of so many thousand miles from his worthy publisher. In *my* turn now, I already tremble for my Spanish, though believing my MSS. in that particular correct. If permitted to aspire to the authorship of a second volume, it will be on Ceylon, and I trust I shall have a better chance. For this I am gradually collecting materials. The stones are cutting, whether to be fitly joined together, must be decided by a stronger and higher power than mine.

FINIS.

LONDON:
Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

00038042

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016